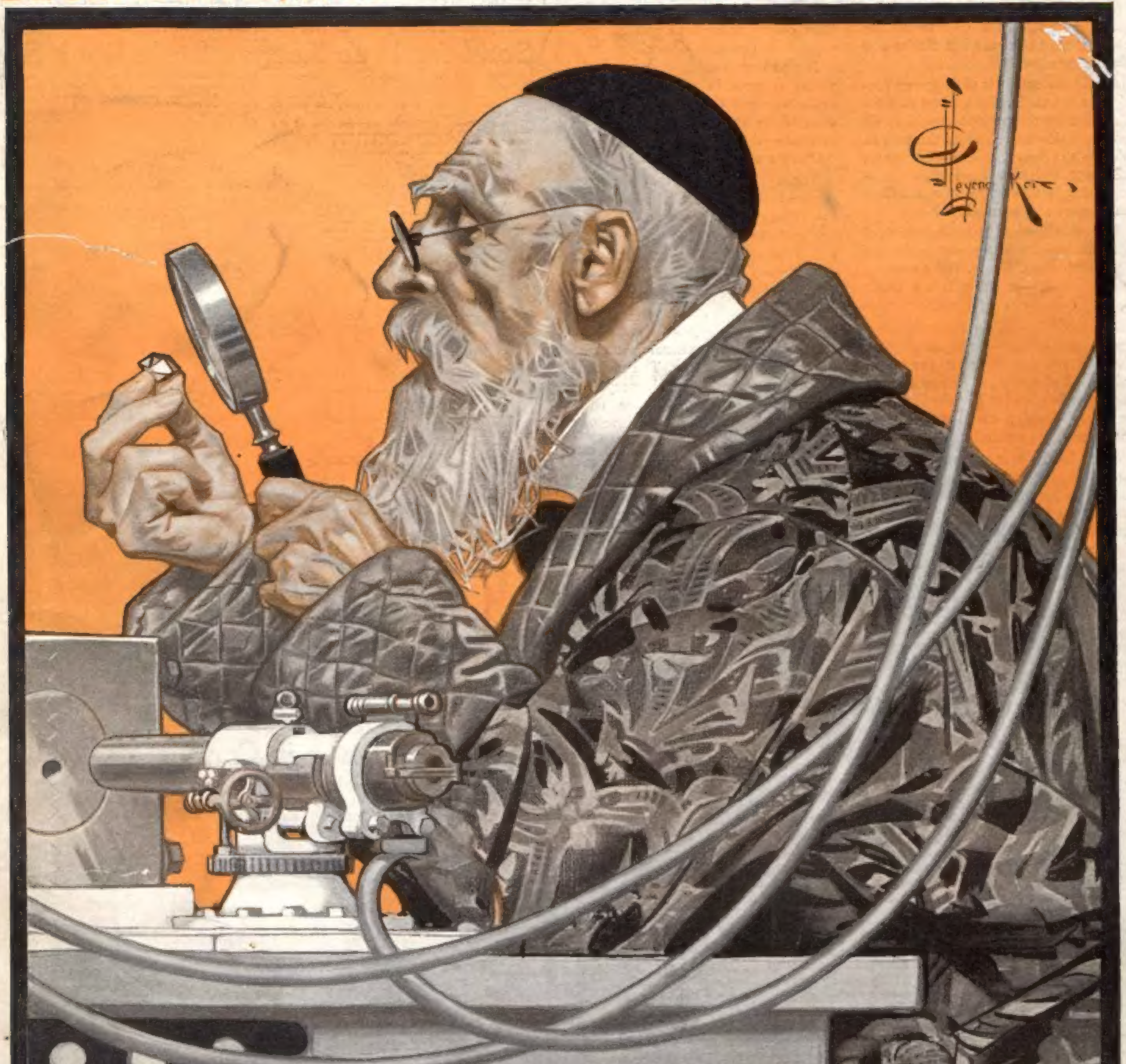
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 19, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



More Than a Million a Week Circulation

From Door-knocker Days
To The Bell
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

THE old punched lanterns and the door-knockers savor now of romance, but only the distance of years can cast a mellow enchantment over the wet cloaks and the soggy shoes.

Amid the comforts of their own firesides, or in their offices, when men today pick up their telephones, they do not look down the line of the past to picture the door-knocker—but are we all very different from this door-knocking ancestor in our manifest annoyance at slight delays?

We call a number. We do not think of the *time saved* over the old method of communication. We want the connection *right off*—whether it is a block away, a furlong or a league.

So, like the old door-knocker, we knock the louder—by again ringing the bell or pounding on the transmitter—frequently in our haste undoing a portion of what has already been patiently done towards establishing the connection wanted.

Even in the face of impatience the equipoise of the operator is maintained as well as it can be. The unswerving endeavor of the management of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated Bell companies is to make its thousands of exchange operators all measure to the same standard.

There *will* be some girls brighter than others, some with quicker perception and sweeter dispositions.

If you had to subscribe to *six* telephone systems in your locality—in order to cover the field as it is now covered by the one universal Bell system—do you imagine the girl operators would be different?

There *is* a moral to this advertisement—intended for all Bell subscribers and prospective subscribers. It is this:

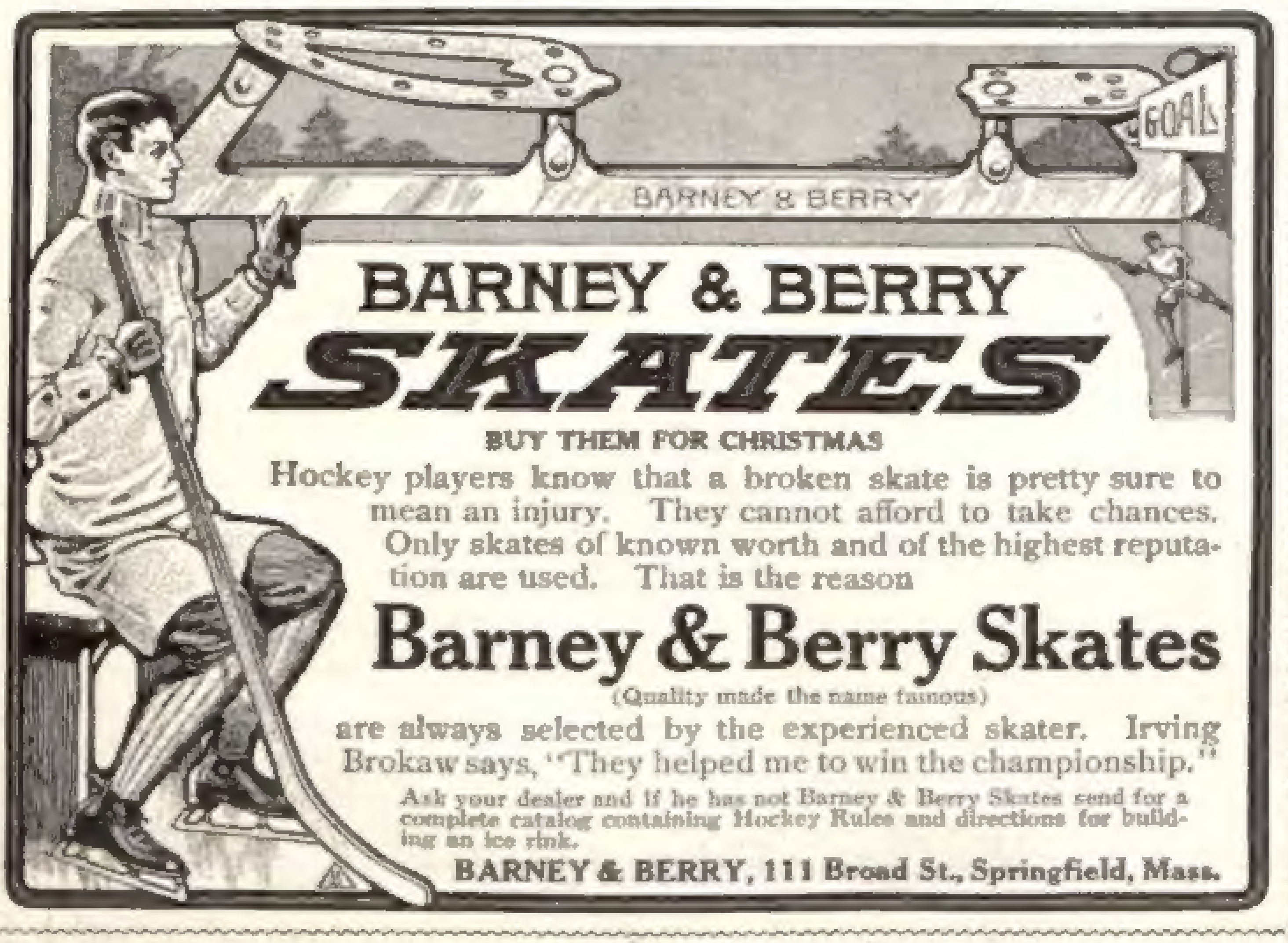
Treat the girl operator as if she were both a girl and an operator, and as if she were present.

It enables her to serve you more quickly—more intelligently—and consequently saves you time.

Telephoning is a mutual operation, with mutual obligations. The maintenance of the most practical, complete, *universal* telephone system that human work can accomplish involves like mutual obligations.

It is the desire of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the associated Bell companies to let the public know and appreciate what they are doing and how this universality of service may best be maintained.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company



BARNEY & BERRY

SKATES

BUY THEM FOR CHRISTMAS

Hockey players know that a broken skate is pretty sure to mean an injury. They cannot afford to take chances. Only skates of known worth and of the highest reputation are used. That is the reason

Barney & Berry Skates

(Quality made the name famous)

are always selected by the experienced skater. Irving Brokaw says, "They helped me to win the championship."

Ask your dealer and if he has not Barney & Berry Skates send for a complete catalog containing Hockey Rules and directions for building an ice rink.

BARNEY & BERRY, 111 Broad St., Springfield, Mass.

Exceptional Business Opportunity

We want a man with small capital to take charge of territory for Automatic Cigar Vending Machines; write for particulars. **Pope Automatic Merchandising Company, Corn Exchange Bank Building, Chicago.**

CIVIL SERVICE

EXAMINATIONS will soon be held in every state. 46,712 appointments last year. Full information about all Gov't Positions and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission free.

Columbian Corresp. College, Washington, D. C.

3727

Mission Arm Chair, Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.

7675

Mission Sofa, Fumed Oak, Loose Cushions of Spanish Leather.

3723

Mission Rocker, Fumed Oak, Spanish Leather.

It Costs You Nothing to Know Good from Bad Furniture

When you buy furniture you put your money into something you wish to last for years. Yet you know the market is flooded with poorly constructed furniture that *looks* well, but goes to pieces in a few months. There is nothing in the world in which defects can be more cleverly hidden from the eye than upholstered furniture. It's what you can't see that counts. Why, then, buy nameless furniture—the kind the maker himself won't own—when you can have Karpen *Guaranteed* Upholstered Furniture at the same price? Protect yourself. Know what the Karpen Trade-mark means to you.

Send for Free Karpen Style Book SD

It will show you by photographic illustrations how to know genuine grain leather from the cheap split leather and imitations so commonly used. It will show you how to detect fraud, and how to know the genuine.

Remember—that Karpen reproductions of the famous periods are exact—Karpen Guaranteed construction is enduring. Karpen alone puts a guarantee and trade-mark on upholstered furniture—Karpen Sterling Leather is the tough outside of the hide—Karpen fabrics are harmonious in color and honest in material—Karpen springs are specified by the United States Government.

Write for free book today. We send with the book the name of a dealer who will be authorized to give you our special introductory price.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture

All Karpen Furniture bears this trade-mark

S. Karpen & Bros. Karpen Bldg., CHICAGO
Karpen Bldg., NEW YORK

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture has been selected for all the rooms of the magnificent new Senatorial Office Building at Washington.

This selection was made in competition with manufacturers everywhere.

1861

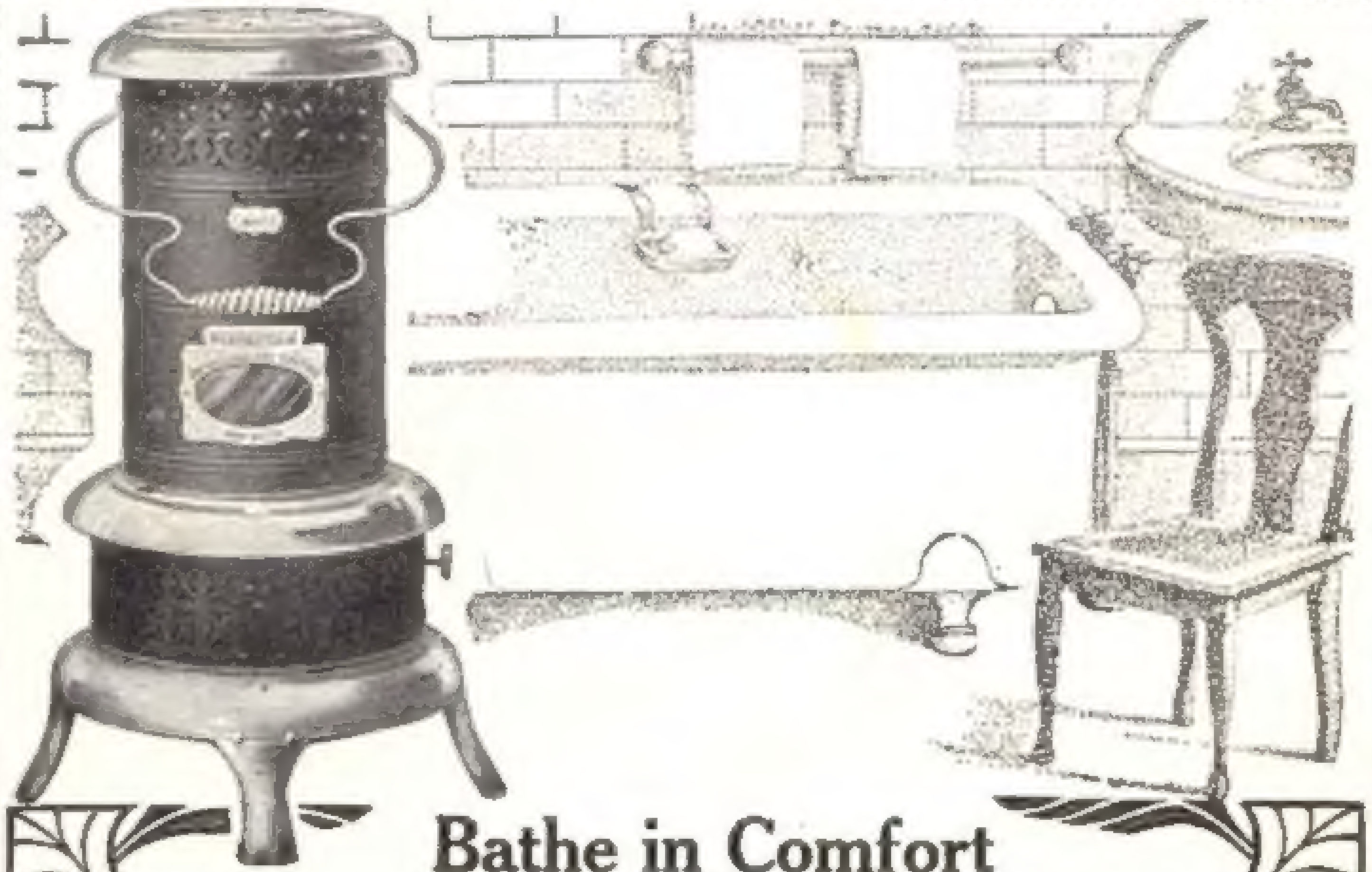
Sleepy Hollow Chair, Cuban Mahogany Leather.

1932

Arm Chair, "Chamberlain" Morocco Leather.

5732

"Howard" Arm Chair, Sterling Leather.



Bathe in Comfort

A warm bath in a cold room is a "shivery" operation and is extremely liable to cause colds. The bathroom above all should be kept warm. This is easy and the bath is a comfort if you have a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

It may be carried from any other room to the bath room, which it will heat while you are preparing for the bath. Impossible to turn it too high or too low. The most economical heater you can buy—intense heat for 9 hours with one filling. Every heater warranted.

The Rayo Lamp is the best lamp for all-round household purposes. Gives a clear, steady light. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved central draft burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp guaranteed.

If you cannot get heater and lamp at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

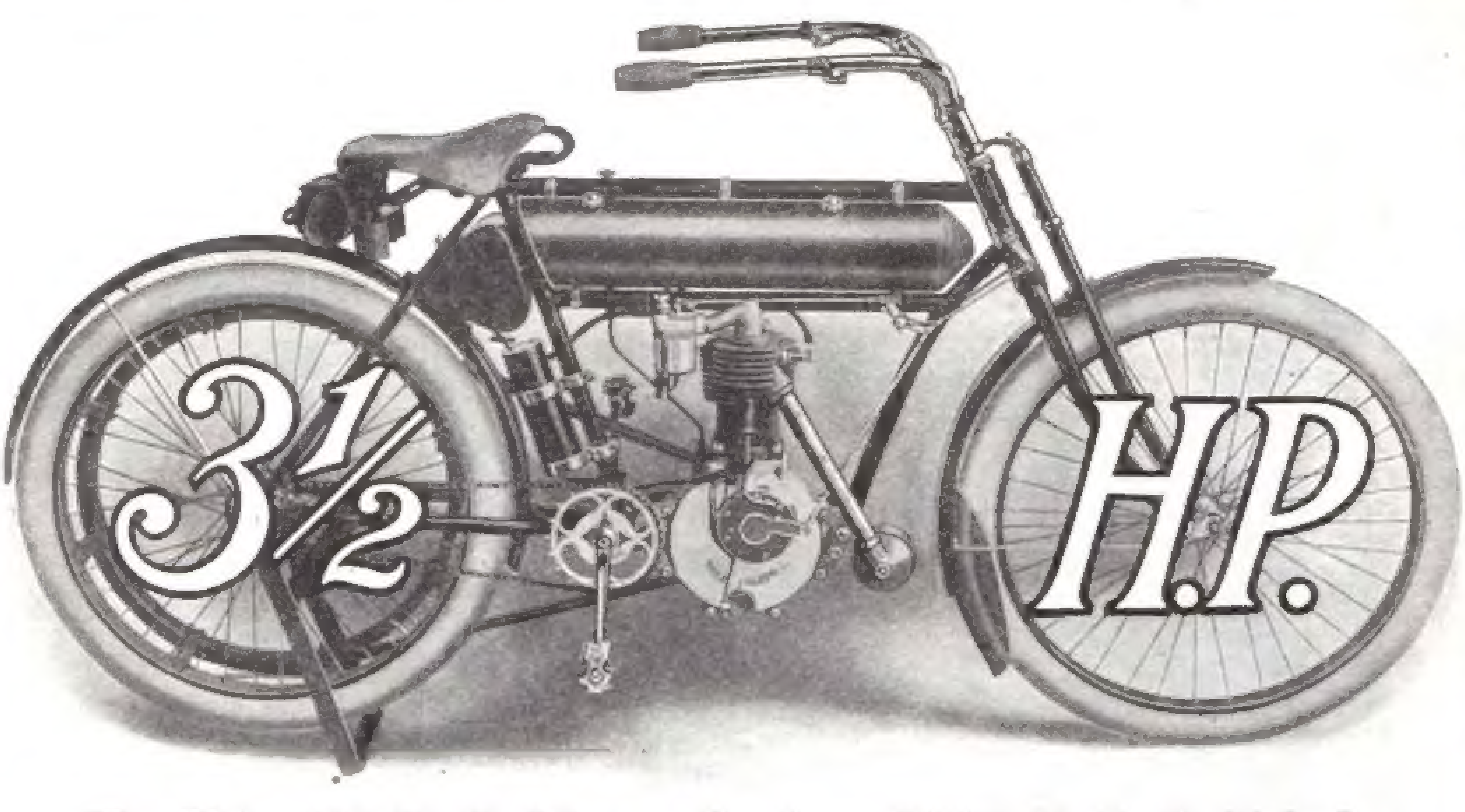
The World has never seen a Motor-Cycle like this:

We have purposely subordinated the text in this announcement to the picture of this wonderful new **Yale 3½ H. P. Motor-Cycle** because:

First—The picture conveys a more striking idea of the tremendous strength and simplicity of this most powerful of all motor-cycles than could any words of ours.

Second—We could not if we occupied a page begin to tell all that is to be told and all that you ought to know about its marvelous efficiency.

So we simply say: Look at the picture; consider the extraordinary horse power developed and the extraordinary price and write us today for full particulars, filling out the coupon printed below.



The Yale 3½ H. P. Motor-Cycle—$200 F. O. B. Toledo

This new **Yale** develops closer to 3¾ H. P. than 3½; is capable of 50 miles an hour and will climb with ease the steepest mountain road in America and negotiate the roughest, ruttiest road. It has 53¾ inch wheel base; is built close to the ground; has the tested and proven Consolidated Belt Drive; the invaluable Consolidated cushion fork, absorbing every particle of jolt and jar; $3\frac{5}{16}$ in. bore by $3\frac{11}{16}$ in. stroke; extra wide saddle; enclosed fly wheels; hardened and ground bearings and crank pins; simplest oiling system in the world; gasoline and oil in one tank; one-piece forged fork crown—in fact automobile construction throughout and an efficiency never before achieved by any motor-cycle in the world.

THE CRANK-HANGER ALONE IS REASON ENOUGH FOR INSISTING ON________ Yale & Snell BICYCLES

No, all bicycles are not alike.

The difference is in their length of life—a difference for which you have to pay in dollars and cents when you buy a wheel without record or reputation.

And there are other differences even more vital of which every man who buys a bicycle should advise himself before he makes a choice. Before we specify just one of them, let us remind you that this is the biggest bicycle plant in the world—with the finest equipment of special machinery, and the biggest output, and nearly twenty years of unbroken experience.

That alone is reason for assuming what is actually the fact—that **Yale & Snell** Bicycles are admittedly first in America in soundness, stability and efficiency.

But to pass on to just one exclusive feature of **Yale & Snell** construction—the **Consolidated Crank Hanger** is reason enough in itself for discarding any other wheel and insisting that your dealer get you a **Yale or Snell**.

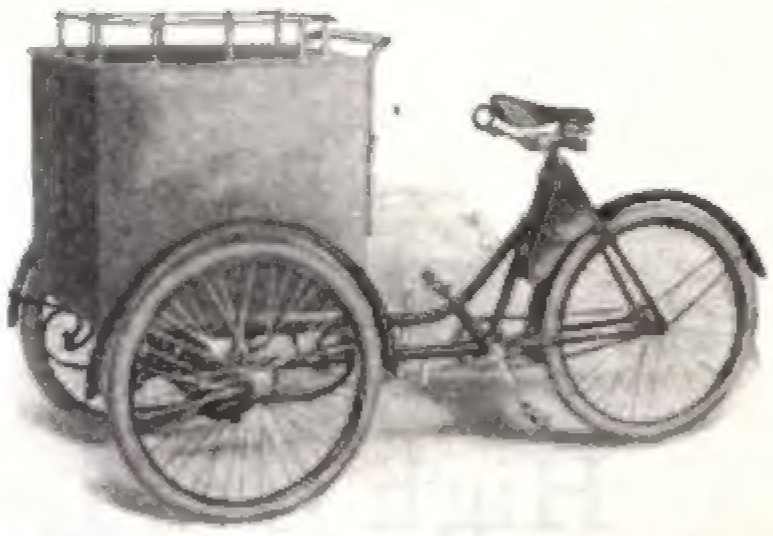
This crank hanger, made of the finest hardened, ground, polished automobile steel, gives the **Yale & Snell** rider the extraordinary advantage of covering the ground with one-half the exertion of energy required to ride any other bicycle. You can't get the **Consolidated Hanger** in any other wheel and without it you have to work just twice as hard in riding.

From forty-five to fifty thousand **Yale & Snell** wheels are built in this plant every year—every part manufactured from the highest priced and highest grade materials.

If your dealer doesn't sell the **Yale & Snell** don't rest satisfied until you get one. Fill out the accompanying coupon and mail it to us today.

Yale & Snell equipment includes the celebrated **Hussey handle bar**—adjustable to 45 different positions, and the **New Atherton coaster brake.**

DELIVER TWICE THE GOODS AT ONE-HALF THE COST Consolidated PACKAGE CAR



Consolidated Package Car—Capacity 150 Lbs.—$100.00 F. O. B. Toledo

Don't wait until prosperity hits your store—install a **Consolidated Package Car** in your delivery system as hundreds of dealers have done since election, and start out to hustle for it.

Letters like the one quoted below are coming from every corner of the country—they tell better than we can what a revolution this fine little car is creating in the retail business. The **Consolidated Package Car** advertises your store and best of all advertises the fact that you make quick deliveries at any time of the day.

Women soon learn when they see the Package Car on the street a dozen times a day that they don't have to "wait for the wagon," and they phone orders you wouldn't otherwise get.

There's no cost at all to delivery made with the **Consolidated Package Car**—you can afford to send a boy out with the smallest sort of purchase—thereby winning the customer's everlasting good will.

The car has a capacity for 150 pounds and the experience of every dealer is that it will deliver two and three times as much merchandise in a day as a horse and wagon. Read this specimen letter and then write for particulars—filling out the coupon.

AMERICAN MESSENGER COMPANY, 80 BROADWAY

Consolidated Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio. Detroit, Mich., September 7, 1908.

Gentlemen:—We desire to recommend your Consolidated Package Car for delivery of small packages. It has done the work of a horse and wagon in quicker time and better time. It has not been out of commission a single trip. It has not cost us a cent to run outside of two punctures which came to 15c. It has saved us $18 a month livery bill, and our boy has averaged 60 packages a day, except Sunday. It has filled the greatest need in the package delivery business as it is the only machine that we have run across that you can run and depend on and does not cost a small fortune to run. We have horses and wagons, motor-cycle vans, bicycles and *Consolidated Package Cars.* We can say no more.

American Messenger Co.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio

Mail me your literature about:

Check opposite subject you're interested in.
Motor-Cycles
Bicycles
Package Cars

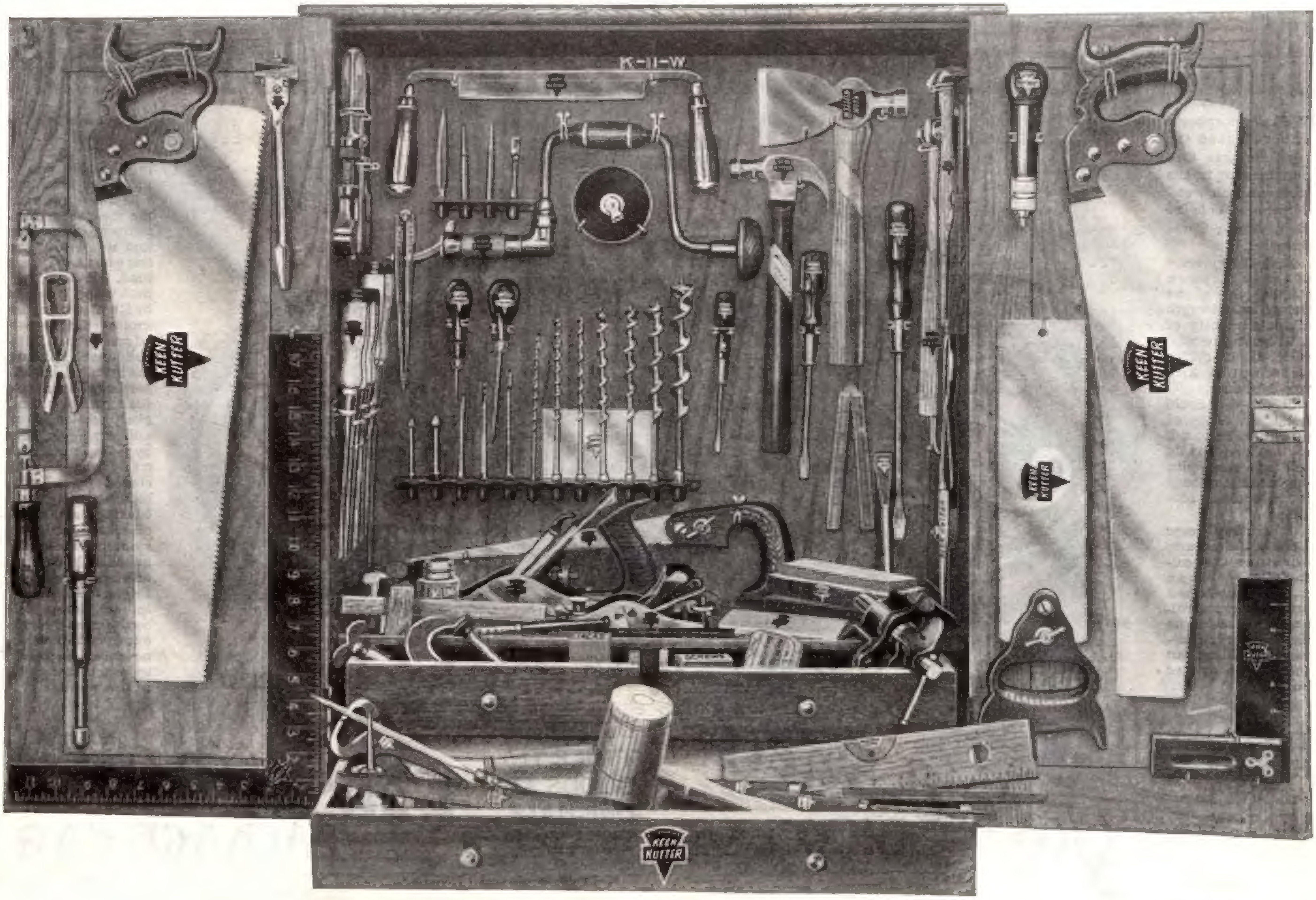
Name ________________

Address ________________

LIVE AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

We Will Exhibit in Space No. 531 at the Madison Square Garden Show of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, January 16 to 23



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Only Line
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Tools
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KEEN KUTTER Tool Cabinets represent the only complete line of tools distinguished by one trade mark and guaranteed.

Every tool in a KEEN KUTTER Tool Cabinet is selected for its *utility*. You do not pay for one idle tool, and all, from the smallest to the largest, have been subjected to every known tool test to prove their perfection. No cheap tools ever go in a

KEEN KUTTER

Tool Cabinet

For every place where tools are required there is nothing that meets every emergency with such surety.

The Cabinet here illustrated is but one of many sizes, each complete for the purpose intended.

You must know about KEEN KUTTER Tool Cabinets. Send for our handsomely illustrated free catalogue showing our complete line of KEEN KUTTER Cabinets from $8.50 to $125, then select the Cabinet containing the assortment of tools you want and your dealer will supply you. If not, write us and give us your dealer's name.

SIMMONS HARDWARE CO. (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

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THE KING OF DIAMONDS

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

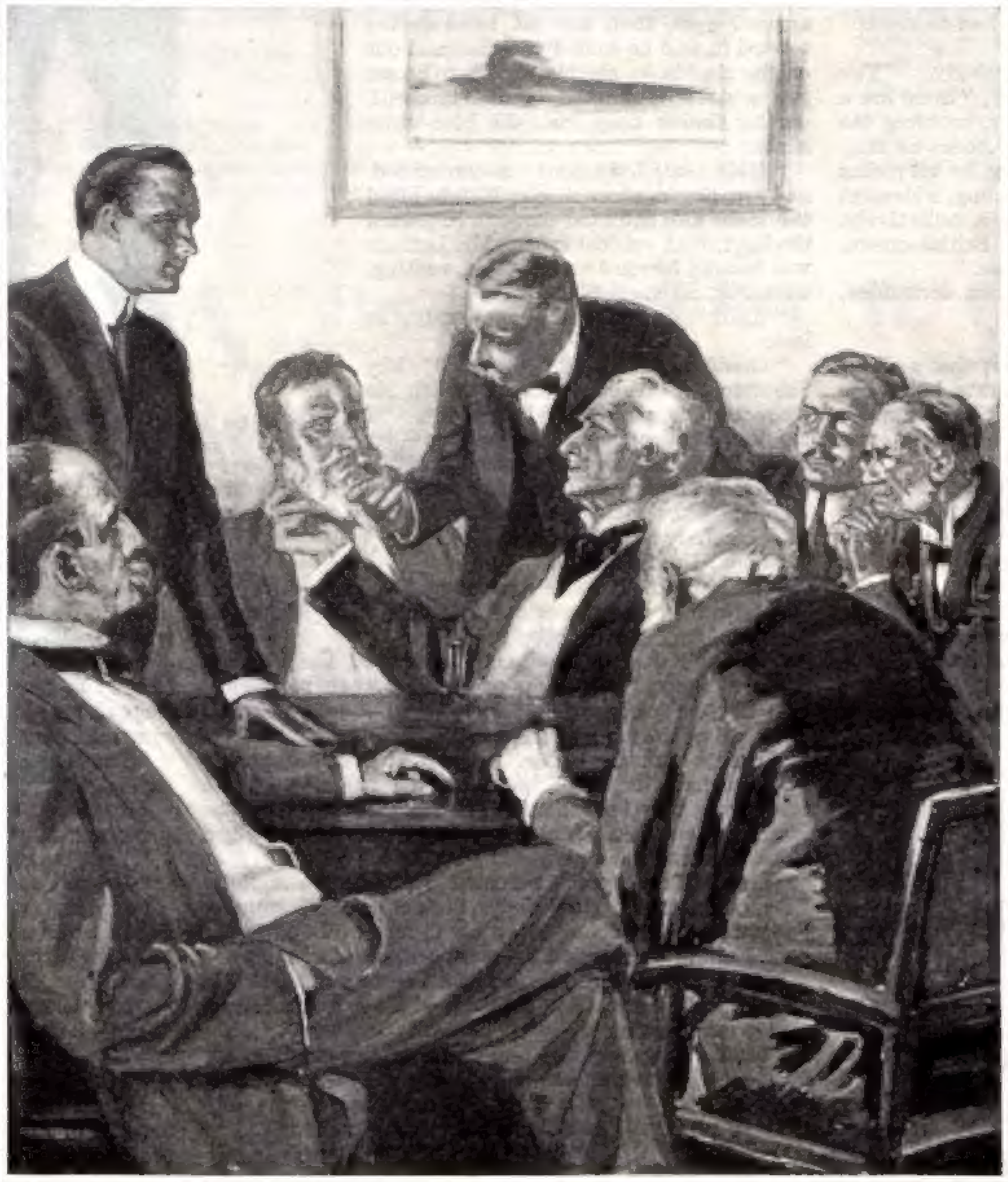
I

THERE were thirty or forty personally-addressed letters, the daily heritage of the head of a great business establishment; and a plain, yellow-wrapped package about the size of a cigarette-box, some three inches long, two inches wide and one inch deep. It was neatly tied up with thin, scarlet twine, and innocent of markings except for the superscription in a precise, copper-plate hand, and the smudge of the postmark across the ten-cent stamp in the upper right-hand corner. The imprint of the cancellation, faintly decipherable, showed that the package had been mailed at the Madison Square sub-station at half-past seven o'clock of the previous evening.

Mr. Henry Latham, president and active head of the H. Latham Company, manufacturing jewelers in Fifth Avenue, found the letters and the package on his desk when he entered his private office a few minutes past nine o'clock. The simple fact that the package bore no return address or identifying mark of any sort caused him to pick it up and examine it, after which he shook it inquiringly. Then, with kindling curiosity, he snipped the scarlet thread with a pair of silver scissors, and unfolded the wrappings. Inside was a glazed paper box, such as jewelers use, but still there was no mark, no printing, either on top or bottom.

The cover of the box came off in Mr. Latham's hand, disclosing a bed of white cotton. He removed the downy, upper layer, and there—there, nestling against the snowy background, blazed a single splendid diamond, of six, perhaps seven, carats. Myriad colors played in its blue-white depths, sparkling, flashing, dazzling in the subdued light. Mr. Latham drew one long, quick breath, and walked over to the window to examine the stone in the full glare of day.

A minute or more passed, a minute of wonder, admiration, allurement, and at last he ventured to lift the diamond from the box. It was perfect, so far as he could see; perfect in cutting and color and depth, prismatic, radiant, bewilderingly gorgeous. Its value? Even he could not offer an opinion—only the appraisement of his expert would be worth listening to on that point. But one thing he knew instantly—in the million-dollar stock of precious stones stored away in the vaults of the H. Latham Company, there was not one to compare with this.



"A Perfect Diamond is a Perfect Diamond, No Matter Where it Comes From"

At length, as he stared at it fascinated, he remembered that he didn't know its owner, and for the second time he examined the wrappings, the box inside and out, and finally he lifted out the lower layer of cotton, seeking a fugitive card or mark of some sort. Surely the owner of so valuable a stone would not be so careless as to send it this way, through the mail—unregistered—without some method of identification! Another sharp scrutiny of box and cotton and wrappings left him in deep perplexity.

Then another idea came. One of the letters, of course! The owner of the diamond had sent it this way, perhaps to be set, and had sent instructions under another cover. An absurd, even a reckless thing to do, but ——! And Mr. Latham attacked the heap of letters neatly stacked up in front of him. There were thirty-six of them, but not one even remotely hinted at diamonds. In order to be perfectly sure Mr. Latham went through his mail a second time. Perhaps the letter of instructions had come addressed to the company, and had gone to the secretary, Mr. Flitcroft.

He arose to summon Mr. Flitcroft from an adjoining room, then changed his mind long enough carefully to replace the diamond in the box and thrust the box into a pigeonhole of his desk. Then he called Mr. Flitcroft in.

"Have you gone through your morning mail?" Mr. Latham inquired of the secretary.

"Yes," he replied. "I have just finished."

"Did you happen to come across a letter bearing on — that is, was there a letter to-day, or has there been a letter, of instructions as to a single large diamond which was to come, or had come, by mail?"

"No, nothing," replied Mr. Flitcroft promptly. "The only letter received to-day which referred to diamonds was a notification of a shipment from South Africa."

Mr. Latham thoughtfully drummed on his desk.

"Well, I'm expecting some such letter," he explained at last. "When it comes please call it to my attention. Send my stenographer in."

Mr. Flitcroft nodded and withdrew; and for an hour or more Mr. Latham was engrossed in the routine of correspondence. There was only an occasional glance at the box in the pigeonhole, and momentary fits of abstraction, to indicate an unabated interest and growing curiosity in the diamond. The last letter was finished, and the stenographer arose to go out.

"Please ask Mr. Czenki to come here," Mr. Latham directed.

And after a while Mr. Czenki appeared. He was a spare little man, with beady, black eyes, bushy brows, and a sinister scar extending from the point of his chin across the right jaw. Mr. Czenki drew a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year from the H. Latham Company, and was worth twice that much. He was the diamond expert of the firm; and for five or six years his had been the final word as to quality and value. He had been a laborer in the South African diamond fields—the scar was an assegai thrust—about the time Cecil Rhodes' grip was first felt there; later he was employed as an expert by Barney Barnato at Kimberly, and finally he went to London with Adolph Zeidt. Mr. Latham nodded as he entered, and took the box from the pigeonhole.

"Here's something I'd like you to look at," he remarked.

Mr. Czenki removed the cover and turned the glittering stone out into his hand. For a minute or more he stood still examining it, as he turned and twisted it in his fingers, then walked over to a window, adjusted a magnifying glass in his left eye and continued the scrutiny. Mr. Latham swung around in his chair and stared at him intently.

"It's the most perfect blue-white I've ever seen," the expert announced at last. "I dare say it's the most perfect in the world."

Mr. Latham arose suddenly and strode over to Mr. Czenki, who was twisting the jewel in his fingers, singling out, dissecting, studying the colorful flashes, measuring the facets with practiced eyes, weighing it on his fingertips, seeking a possible flaw.

"The cutting is very fine," the expert went on. "Of course I would have to use instruments to tell me if it is mathematically correct; and the weight, I imagine, is—is about six carats, perhaps a fraction more."

"What's it worth?" asked Mr. Latham. "Approximately, I mean?"

"We know the color is perfect," explained Mr. Czenki precisely. "If, in addition, the cutting is perfect, and the depth is right, and the weight is six carats or a fraction more, it's worth—in other words, if that is the most perfect specimen in existence, as it seems to be, it's worth whatever you might choose to demand for it—twenty, twenty-five, thirty thousand dollars. With this color, and assuming it to be six carats, even if *badly* cut, it would be worth ten or twelve thousand."

Mr. Latham mopped his brow. And this had come by mail, unregistered!

"It would not be possible to say where—where such a stone came from—what country?" Mr. Latham inquired curiously. "What's your opinion?"

The expert shook his head. "If I had to guess I should say Brazil, of course," he replied; "but that would be merely because the most perfect blue-white diamonds come from Brazil. They are found all over the world—in Africa, Russia, India, China, even in the United States. The simple fact that this color is perfect makes conjecture useless."

Mr. Latham lapsed into silence, and for a time paced back and forth across his office; Mr. Czenki stood waiting.

"Please get the exact weight," Mr. Latham requested abruptly. "Also test the cutting. It came into my possession in rather an—an unusual manner, and I'm curious."

The expert went out. An hour later he returned and placed the white, glazed box on the desk before Mr. Latham.

"The weight is six and three-sixteenths carats," he stated. "The depth is absolutely perfect, according to the diameter of the girdle. The *bezel* facets are mathematically correct to the minutest fraction—thirty-three, including the table. The facets on the *collet* side are equally exact, twenty-five including the *collet*—or fifty-eight facets in all. As I said, the color is flawless. In other words," he continued without hesitation, "I should say, speaking as an expert, that it is the most perfect diamond existing in the world to-day."

Mr. Latham had been staring at him mutely, and he still sat so for an instant after Mr. Czenki had finished.

"And its value?" he asked at last.

"Its value!" Mr. Czenki repeated musingly. "You know, Mr. Latham," he went on suddenly, "there are a hundred experts, commissioned by royalty, scouring the diamond markets of the world for such stones as this. So, if you are looking for a sale and a price, by all means offer it abroad first." He lifted the sparkling, iridescent jewel from the box again, and gazed at it reflectively. "There is not one stone belonging to the British crown, for instance, which would compare with this."

"Not even the Koh-i-noor?" Mr. Latham demanded, surprised.

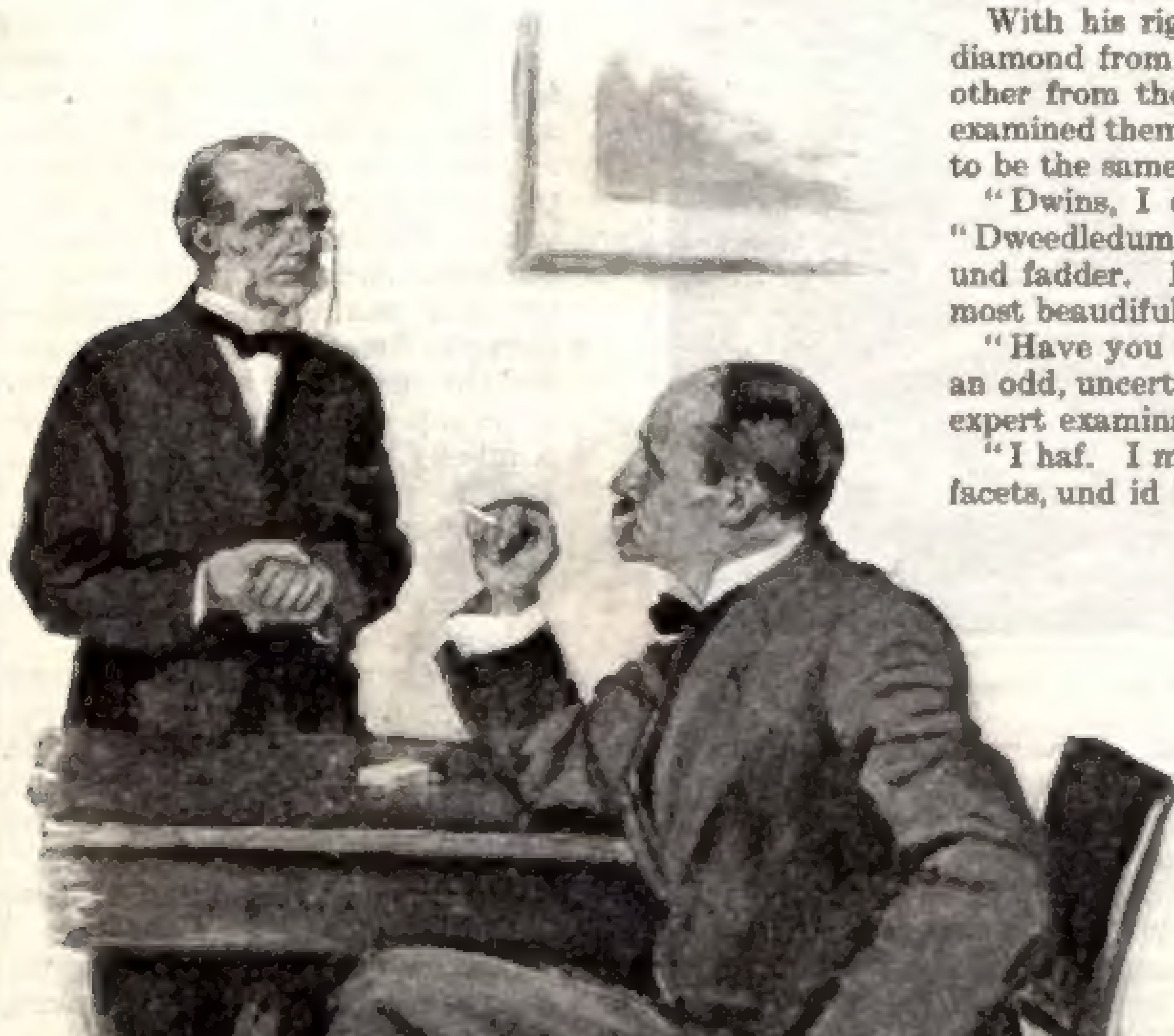
Mr. Czenki shook his head.

"Not even the Koh-i-noor. It is larger, that's all—a fraction more than one hundred and six carats, but it has neither the coloring nor the cutting of this." There was a pause. "Would it be impertinent if I ask who owns this?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Latham slowly. "I don't know; but it isn't ours. Perhaps later I'll be able to ——"

"I beg your pardon," the expert interrupted courteously, and there was a slight expression of surprise on his thin, scarred face. "Is that all?"

Mr. Latham nodded absently and Mr. Czenki left the room. A little while later, when Mr. Latham started out to luncheon, he thrust the white, glazed box into an inside pocket. It had occurred to him that Schultze—Gustave Schultze, the greatest importer of precious stones in America—was usually at the club where he had luncheon, and ——



"It is the Most Perfect Diamond Existing in the World To-Day"

He found Mr. Schultze, a huge, blond German, sitting at a table in an alcove, alone, gazing out upon Fifth Avenue in deep abstraction, with perplexed wrinkles about his blue eyes. The German glanced around at him quickly and proceeded to draw out a chair on the opposite side of the table.

"Sid down, Laadham, sid down," he invited explosively. "I haf yust send der vaiter to der delephone to ask ——"

There was a restrained note of excitement in the German's voice, but at the moment it was utterly lost upon Mr. Latham.

"Schultze, you've probably imported more diamonds in the last ten years than any other half-dozen men in the United States," he interrupted. "I have something here I want you to see. Perhaps, at some time, it may have passed through your hands."

He placed the glazed box on the table. For an instant the German stared at it with amazed eyes, then one fat hand darted toward it, and he spilled the diamond out on the napkin in his plate. Then he sat gazing as if fascinated by the lambent, darting flashes deep from the blue-white heart.

"*Mein Gott*, Laadham!" he exclaimed, and with fingers which shook a little he lifted the stone and squinted through it toward the light, with critical eyes. Mr. Latham was leaning forward on the table, waiting, watching, listening.

"Well?" he queried impatiently, at last.

"Laadham, id is der miracle!" Mr. Schultze explained solemnly, with his characteristic, whimsical philosophy. "I haf der dupligade of id, Laadham—der dwin, der liddle brudder. Zee here!"

From an inner pocket he produced a glazed white box, identical with that which Mr. Latham had just set down, then carefully laid the cover aside.

"Look, Laadham, look!"

Mr. Latham looked—and gasped! Here was the counterpart of the mysterious diamond which still lay in Mr. Schultze's outstretched palm.

"Dey are dwins, Laadham," remarked the German quaintly, finally. "Id came by der mail in dis morning—yust like das, wrapped in paper, bud mit no marks, no name, no nodings. Id yust came!"

With his right hand Mr. Latham lifted the duplicate diamond from its cotton bed, and with his left took the other from the German's hand. Then, side by side, he examined them; color, cutting, diameter, depth, all seemed to be the same.

"Dwins, I dell you," repeated Mr. Schultze stolidly. "Dweedledum und Dweedledee, born of der same mudder und fadder. Laadham, id iss der miracle! Dey are der most beaudiful der world in—yust der pair of dem."

"Have you made," Mr. Latham began, and there was an odd, uncertain note in his voice—"Have you made an expert examination?"

"I haf. I measure him, der deepness, der cudding, der facets, und id iss perfect. Und I take my own judgment of a diamond, Laadham, before any man der vorld in but Czenki."

"And the weight?"

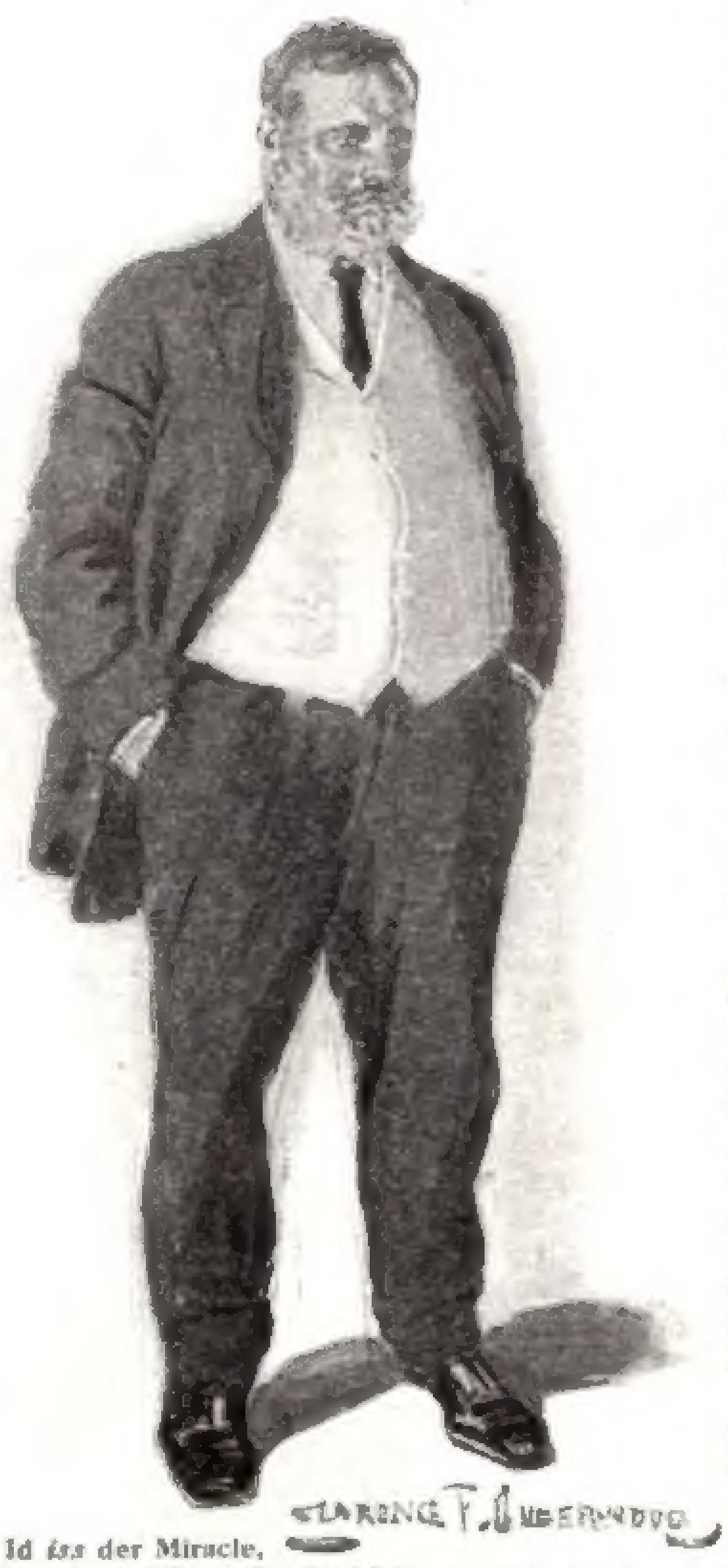
"Prezizely six und d'ree-sixdeendh carads. Dere iss nod more as a difference of a d'irty-second bedween dem?"

Mr. Latham regarded the importer steadily, the while he fought back an absurd, nervous thrill in his voice.

"There isn't that much, Schultze. Their weight is exactly the same."

For a long time the two men sat staring at each other unseeingly. Finally the German, with a prodigious Teutonic sigh, replaced the diamond from Mr. Latham's right hand in one of the glazed boxes and carefully stowed it away in a cavernous pocket; Mr. Latham mechanically disposed of the other in the same manner.

"Whose are they?" he demanded at length. "Why are they sent to us like this, with no name, no letter of explanation? Until I saw the stone you have I had believed this other had been sent to me by some careless fool for setting, perhaps, and that a letter would follow it. I merely brought it here on the chance that it was one of your importations and that you could identify it. But since you have received one under circumstances which seem to be identical, now ——" He paused helplessly. "What does it mean?"



"Id *iss* der Miracle, Laadham, When Czenki Make der Misdake!"

Mr. Schultze shrugged his huge shoulders and thoughtfully flicked the ashes from his cigar into the consommé.

"You know, Laadham," he said slowly, "dey don't pick up diamonds like dose on der streed gorners. I didn't believe dere vas a stone of so bigness in der Unided States whose owner I didn't know id vas. Dose dat are here I haf bring in myself, mostly—dose I did nod I haf kept drack of. I don'd know, Laadham, I don'd know. Der longer I lif der more I don'd know."

The two men completed a scant luncheon in silence.

"Obviously," remarked Mr. Latham as he laid his napkin aside, "the diamonds were sent to us by the same person; obviously they were sent to us with a purpose; obviously we will, in time, hear from the person who sent them; obviously they were intended to be perfectly matched; so let's see if they are. Come to my office and let Mr. Czenki see the one you have." He hesitated an instant. "Suppose you let me take it. We'll try an experiment."

He carefully placed the jewel which the German handed to him in an outside pocket, and together they went to his office. Mr. Czenki appeared, in answer to a summons, and Mr. Latham gave him the German's box.

"That's the diamond you examined for me this morning, isn't it?" he inquired.

Mr. Czenki turned it out into his hand and scrutinized it perfunctorily.

"Yes," he replied after a moment.

"Are you quite certain?" Mr. Latham insisted.

Something in the tone caused Mr. Czenki to raise his beady, black eyes questioningly for an instant, after which he walked over to a window and adjusted his magnifying glass again. For a minute or more he stood there, then:

"It's the same stone," he announced positively.

"Id iss der miracle, Laadham, when Czenki make der misdake!" the German exploded suddenly. "Show him der odder von."

Mr. Czenki glanced from one to the other with quick, inquisitive glance; then, without a word, Mr. Latham produced the second box and opened it. The expert stared incredulously at the two perfect stones and finally, placing them side by side on a sheet of paper, returned to the window and sat down. Mr. Latham and Mr. Schultze stood beside him looking on curiously as he turned and twisted the jewels under his powerful glass.

"As a matter of fact," asked Mr. Latham pointedly at last, "you would not venture to say which of those stones it was you examined this morning, would you?"

"No," responded Mr. Czenki curtly, "not without weighing them."

"And if the weight is identical?"

"No," said Mr. Czenki again. "If the weight is the same there is not the minutest fraction of a difference between them."

. . . .

Mr. Latham ran through his afternoon mail with feverish haste and found—nothing; Mr. Schultze achieved the same result more ponderously. On the following morning the mail still brought nothing. About eleven o'clock Mr. Latham's desk 'phone rang.

"Come to my offiz," requested Mr. Schultze, in guttural excitement. "*Mein Gott*, Laadham, der—come to my offiz, Laadham, und bring der diamond!"

Mr. Latham went. Including himself there were the heads of the five greatest jewel establishments in America, representing, perhaps, one-tenth of the diamond trade of the country, in Mr. Schultze's office. He found the other four gathered around a small table, and on this table—Mr. Latham gasped as he looked—lay four replicas of the mysterious diamond in his pocket.

"Pud id down here, Laadham," directed Mr. Schultze. "Dey're all dwins alike—Dweedledums und Dweedledeeses."

Mr. Latham silently placed the fifth diamond on the table, and for a minute or more the five men stood still and gazed, first at the diamonds, then at one another, and then again at the diamonds. Mr. Solomon, the crisply-spoken head of Solomon, Berger & Co., broke the silence.

"These all came yesterday morning by mail, one to each of us, just as the one came to you," he informed Mr. Latham. "Mr. Harris here, of Harris and Blacklock, learned that I had received such a stone, and brought the one he had received for comparison. We made some inquiries together and found that a duplicate had been received by Mr. Stoddard, of Hale-Stoddard-Higginson. The three of us came here to see if Mr. Schultze could give us any information, and he telephoned for you."

Mr. Latham listened blankly.

"It's positively beyond belief," he burst out. "What—what does it mean?"

"Id means," the German importer answered philosophically, "dat if diamonds like dese keep popping up like dis, dat in anoder d'ree months dey vill nod be vorth more as five cents a bucketful."

The truth of the observation came to the four others simultaneously. Hitherto there had been only the sense of wonder and admiration; now came the definite knowledge that diamonds, even of such great size and beauty as these, would grow cheap if they were to be picked out of the void; and realization of this astonishing possibility brought five shrewd business brains to a unit of investigation. First it was necessary to find how many other jewelers had received duplicates; then it was necessary to find whence they came. A plan was adopted, and an investigation ordered to begin at once.

"Dere iss someding back of id, of course," declared Mr. Schultze. "*Vas iss?* Dey are nod being send for our healdh!"

During the next six days half a score of private detectives were at work on the mystery, with the slender clews at hand. They scanned hotel registers, quizzed paper-box manufacturers, pestered stamp clerks, bedeviled postal officials, and the sum total of their knowledge was negative, save in the fact that they established beyond question that only these five men had received the diamonds.

And meanwhile the heads of the five greatest jewel houses in New York were assiduous in their search for that copper-plate superscription in their daily mail. On the morning of the eighth day it came. Mr. Latham was nervously shuffling his unopened personal correspondence when he came upon it—a formal white, square envelope directed by that same copper-plate hand which had directed the boxes. He dropped into his chair, and opened the envelope with eager fingers. Inside was this letter:

My Dear Sir:

One week ago I took the liberty of sending to you, and to each of four other leading jewelers of this city whose names you know, a single large diamond of rare cutting and color. Please accept this as a gift from me, and be good enough to convey my compliments to the other four gentlemen, and assure them that theirs, too, were gifts.

Believe me, I had no intention of making a mystery of this. It was necessary to definitely attract your attention, and I could conceive of no more certain way than in this manner. In return for the value of the jewels I shall ask that you and the four others concerned give me an audience in your office on Thursday afternoon next at three o'clock; that you make known this request to the others; and that three experts whose judgment you will all accept shall meet with us.

I believe you will appreciate the necessity of secrecy in this matter, for the present at least.

Respectfully,
E. VAN CORTLANDT WYNNE.

They were on hand promptly, all of them—Mr. Latham, Mr. Schultze, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Harris. The experts agreed upon were the unemotional Mr. Czenki, Mr. Cawthorne, an Englishman in the employ of Solomon, Berger & Co., and Mr. Schultze, who gravely admitted that he was the first expert in the land, after Mr. Czenki, and whose opinion of himself was unanimously accepted by the others. The meeting place was the directors' room of the H. Latham Company.

At one minute of three o'clock a clerk entered with a card, and handed it to Mr. Latham.

"'Mr. E. van Cortlandt Wynne,'" Mr. Latham read aloud, and every man in the room moved a little in his chair. Then: "Show him in here, please."

"Now, gendlemens," observed Mr. Schultze sententiously, "ve shall zee vat ve shall zee."

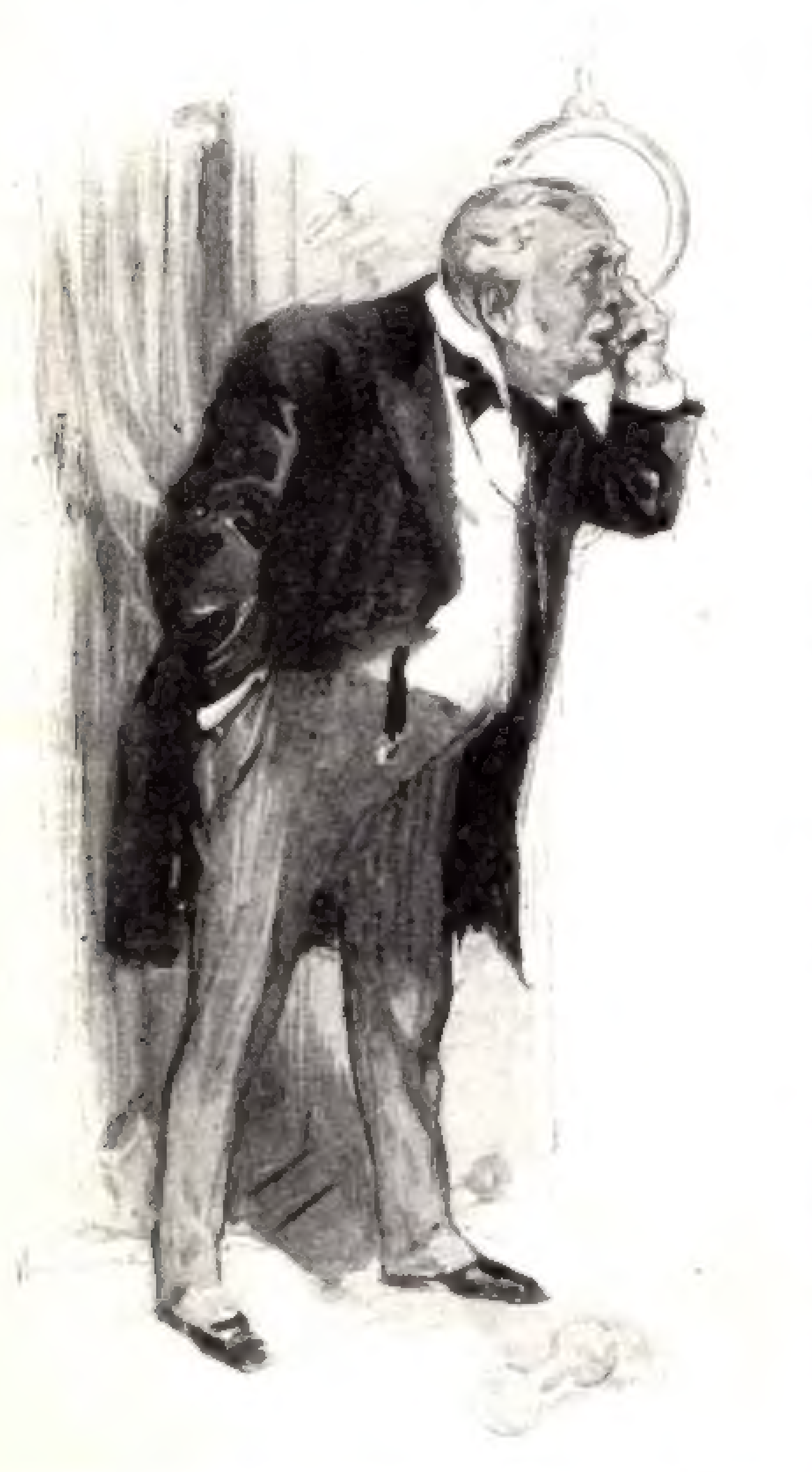
The clerk went out and a moment later Mr. Wynne appeared. He was tall and rather slender, alert of eyes, graceful of person; perfectly self-possessed and sure of himself, yet without one trace of egotism in manner or

(Continued on Page 22)

SYBILLA

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL ANDERSON



ABOUT noon their father bounced into the gymnasium, where they had just finished their fencing lesson.

"Did any of you three go into the laboratory this morning?" he demanded, his rich voice terminating in a sort of musical bellow, like the blast of a mellow French horn on a touring-car.

The triplets—Flavilla, Drusilla and Sybilla—all clothed precisely alike in knee kilts, plastrons, gauntlets and masks, came to attention, saluting their parent with their foils. The Boznovian fencing mistress, Madame Tzinglala, gracefully withdrew to the dressing-room and departed.

"Which of you three girls went into the laboratory this morning?" repeated their father impatiently.

The triplets continued to stand in a neat row, the buttons of their foils aligned and resting on the hardwood floor. In graceful unison they removed their masks; three flushed and unusually pretty faces regarded the author of their being attentively—more attentively still when that round and ruddy gentleman, executing a facial contortion, screwed his monocle into an angry left eye and glared.

"Didn't I warn you to keep out of that laboratory?" he asked wrathfully; "didn't I explain to you that it was none of your business? I believe I informed you that whatever is locked up in that room is no concern of yours. Didn't I?"

"Yes, Pa-*pah*."

"Well, confound it, what did you go in for, then?"

An anxious silence was his answer.

"You didn't all go in, did you?" he demanded in a melodious bellow.

"Oh, no, Pa-*pah!*"

"Did two of you go?"

"Oh-h, n-o, Pa-*pah!*"

"Well, which one did?"

The line of beauty wavered for a moment; then Sybilla stepped slowly to the front, three paces, and halted with downcast eyes.

"I told you not to, didn't I?" said her father, scowling the monocle out of his eye and reinserting it.

"Y-yes, Pa-*pah*."

"But you *did?*"

"Y-yes ——"

"That will do! Flavilla! Drusilla! You are excused," dismissing the two guiltless triplets with a wave of the terrible eyeglass; and when they had faced to the rear and retired in good order, closing the door behind them, he regarded his delinquent daughter in wrathy and rubicund dismay.

"What did you see in that laboratory?" he demanded.

Sybilla began to count on her fingers. "As I walked around the room I noticed jars, bottles, tubes, lamps, retorts, blowpipes, batteries ——"

"Did you notice a small, shiny machine that somewhat resembles the interior economy of a watch?"

"Yes, Pa-*pah*, but I haven't come to that yet ——"

"Did you go near it?"

"Quite near ——"

"You didn't touch it, did you?"

"I was going to tell you ——"

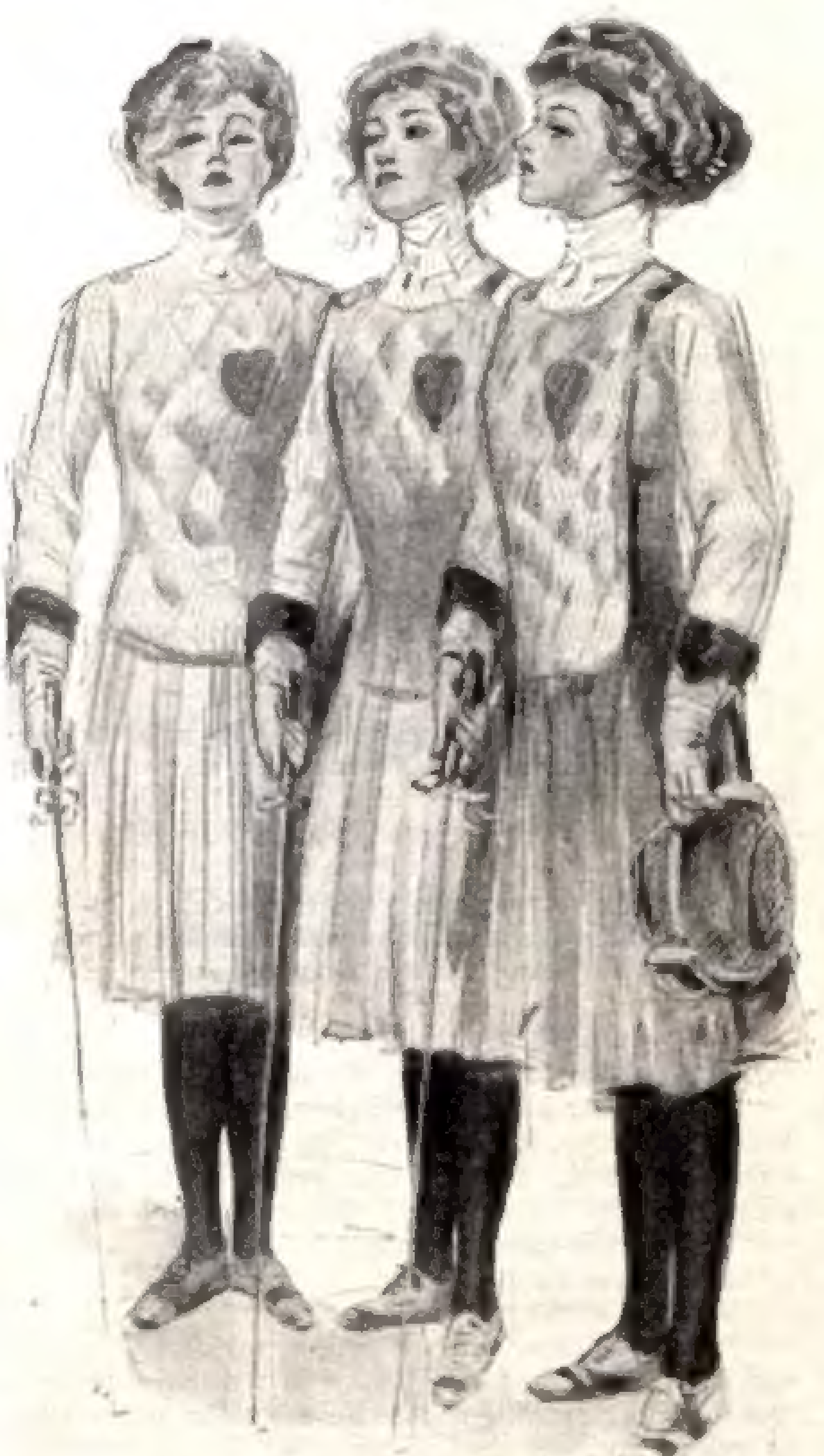
"*Did* you?" he bellowed musically. "Answer me, Sybilla!"

"Y-yes—I did."

"What did you suppose it to be?"

"I thought—we all thought—that you kept a wireless telephone instrument in there ——"

"Why? Just because I happen to be president of the Amalgamated Wireless Trust Company?"



"Oh-h, N-o, Pa-*pah!*"

"Yes. And we were dying to see a wireless telephone work. . . . I thought I'd like to call up Central—just to be sure I could make the thing go —— *What* is the matter, Pa-*pah?*"

He dropped into a wadded armchair and motioned Sybilla to a seat opposite. Then with another frightful facial contortion he reimbedded the monocle.

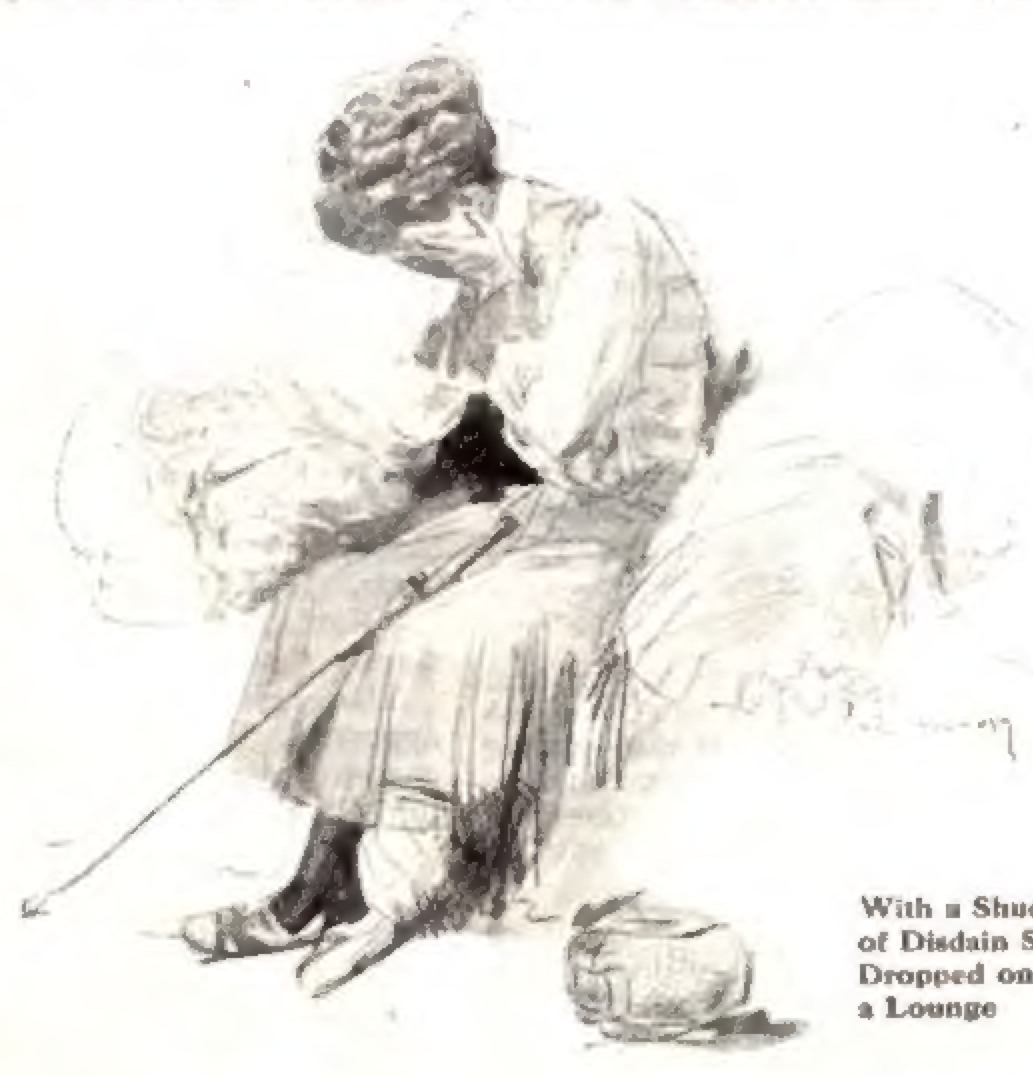
"So you deliberately opened that door and went in to rummage?"

"No," said the girl; "we were—skylarking a little, on our way to the gymnasium; and I gave Drusilla a little shove toward the laboratory door, and then Flavilla pushed me—very gently—and somehow I—the door flew open and my mask fell off and rolled inside; and I went in after it. That is how it happened—partly."

She lifted her dark and very beautiful eyes to her stony parent, then they dropped, and she began tracing figures and arabesques on the polished floor with the point of her foil. "That is partly how," she repeated.

"What is the other part?"

"The other part was that, having unfortunately disobeyed you, and being already in the room, I thought I might as well stay and take a little peep around ——"



With a Shudder of Disdain She Dropped on to a Lounge

Her father fairly bounced in his padded chair. The velvet-eyed descendant of Eve shot a fearful glance at him and continued, still casually tracing invisible arabesques with her foil's point.

"You see, don't you," she said, "that being actually *in*, I thought I might as well do something before I came out again, which would make my disobedience worth the punishment. So I first picked up my mask, then I took a scared peep around. There were only jars and bottles and things. . . . I was dreadfully disappointed. The certainty of being punished and then, after all, seeing nothing but bottles, *did* seem rather unfair. . . . So I—walked around to—to see if I could find something to look at which would repay me for the punishment. . . . There is a proverb, isn't there, Pa-*pah?*—something about being executed for a lamb ——"

"Go on!" he said sharply.

"Well, all I could find that looked as though I had no business to touch it was a little jeweled machine ——"

"*That* was it! Did you touch it?"

"Yes, several times. Was it a wireless?"

"Never mind! Yes, it's one kind of a wireless instrument. Go on!"

Sybilla shook her head:

"I'm sure I don't see why you are so disturbingly emphatic; because I haven't an idea how to send or receive a wireless message, and I hadn't the vaguest notion how that machine might work. I tried very hard to make it go; I turned several screws and pushed all the push-buttons ——"

Mr. Carr emitted a hollow, despairing sound—a sort of musical groan—and feebly plucked at space.

"I tried every lever, screw and spring," she went on calmly, "but the machine must have been out of order, for I only got one miserable little spark ——"

"You got a *spark?*"

"Yes—just a tiny, noiseless atom of white fire ——"

Her father bounced to his feet and waved both hands at her distractedly.

"Do you know what you've done?" he bellowed.

"N-no ——"

"Well, you've prepared yourself to fall in love! And you've probably induced some indescribable pup to fall in love with you! And *that's* what you've done!"

"In—*love!*"

"Yes, you have!"

"But how can a common wireless telephone ——"

"It's another kind of a wireless. Your brother-in-law, William Destyn, invented it; I'm backing it and experimenting with it. I told you to keep out of that room. I hung up a sign on the door: '*Danger! Keep out!*'"

"W-was that thing—loaded?"

"Yes, it *was* loaded!"

"W-what with?"

"Waves!" shouted her father furiously. "Psychic waves! You little ninny, we've just discovered that the world and everything in it is enveloped in psychic waves, as well as invisible electric currents. The minute you got near that machine and opened the receiver, waves from your subconscious personality flowed into it. And the minute you touched that spring and got a spark, your psychic waves had signaled, by wireless, the subconscious personality of some young man—some insufferable pup—who'll come from wherever he is at present—from the world's end if need be—and fall in love with you."

Mr. Carr jumped ponderously up and down in pure fury; his daughter regarded him in calm consternation.

"I am so very, very sorry," she said; "but I am quite certain that I am not going to fall in love ——"

"You can't help it," roared her father, "if that instrument worked."

"Is—is that what it's f-for?"

"That's what it's invented for; that's why I'm putting a million into it. Anybody on earth desiring to meet the person with whom they're destined, some time or other, to fall in love, can come to us, in confidence, buy a ticket, and be hitched on to the proper psychic connection which insures speedy courtship and marriage—Damnation!"

"Pa-*pah!*"

"I can't help it! Any self-respecting, God-fearing father would swear! Do you think I ever expected to have my daughters mixed up with this machine? *My* daughters wooed, engaged and married by *machinery!* And you're only eighteen; do you hear me? I won't have it! I'll certainly not have it!"

"But, dear, I don't in the least intend to fall in love and marry at eighteen. And if—*he*—really—comes, I'll tell him very frankly that I could not think of falling in love. I'll quietly explain that the machine went off by mistake and that I am only eighteen; and that Flavilla and Drusilla and I are not to come out until next winter. That," she added innocently, "ought to hold him."

"The thing to do," said her father, gazing fixedly at her, "is to keep you in your room until you're twenty!"

"Oh, Pa-*pah!*"

Mr. Carr smote his florid brow.

"You'll stay in for a week, anyway!" he thundered mellifluously. "No motoring party for you! That's your punishment. You'll be safe for to-day, anyhow; and by evening William Destyn will be back from Boston and I'll consult him as to the safest way to keep you out of the path of this whipper-snapper you have managed to wake up—evoke—stir out of space—wherever he may be—whoever he may be—whatever he chances to call himself ——"

"George," she murmured involuntarily.

"*What!!*"

She looked at her father, abashed, confused.

"How absurd of me," she said. "I don't know why I should have thought of that name, George; or why I should have said it out loud—that way—I really don't ——"

"Who do you know named George?"

"N-nobody in particular that I can think of ——"

"Sybilla! Be honest!"

"Really, I don't; I am always honest."

He knew she was truthful, always; but he said:

"Then why the devil did you look—er—so, so moonily at me and call me George?"

"I can't imagine—I can't understand ——"

"Well, *I* can! You don't realize it, but that cub's name must be George! I'll look out for the Georges. I'm glad I've been warned. I'll see that no two-legged object named George enters this house! You'll never go anywhere where there's anybody named George either, if I can prevent it."

"I—I don't want to," she returned, almost ready to cry. "You are very cruel to me ——"

"I wish to be. I desire to be a monster!" he retorted fiercely. "You're an exceedingly bad, ungrateful, undutiful, disobedient and foolish child. Your sisters and I are going to motor to Westchester and lunch there with your sister and your latest brother-in-law. And if they ask why you didn't come I'll tell them that it's because you're undutiful, and that you are not to stir outdoors for a week, or see anybody who comes into this house!"

"I—I suppose I d-deserve it," she acquiesced tearfully. "I'm quite ready to be disciplined, and quite willing not to see anybody named George—ever! Besides, you have scared me d-dreadfully! I—I don't want to go out of the house."

And when her father had retired with a bounce she remained alone in the gymnasium, eyes downcast, lips quivering. Later still, sitting in precisely the same position, she heard the soft whir of the touring-car outside; then the click of the closing door.

"There they go," she said to herself, "and they'll have such a jolly time, and all those very agreeable Westchester young men will be there—particularly Mr. Montmorency. . . . I *did* like him awfully; besides, his name is Julian, so it is p-perfectly safe to like him—and I *did* want to see how Sacharissa looks after her bridal trip."

Her lower lip trembled; she steadied it between her teeth, gazed miserably at the floor, and beat a desolate tattoo on it with the tip of her foil.

"I am being well paid for my disobedience," she whimpered. "Now I can't go out for a week; and it's April; and when I do go out I'll be so anxious all the while, peeping furtively at every man who passes and wondering whether his name might be George. . . . And it is going to be horridly awkward, too. . . . Fancy their bringing up some harmless dancing man named George to present to me next winter, and I, terrified, picking up my débutante skirts and running. . . . I'll actually be obliged to flee from every man until I know his name isn't George. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What an awful outlook for this summer when we open the house at Oyster Bay! What a terrible vista for next winter!"

She naïvely dabbed a tear from her long lashes with the back of her gauntlet.

Her maid came, announcing luncheon, but she would have none of it, nor any other offered office, including a bath and a house-gown.

"You go away somewhere, Bowles," she said, "and please, don't come near me, and don't let anybody come anywhere in my distant vicinity, because I am v-very unhappy, Bowles, and deserve to be—and I—I desire to be alone with c-conscience."

"But, Miss Sybilla ——"

"No, no, no! I don't even wish to hear your voice—or anybody's. I don't wish to hear a single human sound of any description. I—*what* is that scraping noise in the library?"

"A man, Miss Sybilla ——"

"A *man!* W-what's his name?"

"I don't know, miss. He's a workman—a paper-hanger."

"Oh!"

"Did you wish me to ask him to stop, miss?"

Sybilla laughed: "No, thank you." And she continued, amused at herself after her maid had withdrawn, strolling about the gymnasium, making passes with her foil at ring, bar and punching-bag. Her anxiety, too, was subsiding. The young have no very great capacity for continued anxiety. Besides, the first healthy hint of incredulity was already creeping in. And as she strolled about, swishing her foil, she mused aloud at her ease:

"What an extraordinary and horrid machine! . . . *How* can it do such exceedingly common things? And what a perfectly unpleasant way to fall in love—by machinery! . . . I had rather not know who I am some day to—to like—very much. . . . It is far more interesting to meet a man by accident, and never suspect you may ever come to care for him, than to buy a ticket, walk over to a machine full of psychic waves and ring up some strange man somewhere on earth."

With a shudder of disdain she dropped on to a lounge and took her face between both hands.

She was like her sisters, tall, prettily built and articulated, with the same narrow feet and hands—always graceful when lounging, no matter what position her slim limbs fell into.

And now, in her fencing skirts of black and her black stockings, she was exceedingly ornamental, with the severe lines of the plastron accenting the white throat and chin, and the scarlet heart blazing over her own little heart—unvexed by such details as love and lovers. Yes, unvexed; for she had about come to the conclusion that her father had frightened her more than was necessary; that the instrument had not really done its worst; in fact, that, although she had been very disobedient, she had had a rather narrow escape; and nothing more serious than paternal displeasure was likely to be visited upon her.

Which comforted her to an extent that brought a return of appetite; and she rang for luncheon, and ate it with the healthy nonchalance usually so characteristic of her and her sisters.

"Now," she reflected, "I'll have to wait an hour for my bath"—one of the inculcated principles of domestic hygiene. So, rising, she strolled across the gymnasium, casting about for something interesting to do.

She looked out of the back windows. In New York the view from back windows is not imposing.

Tiring of the inartistic prospect she sauntered out and downstairs to see what her maid might be about. Bowles was sewing; Sybilla looked on for a while with languid interest, then, realizing that a long day of punishment was before her, that she deserved it, and that she ought to perform some act of penance, started contritely for the library with resolute intentions toward Henry James.

As she entered she noticed that the bookshelves, reaching part way to the ceiling, were shrouded in sheets. Also she encountered a pair of sawhorses overlaid with boards, upon which were rolls of green flock-paper, several pairs of shears, a bucket of paste, a large, flat brush, a knife and a T-square.

"The paper-hanger man," she said. "He's gone to lunch. I'll have time to seize on Henry James and flee."

Now Henry James, like some other sacred conventions, was, in that library, a movable feast. Sometimes he stood neatly arranged on one shelf, sometimes on another. There was no counting on Henry.

Sybilla lifted the sheets from the face of one case and peered closer. Henry was not visible. She lifted the sheets from another case; no Henry; only G. P. R., in six dozen rakish volumes.

Sybilla peeped into a third case. Then a very unedifying thing occurred. Surely, surely, this was Sybilla's disobedient day. She saw a forbidden book glimmering in old, gilded leather—she saw its classic back turned mockingly toward her—the whole allure of the volume was impudent, dog-eared, devil-may-care-who-reads-me.

She took it out, replaced it, looked hard, hard for Henry, found him not, glanced sideways at the dog-eared one, took a step sideways.

"I'll just see where it was printed," she said to herself, drawing out the book and backing off hastily—so hastily that she came into collision with the sawhorse table, and the paste splashed out of the bucket.

But Sybilla paid no heed; she was examining the title page of old Dog-ear: a rather wonderful title page, printed in fascinating red and black with flourishes.

"I'll just see whether ——" And the smooth, white fingers hesitated; but she had caught a glimpse of an ancient engraving on the next page—a very quaint one, that held her fascinated.

"I wonder ——"

She turned the next page. The first paragraph of the famous classic began deliciously. After a few moments she laughed, adding to herself: "I can't see what harm ——"

There was no harm. Her father had meant another book; but Sybilla did not know that.

"I'll just glance through it to—to—be sure that I mustn't read it."

She laid one hand on the paper-hanger's table, vaulted up sideways, and, seated on the top, legs swinging, buried herself in the book, unconscious that the overturned paste was slowly fastening her to the spattered table top.

An hour later, hearing steps on the landing, she sprang—that is, she went through all the graceful motions of springing lightly to the floor. But she had not budged an inch. No Gorgon's head could have consigned her to immovability more hopeless.

Restrained from freedom by she knew not what, she made one frantic and demoralized effort—and sank back in terror at the ominous tearing sound.

She was glued irrevocably to the table.

A few moments later the paper-hanging young man entered, swinging an empty dinner-pail, and halted in polite surprise before a flushed young girl in full fencing costume, who sat on his operating-table, feet crossed, convulsively hugging a book to the scarlet heart embroidered on her plastron.

"I—hope you don't mind my sitting here," she managed to say. "I wanted to watch the work."

"By all means," he said pleasantly. "Let me get you a chair ——"

"No, thank you. I had rather sit th-this way. Please begin and don't mind if I watch you."

The young man appeared to be perplexed.

"I'm afraid," he ventured, "that I may require that table for cutting and ——"

"Please—if you don't mind—begin to paste. I am in-intensely interested in p-pasting—I like to w-watch p-paper p-pasted on a w-wall."

Her small teeth chattered in spite of her; she strove to control her voice—strove to collect her wits.

He stood irresolute, rather astonished, too.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but ——"

"*Please* paste; won't you?" she asked.

"Why, I've got to have that table to paste on ——"

"Then d-don't think of pasting. D-do anything else; cut out some strips. I am so interested in watching p-paper-hangers cut out things ——"

"But I need the table for that, too ——"

"No, you don't. You can't be a—a very skillful w-workman if you've got to use your table for everything ——"

He laughed. "You are quite right; I'm not a skillful paper-hanger."

"Then," she said, "I am surprised that you came here to paper our library, and I think you had better go back to your shop and send a competent man."

He laughed again. The paper-hanger's youthful face was curiously attractive when he laughed—and otherwise, more or less.

He said: "I came to paper this library because Mr. Carr was in a hurry, and I was the only man in the shop. I didn't want to come. But they made me. . . . I think they're rather afraid of Mr. Carr in the shop. . . . And this work *must* be finished to-day."

She did not know what to say; anything to keep him away from the table until she could think clearly.

"W-why didn't you want to come?" she asked, fighting for time. "You said you didn't want to come, didn't you?"

"Because," he said, smiling, "I don't like to hang wall-paper."

"But if you are a paper-hanger by trade ——"

"I suppose you think me a real paper-hanger?"

She was cautiously endeavoring to free one edge of her skirt; she nodded absently, then subsided, crimsoning, as a faint tearing of cloth sounded.

"Go on," she said hurriedly; "the story of your career is *so* interesting. You say you adore paper-hanging ——"

"No, I don't," he returned, chagrined. "I say I hate it."

"Why do you do it then?"

"Because my father thinks that every son of his who finishes college ought to be disciplined by learning a trade before he enters a profession. My oldest brother, De Courcy, learned to be a blacksmith; my next brother, Algernon, ran a bakery; and since I left Harvard I've been slapping sheets of paper on people's walls ——"

"Harvard?" she repeated, bewildered.

"Yes; I was 1907."

"*You!*"

He looked down at his white overalls, smiling.

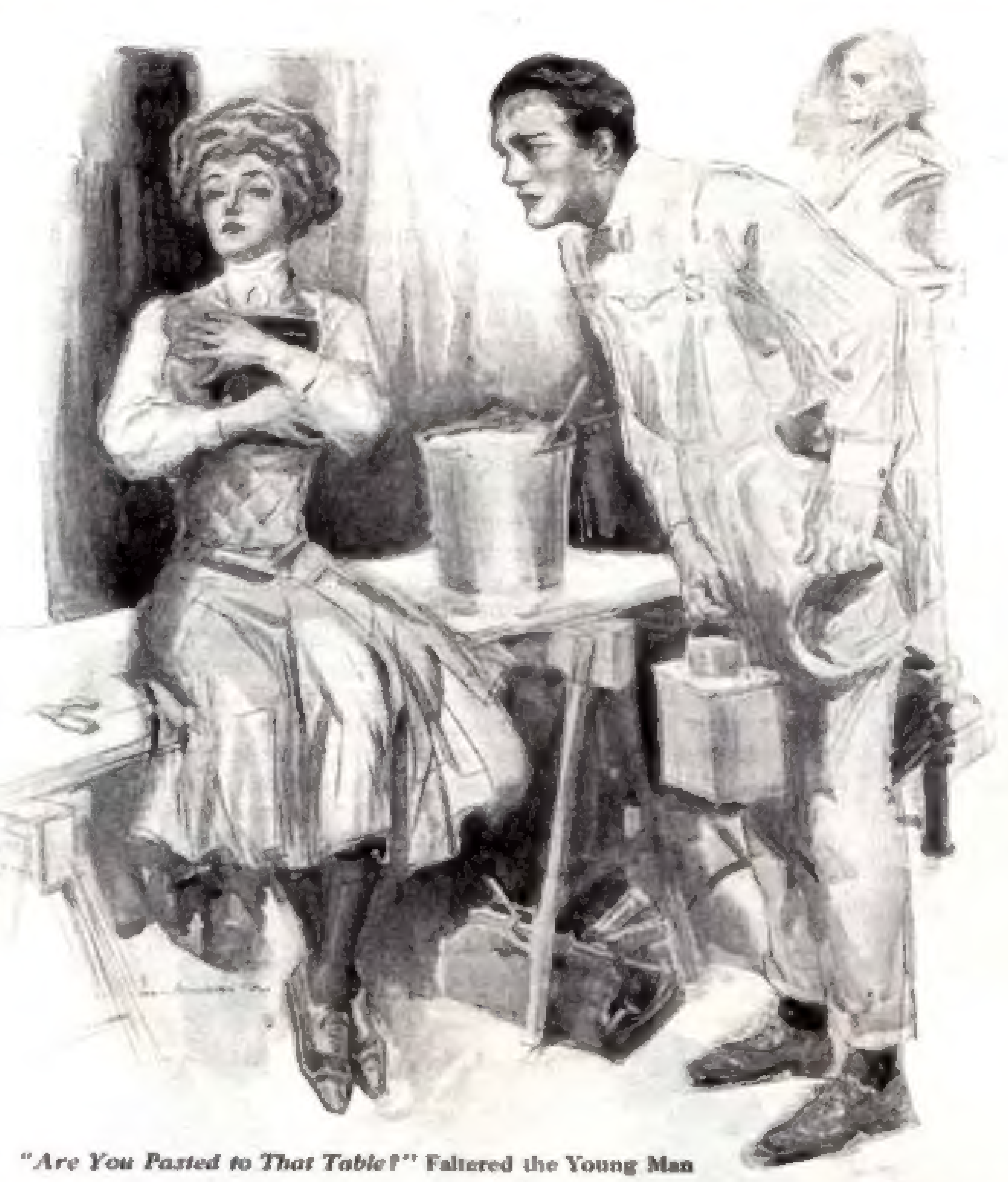
"Does that astonish you, Miss Carr?—you are Miss Carr, I suppose ——"

"Sybilla—yes—we're—we're triplets," she stammered.

"The beauti—the—*the* Carr triplets! And you are one of them?" he exclaimed, delighted.

"Yes." Still bewildered, she sat there, looking at him. How extraordinary! How strange to find a Harvard man pasting paper! Dire misgivings flashed up within her.

"Who are you?" she asked tremulously. "Would you mind telling me your name. It—it isn't—*George!*"



"Are You Pasted to That Table!" Faltered the Young Man

He looked up in pleased surprise:

"So you know who I am?"

"N-no. But—it isn't George—is it?"

"Why, yes ——"

"O-h!" she breathed. A sense of swimming faintness enveloped her: she swayed; but an unmistakable ripping noise brought her suddenly to herself.

"I am afraid you are tearing your skirt somehow," he said anxiously. "Let me ——"

"*No!*"

The desperation of the negative approached violence, and he involuntarily stepped back.

For a moment they faced one another; the flush died out on her cheeks.

"If," she said, "your name actually is George, this—this is the most—the most terrible punishment ——" She closed her eyes with her fingers as though to shut out some monstrous vision.

"What," asked the amazed young man, "has my name to do with ——"

Her hands dropped from her eyes; with horror she surveyed him, his paste-spattered overalls, his dingy white cap, his dinner-pail.

"I—I *won't* marry you!" she stammered in white desperation. "I *won't!* If you're not a paper-hanger you look like one! I don't care whether you're a Harvard man or not—whether you're playing at paper-hanging or not—whether your name is George or not—I won't marry you—I won't! I *won't!*"

With the feeling that his senses were rapidly evaporating the young man sat down dizzily, and passed a paste-spattered but well-shaped hand across his eyes.

Sybilla set her lips and looked at him.

"I don't suppose," she said, "that you understand what I am talking about, but I've got to tell you at once; I can't stand this sort of thing."

"W-what sort of thing?" asked the young man feebly.

"Your being here in this house—with me ——"

"I'll be very glad to go ——"

"Wait! *That* won't do any good! You'll come back!"

"N-no, I won't ——"

"Yes, you will. Or I—I'll f-follow you ——"

"What?"

"One or the other! We can't help it, I tell you. *You* don't understand, but I do. And the moment I knew your name was George ——"

"What the deuce has that got to do with anything?" he demanded, turning red in spite of his amazement.

"Waves!" she said passionately, "psychic waves! I—somehow—knew that he'd be named George ——"

"Who'd be named George?"

"*He!* The—man. . . . And if I ever—if you ever expect me to—to c-care for a man all over overalls ——"

"But I don't—Good Heavens!—I don't expect you to care for—for overalls ——"

"Then why do you wear them?" she asked in tremulous indignation.

The young man, galvanized, sprang from his chair and began running about, taking little, short, distracted steps.

"Either," he said, "I need mental treatment immediately, or I'll wake up toward morning. . . . I—don't know what you're trying to say to me. I came here to—to p-paste ——"

"That machine sent you!" she said. "The minute I got a spark you started ——"

"Do you think I'm a motor? Spark! Do you think I ——"

"Yes, I do. You couldn't help it; I know it was my own fault, and this—*this* is the dreadful punishment—g-glued to a t-table-top—with a man named George ——"

"What! ! !"

"Yes," she said passionately, "everything disobedient I have done has brought lightning retribution. I was forbidden to go into the laboratory; I disobeyed and—*you* came to hang wall-paper! I—I took a b-book—which I had no business to take, and F-fate glues me to your horrid table and holds me fast till a man named George comes in ——"

Flushed, trembling, excited, she made a quick and dramatic gesture of despair; and a ripping sound rent the silence.

"*Are you pasted to that table?*" faltered the young man, aghast.

"Yes, I am. And it's utterly impossible for you to aid me in the slightest, except by pretending to ignore it."

"But you—you can't remain there!"

"I can't help remaining here," she said hotly, "until you go."

"Then I'd better ——"

"No! You shall *not* go! I—I won't have you go away—disappear somewhere in the city. Certainty is dreadful enough, but it's better than the awful suspense of knowing you are somewhere in the world, and are sure to come back some time ——"

"But I don't want to come back!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Why should I wish to come back? Have I said—acted—done—looked —— *Why* should you imagine that I have the slightest interest in anything or in—in—anybody in this house?"

"Haven't you?"

"No! . . . And I cannot ignore your—your amazing—and intensely f-flattering fear that I have d-designs—that I desire—in other words, that I—er—have dared to cherish impossible aspirations in connection with a futile and absurd hope that one day you might possibly be induced to listen to any tentative suggestion of mine concerning a matrimonial alliance ——"

He choked and turned a dull red.

She reddened, too, but said calmly:

"Thank you for putting it so nicely. But it is no use. Sooner or later you and I will be obliged to consider a

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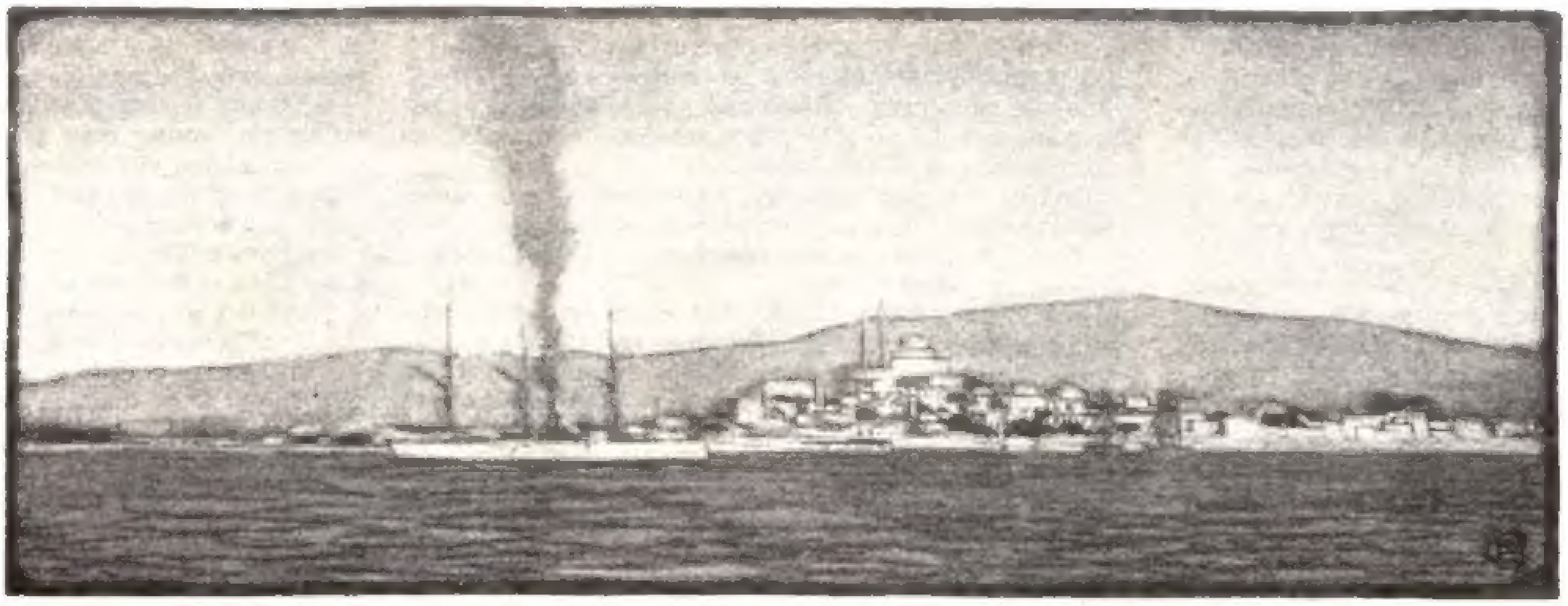
PIONEERS OF COMMERCE



"The Missionary, the Consul, and Then the Gunboat," was for Many Years a Familiar Saying in the East

Ways and Woes of Consular Service in the East

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

F. R. G. S., M. N. G. S. A.

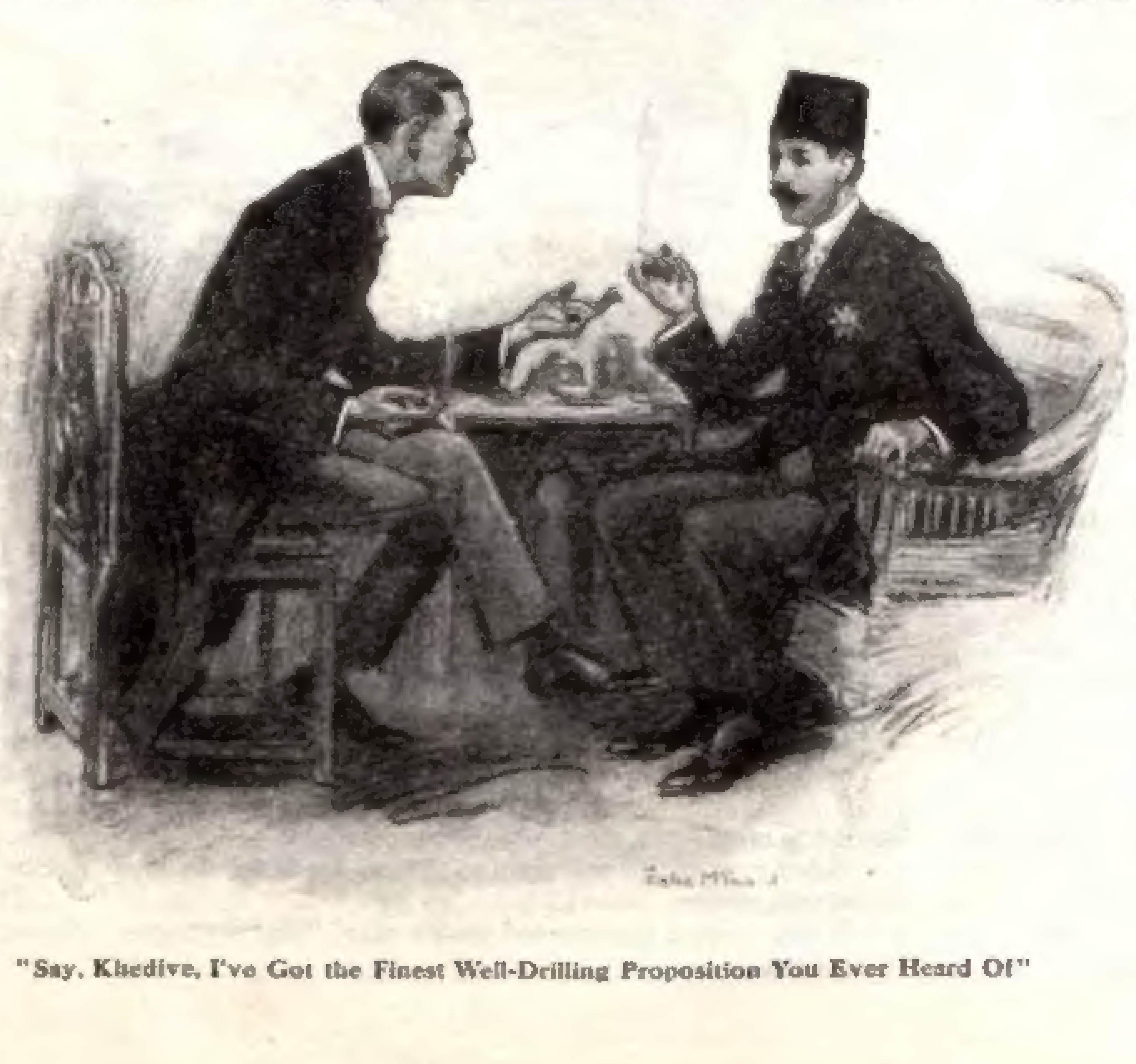
ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

"THE missionary, the consul, and then the gunboat," was for many years a familiar saying in the East. Until within half a dozen years that sentence graphically depicted the conditions prevailing in those portions of the Orient where over-zealous, and ofttimes tactless, missionaries labored earnestly for the conversion of the heathen; where untrained and inexperienced consuls, appointees under a system of political spoils, unsuccessfully endeavored to maintain American prestige by a we-kin-lick-all-creation policy of boast and bombast; and where, when the simple-minded natives intimated their desire to be left alone by setting fire to a mission station or taking a pot-shot at a consul, a gunboat steamed up post-haste and obtained an apology—and an indemnity—by the menace of her guns.

But that order of things is all changed now. The missionary is no whit less aggressive in his campaign of proselytism, and the white gunboats still prowl aimlessly along Asiatic coasts, but the old-time consul, who perpetually carried a chip upon his shoulder, because he knew that there was a warship at the other end of the telegraph wire, and whose diplomacy consisted in flaunting his Americanism (as if any one could ever mistake him for anything else!) in the face of every foreigner with whom he came in contact, has disappeared with that era in our rise to world-power of which he was a product. He has passed across the pages of our latter-day history—slouch-hatted, tobacco-chewing, nasal-voiced, picturesque—and we shall see his like no more.

In his stead there has come a younger type of man, clean-cut and level-eyed, with all the Yankee's shrewdness and sense of humor; with the assurance and polish and tact of the man of the world; with the alert energy of a business man and the knowledge of a savant. There is nothing to match him in the foreign service of any other nation. His cool effrontery, his versatility and his energy have made him at once the envy and the admiration of every foreign office in Europe. He is the child of a strenuous President and the grandchild of a proud Congress. He has done more to promote the interests of American commerce in the half-dozen years of his existence than all the long line of hidebound autocrats who preceded him. The consul of the new school is essentially a man of action, and is recruited from many fields—reporters, rough-riders, war correspondents, lawyers, physicians, engineers and many others have gone to the making of our consular corps. In the conduct of his office he has introduced modern methods and modern devices. The "Yours truly" of the business man has replaced the "I have the honor to remain, sir, Your most obedient and humble servant" of the old-school official, tangled in his own red tape.

The day has passed when the worn-out clergyman, the unsuccessful editor or the petty politician is sent abroad to represent his country in a consular capacity and, incidentally, to draw a lucrative compensation. Our consuls now are trained men, appointed only after rigid examinations and selected with particular reference to the work they are to perform. The system of compensation by fees has disappeared and every penny received must be turned over to the Government. Appointments are no longer the gifts of Senators or Representatives, but can be made by the President alone, and then only after examination. These examinations, which are held periodically at Washington, form a searching inquiry into the mental and moral qualifications of the candidate. So severe are the tests that only a small percentage of the candidates succeed in passing. The examinations consist of an oral and a written one, the two counting equally. The object of the oral examination is to determine the candidate's business ability, alertness, general contemporary information, and natural fitness for the service, including moral, mental and physical qualifications, character, address and general education, and good command of English. The oral examination is conducted by three examiners (the Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission, the Chief Clerk of the Department of State, and an official interpreter), who fire questions at the candidate with the merciless rapidity of a machine-gun. "Tell us in French (or such other language as the candidate has chosen) where you have been and what you have been doing for the past five years" begins the interpreter, who is master of a dozen languages and can make himself understood in a score. "Discuss the Initiative and Referendum." "Compare the 1908 platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties." "What was accomplished by the recent Congress of Governors?" "Presuming that you were sent as American consul to a foreign country and word was brought you of the arrest of an American citizen, what course of action would you pursue?"



"Say, Khedive, I've Got the Finest Well-Drilling Proposition You Ever Heard Of"

But this is mere child's play to the written examinations, which are conducted under the vigilant eyes of Civil Service officials in a room of the Pension Building. It has become the custom to speak of a consulship as a sinecure, and of its procurement merely as a matter of political "pull." You who think in this wise, just run your eyes down the following questions and see how many you can answer offhand, or, for that matter, with preparation. They are the questions which were actually given to fifty-three candidates at the last examination for appointment in the Consular Service, and, in order to pass, a standing of at least eighty per cent. had to be obtained.

INTERNATIONAL, MARITIME AND COMMERCIAL LAW

(RELATIVE WEIGHT 3)

1. (a) Distinguish between Public and Private International Law.
   (b) What is the Common Law of Nations?
2. (a) State the Rules of the Declaration of Paris.
   (b) What is the practice concerning the observance of these rules by signatory nations at war with non-signatory nations?
3. What course or courses of action are open to the local authorities if a person accused of crime takes refuge in the hotel of the diplomatic agent?
4. What were the Alabama Claims? Discuss the principles involved.
5. What is The Hague Tribunal, and in what cases has it jurisdiction?
6. In the case of the death of an envoy, by what laws are the questions as to his last will and testament and the disposition of his real and personal property decided?
7. Define Allegiance, Citizenship, Government, Pacific Blockade, Treaty.
8. State the effects of the cession of territory on (a) existing laws, (b) citizenship of occupants, (c) obligation to secure the newcomer in possession.
9. (a) Compare joint-stock companies with partnerships and with corporations.
   (b) Define Charter Party, Salvage, Bottomry, Insurance.
10. (a) What is a Bill of Lading, Invoice, Power of Attorney, Foreign Bill of Exchange?
   (b) Discuss briefly the liabilities of agent and principal.

AMERICAN COMMERCE AND RESOURCES

(RELATIVE WEIGHT 4)

1. Give the three States which lead in the production of each of the following: canned vegetables, canned fish, cottonseed products, silk manufactures, butter, cheese and condensed milk, flour and grist mill products, rice, salt.

2. Name the principal articles of export from each of the following countries and in whose favor is the balance of trade: Honduras, Belgium, British India, Switzerland, Russia.
3. Name three countries which are the chief importers of the following products: corn, steam railroad cars, manufactured copper, unmanufactured cotton, coal oil.
4. Name four States leading in the production of each of the following: oil, bituminous coal, iron ore.
5. Discuss the wood-pulp and paper-making industry, giving the various classes of goods.

COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY

(RELATIVE WEIGHT 3)

1. (a) Name four countries bordering on Austria-Hungary.
    (b) Name two seas bordering on Germany.
    (c) Name four islands of the Philippine Archipelago.
2. (a) What country produces the most coffee, (b) consumes the most coffee, (c) produces the most rice, (d) the most wine, (e) what is the greatest gold-producing region?
3. Under what sovereignty are the following: Rio de Oro, Falkland Islands, Sicily, Kyushu, New Caledonia, Celebes, Hawaii, Angola, Ladrones?
4. Through what bodies of water would a ship pass going by the shortest route from New Orleans to St. Petersburg?
5. What is the greatest copper-producing country next to the United States? (b) Tin? (c) Wheat?

POLITICAL ECONOMY

(RELATIVE WEIGHT 2)

1. Give four important reasons why gold and silver are used as the basis of exchange.
2. (a) Distinguish between wealth which is capital and wealth which is not capital.
    (b) Explain the difference between fixed capital and circulating capital.
3. (a) What is meant by the Law of Diminishing Returns in agriculture?
    (b) Explain the difference between interest and profits.
4. (a) How may a usury law be a detriment to a community?
    (b) What is Foreign Exchange?
5. Show why a change in the price of a commodity will tend to cause it to seek the best market, but a like change in the price of labor will not cause this tendency.

AMERICAN HISTORY AND INSTITUTIONS

(RELATIVE WEIGHT 2)

1. (a) Give an account of the events which led up to the Hartford Convention.
    (b) Give an account of the causes of the French and Indian War, and its effects on the Colonies.
2. What is meant by (a) Western Reserve, (b) Patroon Estates, (c) John Brown's Raid, (d) Nullification Proceedings, (e) Resumption of Specie Payment?
3. (a) On what occasion does the Chief Justice of the United States preside over the Senate?
    (b) How and for what terms are United States Senators chosen?
    (c) Who are citizens under the Constitution?
    (d) What power is given to Congress by the so-called "elastic clause" of the Constitution?
4. (a) Where, under the Constitution, is the power lodged (1) to dispose of public lands, (2) to appoint consuls, (3) to originate bills of revenue?
    (b) Name two ways in which amendments to the Constitution may be proposed.
5. With what historic events do you associate each of the following: Dewey, Seven Pines, Churubusco, Oglethorpe, Patrick Henry, Lundy's Lane, Major André, W. T. Sherman, Henry Clay?

MODERN HISTORY SINCE 1850 OF EUROPE, SOUTH AMERICA AND THE FAR EAST

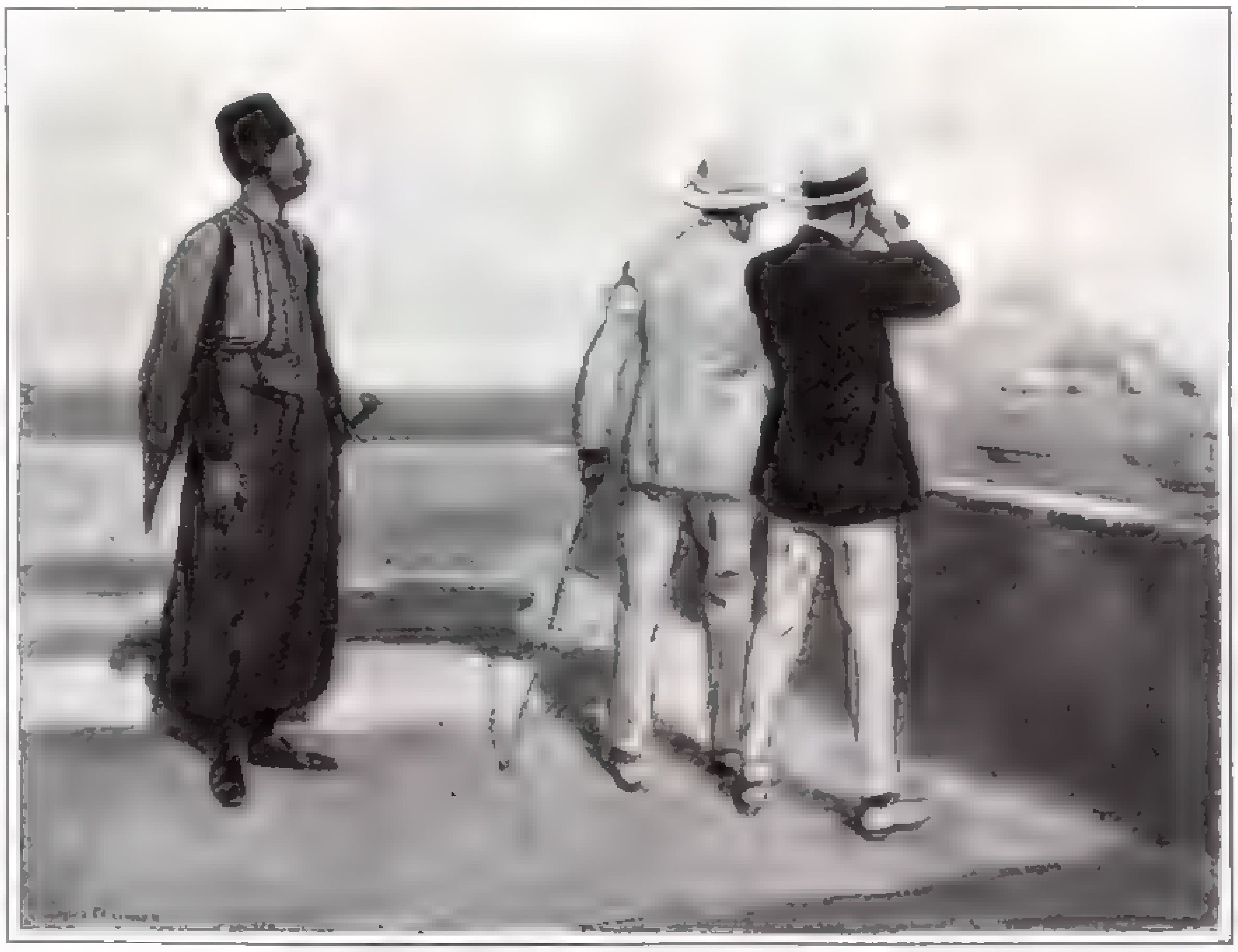
(RELATIVE WEIGHT 2)

1. (a) Give an account of the Boer War, the causes that led up to it, name a prominent general on each side and two important battles, and its results in relation to South Africa.
    (b) Give an account of the trouble between the Christians and the Mohammedans in Crete and its results.
2. (a) Give a brief account of the revolution in Brazil.
    (b) Give an account of the causes which led to the Panama Revolution and its results.
3. Who were the following and with what important event do you associate each of them: Cipriano Castro, Marshal Bazaine, Von Moltke, Alfonso XIII, Humbert I, Marshal Oyama, Stoessel, Lord Cromer, Li Hung Chang, William E. Gladstone?
4. (a) Give an account of the Crimean War, the causes which led up to it and its results.
    (b) Briefly describe the form of government of Great Britain.

In addition to the above there was an examination in languages (relative weight 2), in which the candidate was given a business letter in French, German or Spanish to translate into English, and one in English to put into one of the languages named. The paper on mathematics (relative weight 2) consisted of four problems in practical arithmetic of so involved a nature that they would have puzzled an expert accountant. So highly is accuracy regarded that the error of a thousandth part of a decimal invalidates the entire answer.

The average American vaguely associates the foreign service with young gentlemen in pith helmets and white drill riding-breeches, with missionaries and massacres and warships, with white houses with broad, low verandas, and on the verandas wicker chairs with broad arms and tall, thin, ice-filled glasses resting conveniently upon them. As a matter of fact, the consul is a hard-worked individual, who, if he cared to devote his time and talents to some form of business, would frequently be able to earn many times the salary he receives from a paternal government. Few men lead lonelier and more dreary lives than they of the foreign service who uphold our prestige and protect our interests in the mud-walled towns of Arabia, along the fever-stricken coasts of Africa, and on the lonely coral reefs of the South Seas.

The members of the Consular Corps have ever before them, however, the possibility of winning promotion and fame at a single bound. There was Gummeré, our consul at Tangier, who, in recognition of his astounding but successful demand on the Sultan of Morocco for "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," was rewarded with a commission as Minister Plenipotentiary; there was Magelssen, vice-consul at Beirut, who, by his coolness and bravery, in time of Turkish massacre, won a consulate of his own, and young Willard Straight, of Mukden, who refused to lower the flag he had raised over his consulate, even under the threat of Japanese guns.



Where Sixteen Ships Had Been Counted Before Only Fifteen Were Now Visible

In the East our consuls have become the pioneers of Western civilization. From Smyrna to Shanghai they are introducing American machinery, American methods and American energy. There is scarcely a manufacturer or exporter in the United States who does not welcome the opportunity they afford him to keep his hand on the pulse of the commercial world by their daily consular reports. They are both feared and admired by the consuls of other nations, whose ironbound traditions keep them always in a well-worn rut. The American, moreover, stands in no fear of rank or title. A reporter who has gained access to and interviewed a Morgan or a Rockefeller is not inclined, when he becomes a consul, to stand in awe of a cabinet minister or even of a king.

This country was once temporarily represented in Egypt by a young gentleman who, in addition to his duties as consular agent, was the representative of a New York machinery house. Learning that the Khedive, whose hobby was agriculture, was in the market for some artesian well-drilling machinery for use on one of his desert farms, the American promptly wrote to the master of ceremonies requesting an audience with His Highness. At the hour set for the audience the American, immaculate in top-hat and frock coat, drove up to the palace in a smartly-appointed victoria, the consular kavass, resplendent in scarlet and gold, seated on the box. The guard presented arms, the colors swept the ground, the band burst into the American anthem, and the master of ceremonies, bowing low, ushered the American to the entrance of the throne-room, where Abbas Hilmi, as was his custom, stood waiting on the threshold. The inevitable coffee and cigarettes having been served by Sudanese servants to the Khedive and his visitor, and the usual expressions of international amity having been exchanged, the American, crossing one leg over the other and emphasizing his argument by leaning forward and shaking his finger almost under the royal nose, began: "Say, Khedive, I've got the finest well-drilling proposition you ever heard of, and if you don't take it up quick I'll feel sorry for you—for it's the chance of your life to get some up-to-date machinery at a rock-bottom price." At first the Khedive was startled at this sudden departure from the methods of diplomacy; then his sense of humor overtook him and he laughed, and, before long, he was an interested listener to the American's graphic description of the wonders of American mechanical contrivances; and, before the horrified master of ceremonies could think of an excuse for suggesting his departure, this enterprising Yankee had actually sold enough machinery to irrigate all of the royal farms.

Here is another story to illustrate the resource and readiness of an American consul. For many years the United States has been represented at Tripoli, a seaport in Northern Syria, by Dr. Ira L. Harris, a medical missionary and a one-time reporter. On a morning in June, 1893, Doctor Harris, in company with a friend, stood on the roof of the American agency and peered out to sea, where the British Mediterranean squadron, sixteen ships in column formation, was turning at right angles to enter the harbor of Tripoli. Suddenly some confusion was observed among the distant warships by the watchers on the roof, the column halted, and where sixteen ships had been counted before only fifteen were now visible. Thirty minutes later a launch filled with officers left the fleet for the shore, and Doctor Harris, who was wearing the tarboosh, or native headdress, sat unnoticed in a corner of the Turkish telegraph office and heard from the lips of the ship commanders themselves, within an hour after it had taken place, the awful story of the ramming of the British battleship Victoria by the Camperdown, in which disaster Admiral Sir George Tryon and four hundred officers and sailors lost their lives, the men standing rigidly at attention as the waters closed about them while the band played God Save the Queen.

The bare fact of the great tragedy became known in London, but the Admiralty persistently refused to give out what little news it possessed, and for three days the civilized world called in vain for the story. Tripoli is in communication with Beirut, the nearest port, only by an irregular steamship service, the Turkish telegraph is unreliable and the operators are ignorant of any tongue but their own, so that the disaster might as well have happened in Greenland so far as the outer world was concerned. On the third day the Turkish telegraph operator at Tripoli received a telegram, signed by the London correspondent of a great New York daily, asking him to cable forthwith a full account of the disaster and offering to pay anything he asked. This telegram the operator handed for translation to Doctor Harris, who happened to be in the office at the time.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing," answered the telegrapher. "I have no time to bother with giaour newspapers, and how do I know that they would pay me if I did?"

"Then," said Harris, with a flash of inspiration, "I will answer it myself." The instinct of the one-time newspaper man for a "beat" had come back, and with it a patriotic longing to have an American paper the first to get the news.

Down he sat in that dingy telegraph office and wrote out an account of the great disaster, just as he had heard it from the fear-blanched lips of the survivors, an account

(Continued on Page 28)

THE TRIVIAL INCIDENT

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON A MORNING of early April, Adolphus Wyatt was crossing the meadow lying between his residence and the one long street of the village. The air, warmed a little by the sun, was still crisp. The buds were showing. The fields were green. The robins hopped about. Everywhere were evidences of that joy in life which is the charm of springtime. A little path wound through the meadow to the street, over a brook crossed by a hewn log, and, now and then, under a sugar maple.

Wyatt walked with a comfortable stride, swinging his cane. Occasionally he stopped, planted his legs wide apart in the path, thrust the cane behind his back, held it there with both hands, drew his under lip into his mouth over his teeth and looked out across the meadow to the village On this morning Wyatt was profoundly satisfied with life. The newspaper which he carried in his right hand with the cane had mentioned him as a leading citizen of the village of Clarksville. It seemed to Wyatt that this term placed a correct estimate on his life, that it constituted a sort of title which he had laboriously earned. He had been about the labor of earning this distinction for all that he could remember of sixty-five years. He had made in that time whatever sacrifices this ambition required. He had remained unmarried. He had lived a careful, sedate, exact life. He had even foregone those harmless recreations in which his neighbors indulged, that he might all the more be regarded as substantial.

Industry, frugality, patience had not failed of their result. Wyatt had accumulated a little more property than any other man in the village. He owned the local bank. He passed the hat in the village church, and occupied a certain fixed bench-end, well forward. The position which he held in the village was reflected in Wyatt's manner. His movements were deliberate. He seemed to weigh carefully what he said, and when he spoke he always contracted the muscles of his mouth, as if thereby to add a certain firmness. The newspaper which had named him as "a leading citizen" was the local one of the neighboring county, and, for that reason, he felt that this estimate of him was without bias, and could be taken to define the opinion of the community.

Beyond the brook, under the shade of a sugar maple, a little negro boy was squatting in the grass beside the path. He was, perhaps, three years old, round, plump and sturdy. There was about him all the softness, the filled-out lines of a well-nourished little animal. The grass near the child was crowded with wild, blue violets, and he was engrossed with a game familiar to country children. He would take up a violet in either hand, hook the heads together, and draw the stems slowly apart, until one of the flowers decapitated the other. It was a contest of strength between the flowers, which the child conducted with the greatest care and fairness. When one of the violets prevailed over the other he dropped the headless stem and selected a new flower out of the grass. He accompanied this act with a sentence, monotonously repeated:

"Heah comes anuder champeen up to be killed."

As Wyatt approached the child his face softened, as one's face unconsciously softens when he meets with a fluffy little animal at play. That impulse which moves one to put out his foot and turn over a puppy moved the man. The child squatted by the path, with his face toward the village and his short, chubby back toward Wyatt. The man paused, smiled and drew near, walking delicately. When he arrived on the path beside the child he put out his cane to tap him on the tightly-drawn seat of his breeches. At this moment the child turned sharply to select another violet, and the iron ferrule of the cane struck him on the cheekbone, below the eye. The constant hammering of the cane on the flagstone walks of the village had caused the soft iron to flatten around the end of the ferrule into a sharp edge. This edge, even under the slight tap of the cane, striking on the cheekbone, cut through the skin, and the blood began to flow. The child arose, crying, and set out running to his home, a shanty on the border of the meadow, some fifty yards away. As he ran he rubbed his face with his fists, and thereby daubed himself with tears and blood.

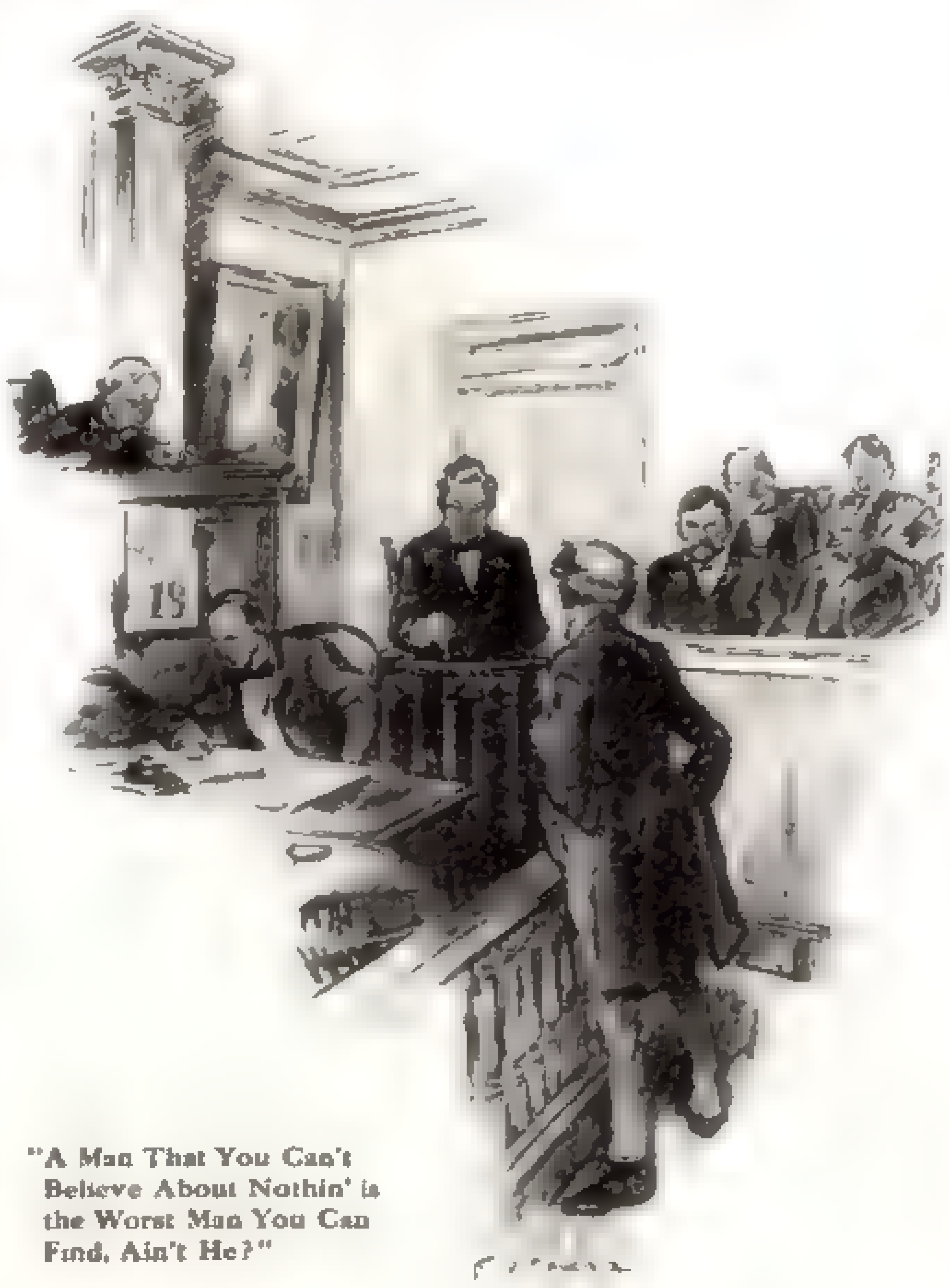
Wyatt, alarmed at the accident, followed to explain. The child's mother appeared in the door of the shanty as he approached. When she saw the blood she rushed out, demanding to know how he had been injured. Wyatt endeavored to explain. The mind of the excited negro seized on the one fact that the man had struck the child, and rejected everything else.

She turned angrily on Wyatt. "You, a growed-up man, hittin' a little chile!" she shouted.

The boy cried louder and the woman wiped his face with her apron. The blood appearing on the apron increased the woman's fury. She refused to hear any explanation, caught up the boy and carried him into the house.

At the door she turned and shook her clenched hand at Wyatt. "Mine what I tell you!" she shouted; "I'll have the law on you fur this, you, a growed-up man, hittin' a little chile!"

Wyatt, greatly annoyed, resumed his walk to the village. The last words of the woman particularly disturbed him. Standing alone, those words charged him with an act conspicuously reprehensible. He felt that, unaccompanied by an explanation, they did him a glaring injustice. The child's father was a blacksmith. His shop, a mere shed, was on the outskirts of the village, some dozen paces from the point where the path through the meadow entered the street. Wyatt walked slowly across the meadow to the path; when he came to the street he turned down to the shop. The woman was already there, carrying the boy in her arms. The child's face was streaked and daubed where the woman had half wiped it with her apron.


"A Man That You Can't Believe About Nothin' is the Worst Man You Can Find, Ain't He?"

When Wyatt approached the man took the child from its mother and came out into the road. Wyatt began to explain how the thing occurred. "He turned around just as I went to tap him with my cane." The man, like the woman, cut through this explanation to the main fact:

"What did you want to hit him fur?"

Wyatt was perplexed for a reply to this question. The motive which had moved him was wholly innocent, but it was illusive. He labored to find some words which would make it intelligible to the man—some plain, ordinary terms that the man could understand.

Finally he said: "It was only for fun, just fun."

The man did not say anything, but the woman came to the door; her face was hard and sullen. "It's mighty cur'us kine of fun," she said; "a growed-up man hittin' a little chile."

Wyatt saw that he had failed to make them understand, and he turned to walk back to the village street. He began to realize that his explanation was not convincing. The ugly, naked fact, as repeatedly stated by the woman, seemed to demand some further justification—some justification of an equal proportion to it. Wyatt began to review the incident, and he was smitten with a sense of profound injustice. He had not been moved by the slightest unkind impulse; on the contrary, the impulse had been sympathetic and appreciative, yet the incident bore an aspect of malice. His efforts to remove that aspect from the incident had signally failed. He had not been able to justify what he had done, and yet he was wholly innocent of wrong, and he felt as if he ought to be able to make that justification appear. He reflected carefully, and he was greatly perplexed. The exact truth, while sufficient in his own mind, seemed to lose its virtue when presented to another—to become a totally different thing, and, instead of justifying his act, to convict him of wanton cruelty

It was Wyatt's custom to go in the morning to his bank, and, if the day were bright, to take a splint-bottom chair and sit on the street before the door. He held here a sort of court, conversed with his neighbors, and conferred with his cashier as to the solvency of persons who came in to borrow little sums of money. He knew every man in the county, and exactly how his financial affairs stood.

All the morning, in the sun before the bank, he continued to review the incident of the meadow. When he came to think of it, he was surprised that the slight blow of the cane should have caused such injury to the child. He began to practice with the cane, in an effort to reproduce the tap which he had given. There was a hitching-rack for horses before the bank, and Wyatt, sitting forward in his chair, struck the locust post of the rack over and over again, endeavoring to reproduce the exact blow. He was so engrossed with this labor that the cashier had to come to the door and call him whenever he required his advice.

The storekeeper opposite observed this and called his customer's attention to it.

"Ther's somethin' botherin' Dolph," he said.

As Wyatt was on his way home to dinner at twelve o'clock, the justice of the peace came out to the gate and called him. The justice was a shoemaker. He worked on the porch of his house, and also conducted there the duties of his office. He wore a patched "hickory" apron. His spectacles were tied around his head with a shoestring. The justice of the peace leaned over his gate, and moved the spectacles up into his gray hair.

"That woman," he said, "come in here to git a warrant ag'in' you, but I wouldn't give it to her." Then he added: "You didn't hit the little nigger, I reckon?"

"I didn't go to hit him," Wyatt replied; "it was accidental."

"Of course, of course," said the justice; "I knowed a man like you wouldn't hit a child a purpose. It's fine spring weather we're havin'."

Wyatt remained a moment to comment on the probable fruit crop and went on. But his annoyance over this matter increased. The words "hit a child a purpose" particularly disturbed him. It was the old, ugly, malicious fact turning up again. He was glad that he had thought to say "accidental"; it was, in a way, accidental; he had not meant to do the child an injury. But he was also glad that he had not been required to explain how the accident occurred.

Then he suddenly thought: "Suppose the warrant had been issued?"

He stopped in the street and the perspiration dampened the palms of his hands. He stood for some time without moving; then he went on to his house. But all the afternoon he considered this possibility, and passed the matter in review. He tried to recall each detail in the situation, and exactly how each event arose; and, unconsciously, he continued to practice with the cane. He struck at almost every object he passed: the dandelions, the trees, the hitching-posts along the street. In the afternoon, in his chair before the bank, he fell into the same perplexing effort to reproduce that exact tap of the cane.

Wyatt's preoccupation did not escape idle persons about the village. They discussed it with the storekeeper.

Finally one of them said: "I wonder if there's anything wrong with the bank."

The storekeeper's wife, who was weighing out sugar, heard the remark. After that she watched the man who sat before the bank, tapping the hitching-rack with his cane. About three o'clock she spoke to her husband, and he went over to the bank, when the cashier began to put up the shutters, and drew out his deposit.

That night Wyatt did not sleep very well. His mind did not seem able to put down the worry which it had taken up. He was accustomed to eight hours of profound slumber, and, for this reason, the one restless night affected him far more than it otherwise would have done. In the morning his face, and especially his eyes, bore that decided evidence of fatigue which marks the first interruption of long-established habits of life.

On his way to the bank he met the storekeeper's wife, who had set out to deliver a basket of groceries.

"You look kind a dauncey," she said. "Are you sick?"

Wyatt replied with some trivial excuse, that he had caught a cold, or the like.

"It ain't cold," said the woman; "it's your blood. You ought to take the three bitter barks." Then she began to explain how this tonic was compounded out of dogwood, poplar and wild-cherry bark, steeped in whisky. "You cut off the rough outside bark with a drawin'-knife," she said, "and then you scrape the inside bark up." When she got back to the store she said to her husband:

"Mind what I tell you, things ain't goin' right with old Dolph."

Wyatt took up his accustomed place in his splint-bottom chair before the bank. He felt dull and listless, and he nodded in the sun. He rested his hands on the head of his cane, and occasionally, half asleep, his head went down on his hands. Not the slightest detail of the man's movements escaped the woman across the street. Every now and then a customer would come into the store and she would make some remark, directing his attention to Wyatt. These remarks were always suggestive.

"I've knowed him now goin' on forty years, an' I never seen him carry on like that."

About two o'clock in the afternoon the deputy sheriff came up the street to where Wyatt sat, stopped, spoke to him, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the inside of the bank. The two men went through the bank to a little back room. There the deputy sheriff took a folded paper out of his pocket and handed it to Wyatt.

"I've got a suppeeny fur you," he said.

Wyatt opened the paper and read it. It was a summons in an action at law for damages, brought by the blacksmith. The grave aspect of the paper affected Wyatt. The legal terms appeared formidable. "State of West Virginia, County of Madison, to-wit. . . . Trespass on the case. . . . Damages ten thousand dollars."

Wyatt carried the paper to the window, as though he needed a better light in which to read it.

"What lawyer has he got?" he said.

"Asbury Sheets," replied the deputy sheriff

Wyatt folded the summons and creased it along the fold with his fingers. Then he opened it and read it through. Again he folded and creased it, and again he opened it. Finally, he put it into his pocket. Even the name of the notorious pettifogger whom the deputy sheriff had mentioned did not reassure him.

"If you are walking back to the courthouse," he said, "I will step along with you."

The two men went out of the bank together. Wyatt was excited, and he walked a little in advance of the deputy sheriff.

This incident had not escaped the storekeeper's wife. She now came out from behind the counter, and began to wipe her hands on her apron.

"I'm goin' to run around to the mill," she said.

About half an hour later, the miller, who was the woman's brother, slipped into the bank, made some excuse to the cashier, and drew out his deposit.

The office of the clerk of the circuit court was on the right of the door as one entered the courthouse, between the battered plaster pillars. The clerk was sitting at a long table in the middle of the room. Before him, on this table, was a pile of legal papers, done up in blue and red wrappers. He was writing the rule orders on the backs of these wrappers. The papers in blue wrappers were suits in chancery; those in red, actions at law. The clerk looked up when Wyatt and the deputy sheriff entered.

He nodded to Wyatt. "Have a chair," he said.

Wyatt picked up a chair, the splint bottom of which had been replaced by a board nailed across the rounds, carried it to the table and sat down beside the clerk. He leaned over, rested his arm on the table and spoke.

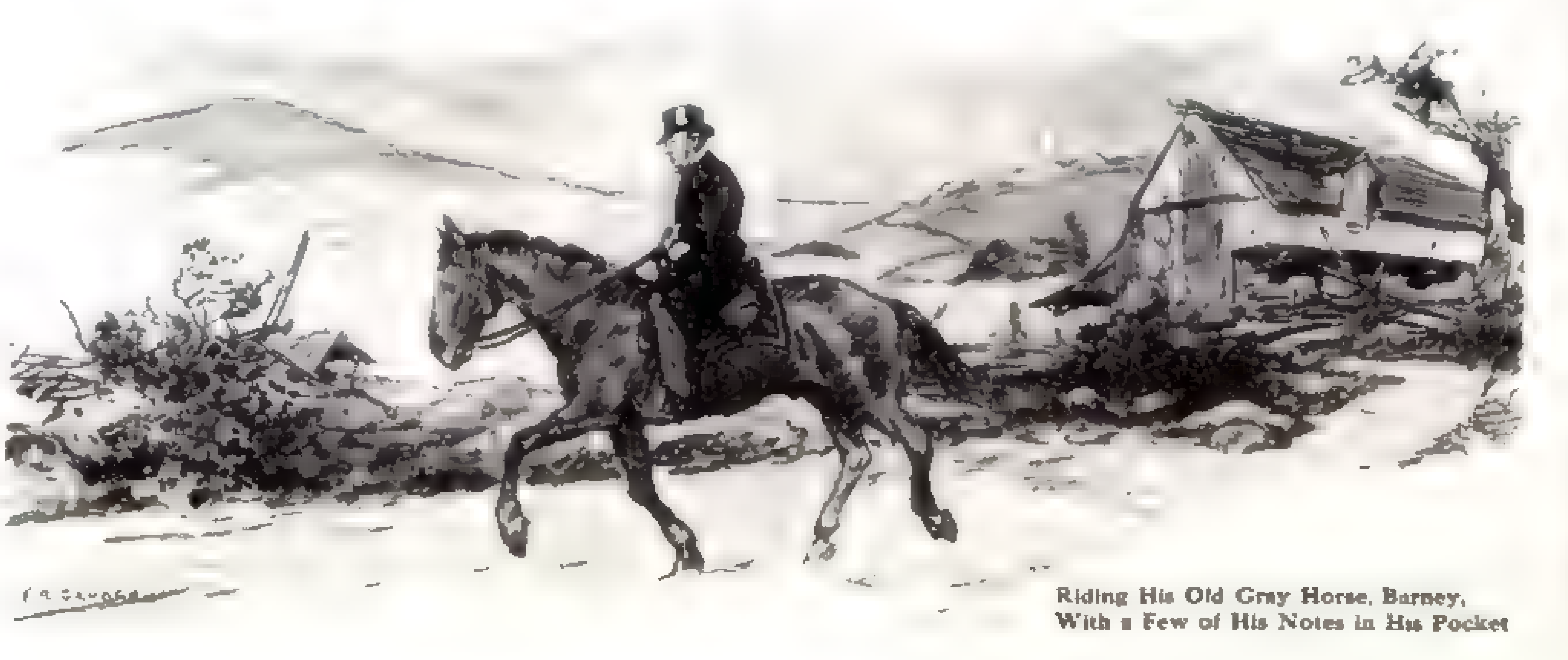
"Andy," he said, "I've been sued."

There was a certain overdone intimacy in Wyatt's manner, as though, in the lawsuit, he hoped to attach the clerk to his side. The clerk put out his hand, searched through the pile of papers, finally took up a very thin one in a red wrapper, ripped off the rubber band and opened it. He leaned back in his chair, and held the unfolded wrapper between the thumb and forefinger of his hand.

"An action in case," he said; "summons issued returnable to these rules." Then he began to explain. "You don't have to appear now," he said. "When the docket's called at the next term your lawyer'll demur to the declaration, then the judge will pass on the demurrer, an' if he overrules it he'll set the case for trial."

"Yes," said Wyatt. His voice was husky. The legal terms, and especially the word "trial," alarmed him.

The clerk continued: "You'll want to git up your defense. Where was the little nigger?"


Riding His Old Gray Horse, Barney, With a Few of His Notes in His Pocket

Wyatt moistened his lips with his tongue. "He was in my meadow."

"Um!" said the clerk, "trespassin'?"

"Yes," said Wyatt.

"Was there any cattle or horses in there that might have hurt him?"

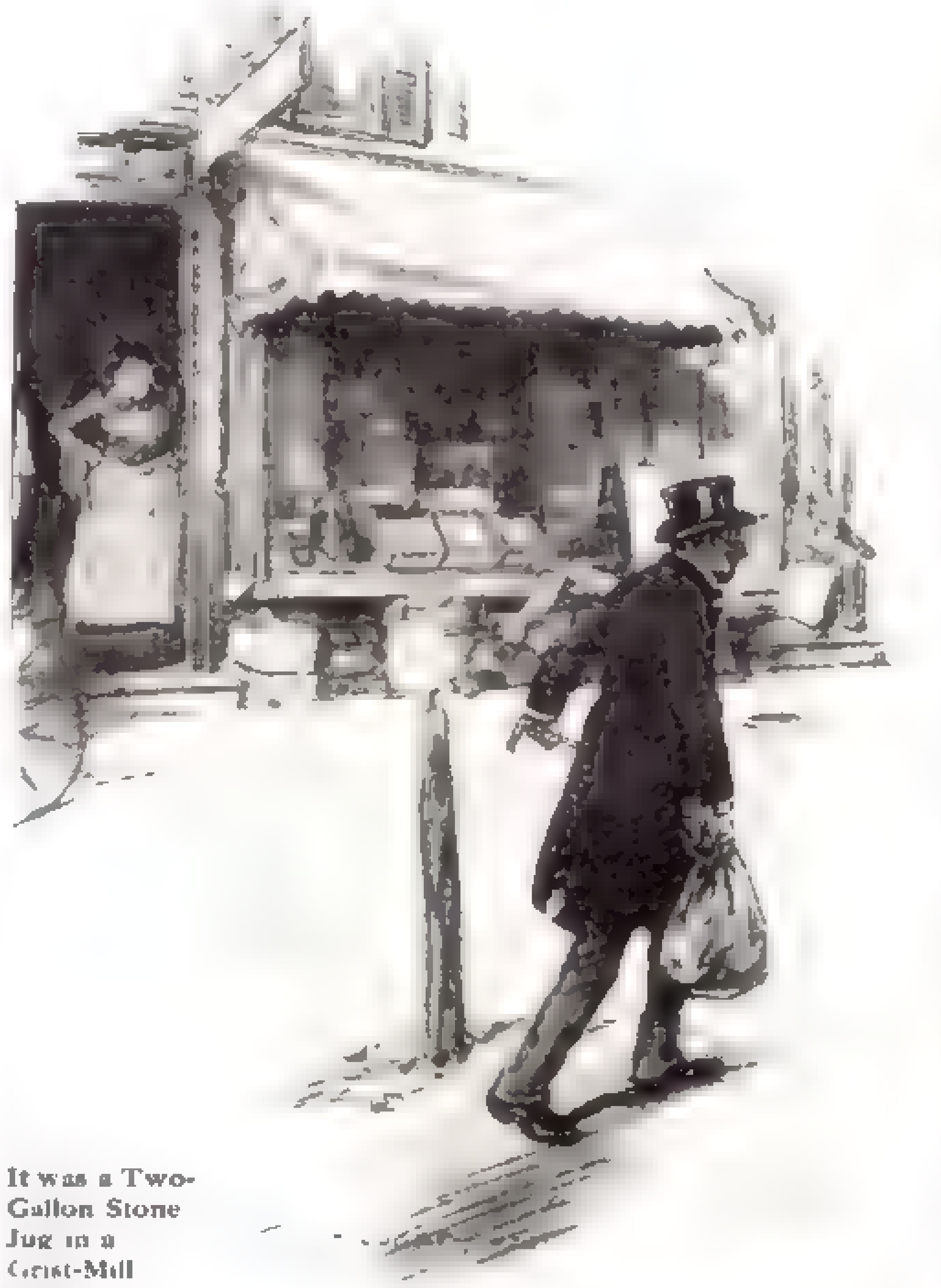
Wyatt reflected. "There is a run," he said; "he might have fallen in that."

"Trespassin', an' in a dangerous place," said the clerk. "There's your defense."

Then he laid down the paper and put the tips of his fingers together. He spoke with deliberation

"The infant plaintiff was trespassin' on your land, an' in a locality where he was likely to come to harm, an' you chastised him in order to make him go home. That's a good defense."

Wyatt was profoundly relieved. To him the clerk was a great expert on such matters. His opinion ought to be conclusive. And here, available to him, was a complete defense that carried conviction.


It was a Two-Gallon Stone Jug in a Grist-Mill Sack

He began to repeat it: "I was comin' along the path, I saw the little nigger playin' by the run in my meadow, where he had no right to be, I thought he might fall in and be drowned, so I tapped him with my cane to make him go home out of danger."

"Exactly!" said the clerk. Then he snapped the band over the red wrapper and tossed the papers on to the pile before him. "No jury will ever find against you on that defense"

Wyatt was now wholly relieved. He felt that the clerk had done him a great kindness, and he wished to say something to please him. He remembered that the clerk had been elected by a rather unusual majority. He began to smile and nod his head.

"You'll be runnin' for the legislature next, I reckon," he said; "a man that carries the county in his pocket like you"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the clerk, as though the arriving of a political distinction were to him merely a matter of selecting it.

Wyatt went out to the courthouse door; there he stopped to read the notices of judicial sales, cut out of the local newspaper and pasted against the wall. He continued to smile. He even began to whistle softly under his breath. He tapped on the wall with his fingers while he scanned the notices. He experienced that sense of exalted confidence which one takes from the favorable opinion of an expert.

Presently, he heard the deputy sheriff speak to the clerk.

"I don't believe that was the reason old Dolph hit the little nigger."

"Why don't you?" said the clerk.

"Because there ain't water enough in that run to drown a cat"

Wyatt remained for a moment motionless. He had not foreseen this possible contingency. He endeavored to recall how the little stream appeared, and especially that portion near the sugar maple where the negro boy had been squatting. He went down the steps engaged with this memory. It seemed to be the hinge upon which everything turned. He determined to look at the brook at once, and he hurried, walking rapidly. As he came up to the bank window the cashier beckoned to him. When he entered the cashier said:

"There's a jug of tree molasses behind the door, that Benny Bean brought you the other day; I've been forgettin' it."

It was a two-gallon stone jug in a grist-mill sack The end of the sack was tied in a knot. Wyatt picked it up and went out of the bank. He carried the sack in one hand, his fingers around it, below the knot. It was heavy, and he stopped occasionally to shift it from one hand to the other.

The storekeeper's wife, who had been keeping her eyes on the bank, saw Wyatt enter it hurriedly and come out with the sack. She spoke to her husband, who was at the door putting out a box of timothy seed:

"What's he carryin', you reckon?"

"I don't know," replied the storekeeper; "it looks heavy."

"'Tis heavy," replied the woman. And she continued to watch Wyatt, changing the sack from one hand to the other, until he reached the end of the village street.

Wyatt hurried along the meadow path to the sugar maple, put down his sack and advanced to the brook. There was not a great deal of water running, but at this point there was a little pool, with perhaps twelve inches of water. At one time this pool had been two or three feet deep, but it was now partly filled up with soft clay from the bank.

Wyatt stood for some time regarding this pool, then he picked up the sack and went on to the house. That evening he turned his horse into the meadow. After supper he went out into the garden, got a hoe and started down toward the meadow with the hoe in his hand, but he stopped at the gate and set the hoe against the fence. Then he sat down on the steps. When it began to get dark he got up, went to the gate, picked up the hoe and crossed the meadow to the brook. There he carefully cleaned out the little pool, dragging out the soft clay and piling it up in a sort of dam below. He worked for some time and it was quite dark when he had finished. As he knocked the mud off the hoe he said:

"There, now, there'll be plenty of water for Barney."

The next morning the negro boy who swept out the store, and who lived in one of the shanties on the border of Wyatt's meadow, said to the storekeeper's wife:

"Pap saw ole Dolph diggin' in his medder las' night."

The woman sat down in a chair, smoothed out her apron and put her fat hands on her knees. She sat perfectly motionless for twenty minutes; then she went out.

A little later word passed rapidly from one house to another in the village that Wyatt had been sued for "thousands an' thousands" and had taken all of his own money out of his bank and buried it.

There is no place in the world that a secret rumor can be so swiftly spread, and, at the same time, so carefully guarded, as in a country village. The community becomes at once a close society, including every one but the person maligned. By twelve o'clock this rumor was known to every individual in the village but Wyatt and his cashier.

(Continued on Page 24)

PLAYWRITERS AND PROFITS

What They Make and How They Make It

By JOHN R. HALE

J. M. Barrie

YOU don't have to study to be a playwright! You have only to be born with a sense of drama—and, unfortunately, few are! The man who fails at medicine, the lawyer who doesn't become the junior partner, the private secretary whose ability isn't recognized, the trained nurse whom doctors have conspired against, the architect who designs unsold houses—all the incompetents in fifty trades and occupations write plays.

You don't have to study, you don't have to have a college degree, you needn't belong to the union, you don't require a bank balance; all you do is just write a play and then some more plays. It's so easy!

The Sunday newspaper's "Clyde Fitch makes one hundred thousand dollars a year," "Henry Arthur Jones a millionaire," "Slept in Bryant Park last year, to earn one thousand dollars weekly now," have done more to support the worthy trade of typewriting than all the poets and story-writers in the country. You can pick out a poem or a story with one finger on the typewriter, but you must have a professional theatrical typist to do a play. The millions in playwriting, journalistically speaking, lure on as many men and women to grind out plays as are attracted by the golden glitter of mythical mines. It would be pathetic, this drag of the drama, if it weren't appalling.

As a matter of fact, those men here and abroad who earn big money are comparatively few, for the field and opportunities for the placing of plays are far more limited than in any other profession. Besides the laws of technique, intelligence, ability, and the survival of the fittest, that rule in any brain-work, the play has the physical limitation of finding a theatre in which not only to be born but, as it were, to grow up to the maturity of success.

The Test of a Good Play

THERE are plenty of theatres in the United States, but there are only a certain number in New York and Chicago, and it is a safe generalization that a play is without honor, profit or long life in its own country unless it has the kudos of success in New York or Chicago. A road success, broadly speaking, is an episode, and episodic success is always written on the debit side of the managerial ledger, though it may show as much credit balance to the author as if he were a motorman or a clerk, instead of a "literary light." New York is hard to please; it is at once the despair and hope of managers and playwrights. Success in Boston may mean success in New England, but that limited territory contributes to a success of art rather than of finance. And, after all, when you eliminate the edict of critics who look upon the theatre as a kind of national university for the education of the young and the mental uplift of the people, managers, playwrights, actors and so on, down to the ushers, are associated with the theatre principally for the same reason that men build bridges, or edit magazines, or stoke engines—to make money. People go to the theatre to be amused and entertained, not for art. The play that is "too good for the public" is a failure, excuse it as you will; a play is written to be seen by audiences, and if there are no audiences it has failed in the very purpose for which it is produced, even though the mentally long-haired acclaim it loudly. The highbrows usually have low purses.

Augustus Thomas

Any successful dramatist, if he is honest with himself, will admit that he writes to make money, perhaps not primarily, but certainly not incidentally, and that, though he puts into his work all that is best of himself and his ability, there is none the less in his mind's eye the weekly royalty check. An engineer who built a bridge that was charming and artistic in its lines and design—a mechanical poem—but one which would break under the weight it was designed to bear, would have failed practically if not artistically. And the play that will not bear the burden of an audience's judgment is a failure, and is, unfortunately, the kind of piece amateurs and incompetents invariably write, because they write with the money and not with the audience in mind.

The man who makes money in playwriting deserves it, but sometimes he doesn't get it; because a playwright, to earn well into the thousands, must not only be a dramatist but also be a business man. The profits of playwriting are almost as various as the rents of office buildings.

Authors are compensated on a royalty basis—that is, they receive a percentage of the gross weekly receipts derived from the production of the play. There was a time when dramatists sold their plays outright for a sum in cash, but nowadays competition for a producible play has become so keen that the most unsophisticated of authors will only part with his play on the royalty plan, which, in reality, is not a sale but a leasing on a basis of weekly rental. The amount of that rental depends on many things.

The dramatists who make the most money in America receive what is technically known as a "sliding scale"—that is, their percentages vary according to the amount of receipts the play draws. Of the first three thousand dollars three prominent authors receive five per cent., of the next two thousand, ten per cent., and of all over five thousand dollars gross weekly receipts, fifteen per cent., so that these men, to a certain extent, speculate with the manager; for if the play is not a success their higher percentages never become operative. If it does play to big business, managers have found that they can well afford to pay these fees. The theatrical *entrepreneurs* have discovered, especially during the last few years, that in New York it is not names in electric lights, nor stars, nor expensive actors, nor scenery that make the weekly balance-sheets a thing to admire rather than curse, but it is the play.

Henry Arthur Jones

But men such as Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch and George Ade did not always get these terms. It took years of success to enable them to command them, and not always now do managers pay these fees without at least a secret complaint, scarcely an open one, lest they take their plays elsewhere. The manager constitutionally abhors paying authors royalties—it is a queer, probably inexplicable trait; but if the manager is temporarily or permanently embarrassed financially it is the author who goes unpaid, and yet managers will freely admit that actors and theatres without plays are quite useless, not to say expensive.

At the same time it is not hard to understand why the managers object to paying to any author at any stage of the game fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts. In New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and other cities the manager must pay to the theatre fifty per cent. of his weekly takings for the privilege of occupying it. Assume that the play's weekly receipts are eight thousand dollars; eliminating the theatre share the manager has four thousand dollars remaining. But from his proportion he must pay the author's percentage, not on his net share but on the gross, and if it be one of the foremost dramatists, this percentage of the eight thousand dollars is eight hundred dollars, all of which comes out of the managerial four thousand dollars. The manager thus has left thirty-two hundred dollars to defray the salaries of his actors, business staff, cost of production, current office expenses, one-half of the newspaper advertising and bill-posting, and possibly railroad transportation for the company and production. This sliding scale, as mentioned, of five per cent., ten per cent. and fifteen per cent. on receipts of eight thousand dollars is the equivalent of ten per cent. of the gross receipts, or twenty per cent. of the manager's share, which leaves him but forty per cent. for all his expenses, apart from the author's royalty. At first glance this may seem an unfair division, but in reality it is not; for without a good play receipts never reach eight thousand dollars; and, if they fall far short of this figure with a bad play, the author, so far as practical values go, doesn't need the arithmetical knowledge required to estimate what ten per cent. or fifteen per cent. of certain thousands of dollars would aggregate. The manager, however, fares better on the road, for, outside of the big cities, he gets sixty per cent. and even sixty-five per cent., and even in some places seventy-five per cent. of the receipts. When this happens his proportion of profits is, *pro rata*, considerably larger than are those of the author.

But if an author has not reached the Fitch, Thomas or Ade standard of terms, fifteen per cent. and even ten per cent. may be as unknown and foreign to him as traveling through Tibet. The dramatist who has had some success may command with some managers five per cent. on five thousand dollars, and seven and one-half per cent. on all over this sum of weekly receipts; with others he may receive five per cent. on four thousand dollars, seven and one-half per cent. on the next two thousand dollars, and ten per cent. on all above. His business ability and general Yankee knack of driving a bargain become potent factors, for your average manager in leasing a play assumes the attitude that he is doing a personal favor to the author in "giving the young man a start." And the point to which he can be driven is dependent on how vital is his belief in the play and how far he can bluff the author. The sliding scale of royalties, therefore, in cases like these is as variable as it can be. It may begin at five per cent. and go to seven per cent., or begin at three per cent. and go to five per cent., or begin at five per cent. and go to fifteen per cent., and the point at which the percentage takes a step upward may be anywhere from three thousand to ten thousand dollars. Algebraically one can doubtless figure out the combinations.

Successes That Wipe Out Failures

THEN for the beginners there is, in many quarters, a managerial conviction that five per cent. straight is the top notch of compensation, whether the piece plays to three thousand or thirteen thousand dollars. And most young men with their first play will do well to accept the best they can get, for production and entrance into the game are the hardest things to accomplish, as presumably they are in every form of endeavor. With one real success behind you, percentages and contracts will take care of themselves—and of you. There is nothing so puny and generally ignored as a playwright without a production, and few things more sought after than a successful dramatist. For, despite the noisy clamor of the unproduced, it is not easy for managers to get successful plays, and they flock after success and reputations as sea-gulls behind an ocean liner—only they stick longer. Once he is a real success a playwright can have several, perhaps three or four, smashing failures with all the bands playing, before the managerial memory forgets the success of three years ago. Clyde Fitch wrote Her Own Way, which made a very comfortable fortune for Maxine Elliott, and followed it with The Coronet of the Duchess, Glad of It and Major André, three absolutely, beyond argument, honest, straight-from-the-shoulder failures. Yet, after Glad of It, he had as many offers of contracts as after Her Own Way. George Broadhurst wrote The Man of the Hour and followed it with three failures, the last of which, The Call of the North, was produced only a few weeks ago. Yet to-day he can choose his own contracts. Charles Klein wrote The Lion and the Mouse and followed it with two plays of the other kind, The Daughters of Men and The Stepsister. Managers have long memories and cling with blind faith to those that have, rather than to them that may!

Apart from the question of getting started and the royalties at the start, there are other important factors in play contracts that often have a vital bearing on the author's finances as well. Dramatists such as Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, George Ade and Eugene Walter in this country demand and receive the right to choose their casts and to veto any selection by the manager which is against their judgment. But this privilege is a rare one, for it is a curious fact that the general run of authors who have not had material experience in the staging and casting of plays makes a poor staff to lean on for the selection of actors to create their characters. A competent stage-manager can usually make a happier choice, for the mind that conceives characters mentally often visualizes their living prototypes in an unhappy fashion. Clyde Fitch has written and produced some fifty plays and has, therefore, naturally acquired some material experience as a producer of plays. And it is in that capacity rather than as an author that he chooses his companies. This applies to Augustus Thomas as well

E. Walter

Men like Thomas, Walter, Ade and Fitch in this country, Bernard Shaw, Pinero, Jones and Barrie in England, and Bernstein in France, have control of the casts and of the scenery and, in fact, of everything, as the phrase goes, behind the curtain line. Where they are on the ground at the time of rehearsals they act as stage-managers, drilling and instructing the actors to follow out their conceptions to the letter

The Ideal Combination

BUT this unquestioned sway is rare. The average author is under the domain of the stage-manager, who often helps, but, in the opinion of the author, seldom does anything but mar. At the risk of a loud protest from unsuccessful playwrights, it is safe to say that few plays have been spoiled by their stage-managers. It would possibly be better, however, if the general author had more voice in the method of producing his play. The theatrical manager takes the position that the author contributes his time and his brains when he delivers the manuscript, but that the manager risks not only these, but his money as well, and therefore must have the major control in the venture that involves his cash. Most managers feel themselves extremely competent in all that pertains to a play in front of and behind the curtain, and in the knowledge of what will succeed. Yet with all their knowledge it is rather extraordinary that none of them is a playwright. If they were how pleasant it would be—in the event of failure—that there were no royalties to be paid, and there could never be any possible friction between the author and manager! Yet, perhaps, after all, it does require some special ability to write plays.

Your big author who, when he is competent, assumes all responsibility for the production of his play, is an enormous aid to the manager. If ever Fitch or Thomas determined to stop playwriting either of them could command, as a stage-manager, three times the salary of the highest-paid stage-manager in America to-day. But at present they manifest a selfish inclination to be concerned only with the production of their own work. And very interested they and all the vitally successful authors are—interested not only in the question of terms and the control of the cast, but also in the personalities of various managers and the special advantages each has to offer.

One big New York producer is a tremendous believer in names, and, if you've had a real success here or in England, a contract is yours for the asking—and his asking at that. Yet without a name you may offer him the manuscript of what may prove to be the best play of the year, and he will refuse it as so much tissue-paper. Unproved plays by unproved men he doesn't believe in; past success is what he gambles on. The younger playwright should go elsewhere with his wares, to a firm of managers who will drive the best possible bargain with him and freely admit that this is their policy. They will use every possible argument against reasonably fair terms, and no play is sufficiently valuable to them to pay more than they originally set as a limit. And sometimes they lose plays they really want. But they are busy young men with many ventures, and they seem to survive quite happily. It is rather amusing to note that sometimes, as against this thrifty policy in royalties, they will spend two thousand dollars with joyous profuseness on costumes for a musical comedy which are never used, because, perhaps, they are dresses for a certain song, and the song fails and goes to the rubbish heap the first night on the road.

W S Maugham

But all that is pleasant inconsistency, for these managers have one real virtue. They will fight to the finish for any play they believe in—and fight, too, against the critics, the public and their own staff; and very often this absolute conviction in following their own judgment, and backing it with all their brains and money, turns a play that is wobbling between failure and success into a money-making proposition. When one of their productions fails and closes up tight nobody can offer any explanation or defense; it must be a unanimous verdict before they give up. Some managers, however, unless success is immediately obvious, or if the reception is lukewarm and the future uncertain, quit at once. They prefer to lose what is at stake and try something new, rather than devote themselves to establishing their present production as a failure or the reverse. To interest them, success must come quickly and be large; they won't wait on possibilities But if the manager of The Chorus Lady had been of this type the play would have had only a life of two weeks. The first week in New York it played to gross receipts of considerably less than two thousand dollars. The second week showed a slight but healthy increase; the next was better, and from then on receipts grew and grew. The piece was moved from one theatre to another, and then to another, and ran almost a year in New York

Then there is another firm of managers who want only big things—big scenic production, soldiers, Indians, race scenes, shipwrecks—anything that is melodramatic and gives opportunity for thrilling or unusual scenic effects. There is the manager who usually produces nothing but plays by unknown authors, because established authors are not in the habit of accepting suggestions for which they are to give up one-half of their royalties. But even young authors profit little from a production with him; the royalties are small, sometimes not even percentages, but a flat sum of one hundred dollars weekly, irrespective of receipts, and the manager takes the credit of success entirely. "The author only wrote the play," he says.

Charles Klein

Then, too, there are, so to speak, the physical and material advantages that a manager possesses, and these are important factors in the profits of playwriting. Some managers, most of them, are believers in the star system. They control the star, and all material that they purchase must fit the measure of their stars. The star cannot make a bad play go, but she—there are more women stars than men—can, with medium success in New York, fair press notices, an eight-weeks' run (that on the bills is stretched to six months), and press-agent puffs, go on the road and play to big houses. In one-night stands the public goes to see Ethel Barrymore, not the play she is in, and before they know whether they like the play or not they've both gone to the next town. But when the one-night stands consistently do not like a play the penalty of their disapprobation comes the next season, for then they say, "She wasn't much last year; don't let's go to-morrow night." Stars, with the vanity for which they are so justly famous, and with the desire to appear in New York each season, seldom can be prevailed on to appear in one play for more than a season, and that is damaging to the author's income.

Some managers prefer to play without a star, simply with an all-round good cast, for the reason that a star is an expensive luxury and as hard to handle as a runaway engine, and, further, without a star, with only the play "featured," one can have three or four companies of the same play, none of which bears the stigma of being a second company, because no personalities are identified with the play. The country generally resents second companies. It wants the best, even though second companies often give better performances than the first.

So far as star and non-star organizations are concerned, there are, broadly speaking, two kinds of plays—those that appeal by virtue of their story, and those that gain their success by reason of charm and the personalities that invest them. Paid in Full is a success, for example, because of its dramatic story that interests and grips, and any ordinarily competent actors can play the parts with success—there are five paying companies now on tour Cousin Kate, on the other hand, depends on charm and personality. The common or garden actor would not contribute these qualities, and, if the play lacks the attributes on which it is designed to make its appeal, obviously it must fail. A striking instance of this is The Mollusc, by Hubert Henry Davies, who wrote Cousin Kate Two seasons this charming, satirical, little four-charactered comedy ran in London with Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore, yet in New York, with Joseph Coyne and Alexandra Carlisle, it is at once a moderate success and a moderate failure, although the play itself has been most enthusiastically acclaimed by the critics. For while Miss Carlisle gives a striking performance that is a perfect imitation of Mary Moore, Mr. Coyne, risen from, or, rather, still in the musical comedy ranks, lacks the exceptional qualities of dignity, repose, breeding and charm which Wyndham contributed to the character. And so he is inadequate—so much so that those who have seen Wyndham in the part have been known to leave long before the end of the play, not only because of his utter unsuitability to the part, but because, musical comedy still strong upon him, he persists in injecting into this charming English comedy lines of his own devising, such as "Everybody works but father," . . . "I'll get you some spinach." . "Have some asparagus," . . . "Well, well, Uncle Tom and Little Eva," which are as foreign to piece and character as No Wedding Bells for Me would be as an interlude to Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The moral of which is that Davies' play is, by its miscasting, missing the qualities necessary for success, and so Davies' profits suffer to a very marked extent. Miscasting, however, does not especially affect a dramatic play. William Gillette, a fine actor, who within his limitations gives an extraordinarily fine performance in the title rôle of Samson, Bernstein's new play, is woefully miscast, because he is so physically and vocally lacking in the demands of the part. None the less, the play is a success; though—and this is purely speculative—it would probably be financially better without him, for those who admire Gillette will say they preferred him in other plays, and those who do not know him must admit that some other actor would be better in this part than he. In this case the star hurts rather than helps the play itself.

Clyde Fitch

Choosing Your Manager

THEN, too, some managers control theatres in New York, which, of course, is an advantage to the author, for sometimes the manager will keep on with only a medium success, rather than have "the house dark," or, entrenched in his own theatre, he may force the run of a play in order to get it, if possible, a New York reputation for the influencing of the one-night stands. If, however, he is only a tenant from week to week the theatre manager may abruptly end his tenancy to make way for something else, and his plans for a forced run terminate suddenly.

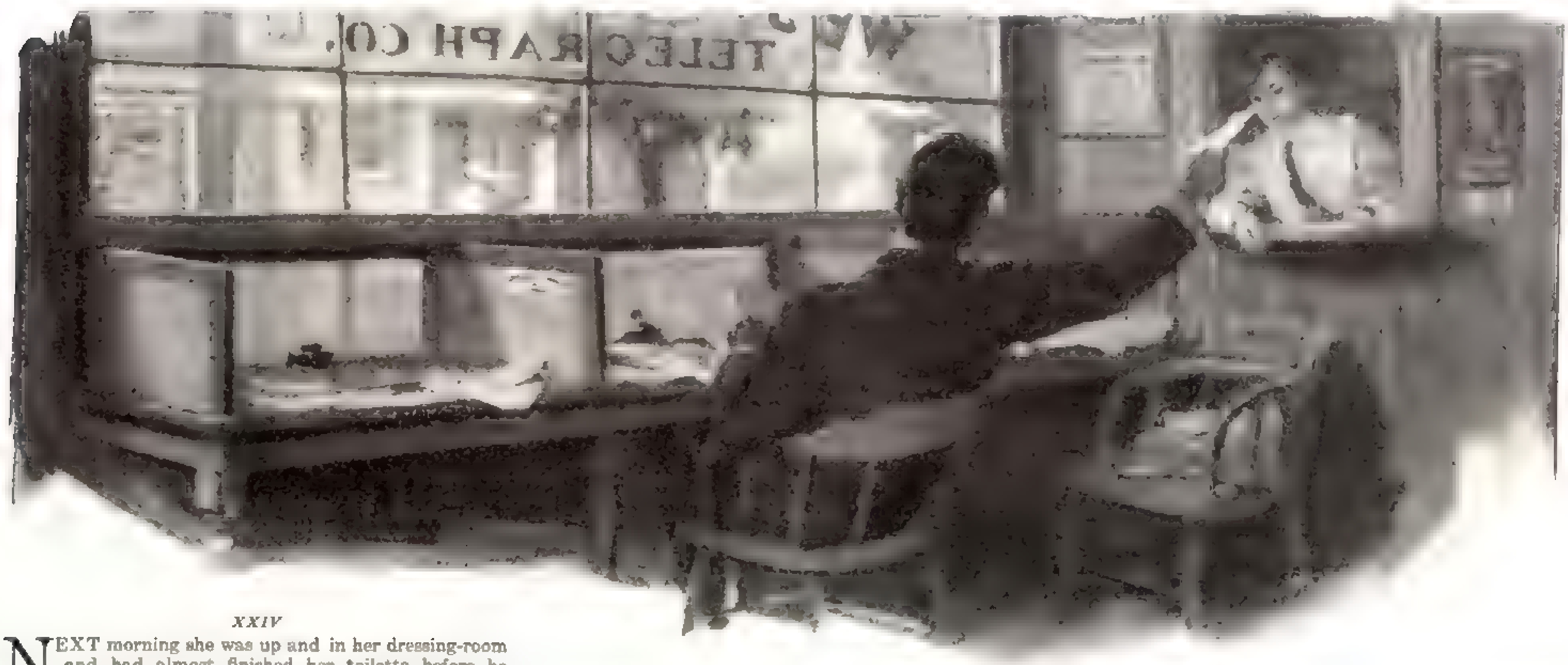
The author who knows bears in mind all these conditions and selects his manager according to the particular wares he has to dispose of. (But selecting your manager is not much more than selecting a trout fly: you've still got to catch your fish!) If the play is one that only one or two actors in the country are fitted for, even the famous dramatist is less independent as regards terms and conditions. This is also true if he has set his mind on one particular star to create his pet character. If his play is easy to cast, the more independent his attitude, for he knows there are many strings to his bow. He takes into account

(Concluded on Page 19)

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL



XXIV

NEXT morning she was up and in her dressing-room and had almost finished her toilette before he awakened. For the first time in years—perhaps the first time since the end of her happy girlhood and the beginning of her first season in Washington society—she felt like singing. Was there ever such a dawn? Did ever song of birds sound so like the voice of eternal youth? Whence had come this air like the fumes from the winepresses of the gods? And the light! What colors, what tints, upon mountain and valley and stainless lake! And the man asleep in the next room—yes, there *was* a Joshua Craig whom she found extremely trying at times; but that Joshua Craig had somehow resigned the tenancy of the strong, straight form there, had resigned it to a man who was the living expression of all that bewitched her in these wilds.

She laughed softly at her own ecstasy of exaggeration. "The other Josh will come back," she reminded herself, "and I must not forget to be practical. *This* is episodic." These happy, superhuman episodes would come, would pass, would recur at intervals; but the routine of her life must be lived. And if these episodes were to recur the practical must not be neglected. "It's by neglecting the practical that so many wives come to grief," reflected she. And the first mandate of the practical was that he must be rescued from that vulgar political game, which meant poverty and low associations and tormenting uncertainties. He must be got where his talents would have their due, their reward. But subtly guiding him into the way that would be best for him was a far different matter from what she had been planning up to last night's moonrise—was as abysmally separated from its selfish hypocrisy as love from hate. She would persist in her purpose, but how changed the motive!

She heard him stirring in her—no, *their* room. Her face lighted up, her eyes sparkled. She ran to her mirror for a final primp before he should see her. She was more than pleased with the image she saw reflected there. "I never looked better in my life—never so well. I'm glad I kept back this particular dress. He's sure to like it, and it certainly is becoming to me—the best-fitting skirt I ever had—what good lines it has about the hips." She startled at a knock upon the door. She rushed away from the mirror. He had small physical vanity himself—she had never known any one with so little. He had shown that he thought she had no vanity of that kind, either, and he would doubtless misunderstand her solicitude about her personal appearance. Anyhow, of all mornings this would be the worst for him to catch her at the glass.

"Yes?" she called.

"Margaret," came in his voice. And, oh, the difference in it!—the note of tenderness—no, it was not imagination, it was really there! Her eyes filled and her bosom heaved.

"Are you joining me at breakfast?"

"Come in," cried she.

When the door did not open she went and opened it There stood *he!* If he had greeted her with a triumphant, proprietorial expression she would have been—well, it would have given her a lowered opinion of his sensibility. But his look was just right—dazzled, shy, happy. Nor did he make one of his impetuous rushes. He almost timidly took her hand, kissed it; and it was she who sought his shoulder—gladly, eagerly, with a sudden, real shyness. "Margaret," he said. "Mine—aren't you?"

Here was the Joshua she was to know thenceforth, she felt. This Joshua would enable her to understand, or, rather, to disregard, so far as she personally was concerned, the Josh, tempestuous, abrupt, often absurd, whom the world knew. But—as soon as they went where the guides were the familiar Josh returned—boyish, boisterous, rather foolish in trying to be frivolous and light. Still—what did it matter? As soon as they should be alone again ——

When they set out after breakfast her Joshua still did not return, as she had confidently expected. The obstreperous one remained, the one that was the shrewdly-developed cover for his everlastingly scheming mind. "What an unending ass I've been making of myself," he burst out, "with my silly notions." He drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to her. "And this infernal thing of Grant's has been encouraging me in idiocy."

She read the Arkwright gentleman's gazette and complete guide to dress and conduct in the society of a refined gentlewoman. Her impulse was to laugh, an impulse hard indeed to restrain when she came to the last line of the document and read in Grant's neat, careful, man's handwriting with heavy underscorings: "Above all, never forget that you are a mighty stiff dose for anybody, and could easily become an overdose for a refined, sensitive lady." But prudent foresight made her keep her countenance. "This is all very sensible," said she.

"Sensible enough," assented he. "I've learned a lot from it. . . . Did you read that last sentence?"

She turned her face away. "Yes," she said.

"That, taken with everything else, all but got me down," said he sombrely. "What I've been through! It came near preventing us from discovering that you're not a grand lady, but a human being." His mood veered, and it was he that was gay and she glum; for he suddenly seized her and subjected her to one of those tumultuous ordeals so disastrous to toilette and to dignity and to her sense of personal rights. Not that she altogether disliked, she never had altogether disliked, but had found a certain thrill in his riotousness. Still, she preferred the other Joshua Craig, *her* Joshua, who wished to receive as well as to give. And she wished that Joshua, her Joshua, would return. She herself had thought that, so far as she was concerned, those periods of tender and gentle sentiment would be episodic; but it was another thing for him to think so—and to show it frankly. "I feel as if I'd had an adventure with a bear," said she, half-laughing, half-resentful.

"So you did," declared he; "I'm a bear—and every other sort of animal—except rabbit. There's no rabbit in me. Now, your men—the Grant Arkwrights—are all rabbit."

"At least," said she, "do refrain from tearing my hair down. A woman who does her hair well hates to have it mussed."

"I'll try to remember," was his careless answer. "As I was about to say, our discovery that you are not a lady out of a story-book, but a human being and a very sweet one—it came just in the nick of time. We're leaving here to-night."

Now she saw the reason for the persistence of the Craig of noise and bluster and craft. "To-night?" she exclaimed. "It's impossible."

"Yes—we go at five o'clock. Tickets are bought—sleeper section engaged—everything arranged."

"But Uncle Dan doesn't expect us for four days yet."

"I've sent him a telegram."

"But I can't pack."

"Selina can."

"Impossible in such a little time."

"Then I'll do it," said Craig jovially. "I can pack a trunk twice as quick as any man you ever saw. I pack with my feet as well as with my hands."

"It's impossible," repeated she angrily. "I detest being hurried."

"Hurried? Why, you've got nine hours to get used to the idea. Nine hours' warning for anything isn't haste."

"Why didn't you tell me this yesterday?" demanded she, coming to a full stop and expecting thus to compel him to face her. But he marched on.

"It has been my lifelong habit," declared he over his shoulder, "to arrange everything before disclosing my plans. You'll find, as we get on, that it will save you a lot of fretting and debating."

Reluctantly and with the humiliating sense of helpless second fiddle she followed him along the rough path. "I loathe surprises," she said.

"Then adjust your mind to not being surprised at anything from me."

He laughed noisily at his own humor. She was almost hating him again. He seemed to have eyes in the back of his head; for as she shot a fiery glance at him he whirled round, shook his forefinger maddeningly at her: "Listen to me, my dear," said he, in his worst manner, most aggressive, most dictatorial: "if you had wanted an ordinary sort of man you should have married one and not me."

"Don't you think common courtesy required you at least to consult me about such a matter?"

"I do not. If I had I should have done so. I found it was necessary that we go. I went ahead and arranged it If you saw the house on fire would you wait till you had consulted me before putting it out?"

"But this is entirely different

"Not at all. Entirely the same, on the contrary The talk we had day before yesterday convinced me that our house is afire. I'm going to put it out." He shut his teeth together with a snap, compressed his lips, gave her one of those quick, positive nods of his Viking head. Then he caught her by the arm. "Now," said he jocosely, "let's go back to camp. You want to do your packing. I've got to go over to town and telegraph some more '

She wrenched her arm away pettishly and, with sullen face, accompanied him to the camp. It was all she could do to hide her anger when, in full sight of the guides, he swept her up into his arms and kissed her several times. Possibly she would have been really angered deeply angered, had she realized that these cyclones were due, as a rule, not so much to appreciation of her as to the necessity of a strong counter-irritant to a sudden attack of awe of her as a fine lady and doubt of his own ability to cope with her. "Good-by, Rita," cried he, releasing her as suddenly as he had seized her and rushing toward the landing. "If I don't get back till the last minute be sure you're ready. Anything that isn't ready will be left behind—anything or anybody!"

The idea of revolt, of refusing to go, appealed to her first anger strongly. But, on consideration, she saw that merely asserting her rights would not be enough—that she must train him to respect them. If she refused to go he would simply leave her; yes, he was just the man, the wild man, to do precisely that disgraceful thing. And she would be horribly afraid to spend the night alone in those woods with only the guides and Selina, not to speak of facing the morrow—for he might refuse to take her back! Where would she turn in that case? What would her grandmother say? Who would support her in making such a scandal and giving up a husband for reasons that could not be made impressive in words, though they were the best of all reasons in terms of feeling? No, if she gave him up she would be absolutely alone, condemned on every hand, in the worst possible position. Then, too, the break was unattractive for another reason. Though she despised herself for her weakness, she did not wish to give up the man who had given her that brief glimpse of supreme happiness she had dreamed as one dreams an impossibility.

Did not wish? Could not—would not—give him up. "I belong to him!" she said to herself with a thrill of ecstasy and of despair.

"But he'd better be careful!" she grumbled. "If I should begin to dislike him there'd be no going back." And then it recurred to her that that would be as great a calamity of loss for her as for him—and she went at her packing in a better humor. "I'll explain to him that I yield this once, but——" There she stopped herself with a laugh. Of what use to explain to him?—him who never listened to explanations, who did not care a fig why people did as he wished, but was content that they did. As for warning him about "next time"—how ridiculous! She could hear his penetrating, rousing voice saying: "We'll deal with 'next time' when it comes."

XXV

"WE CHANGE at Albany " said he when they were on the train after a last hour of mad scramble, due in part to her tardiness, in the main to the atmosphere of hysteric hustle and bustle he created as a precaution.

"At Albany!" she exclaimed. "Why, when do we get there?"

"At midnight."

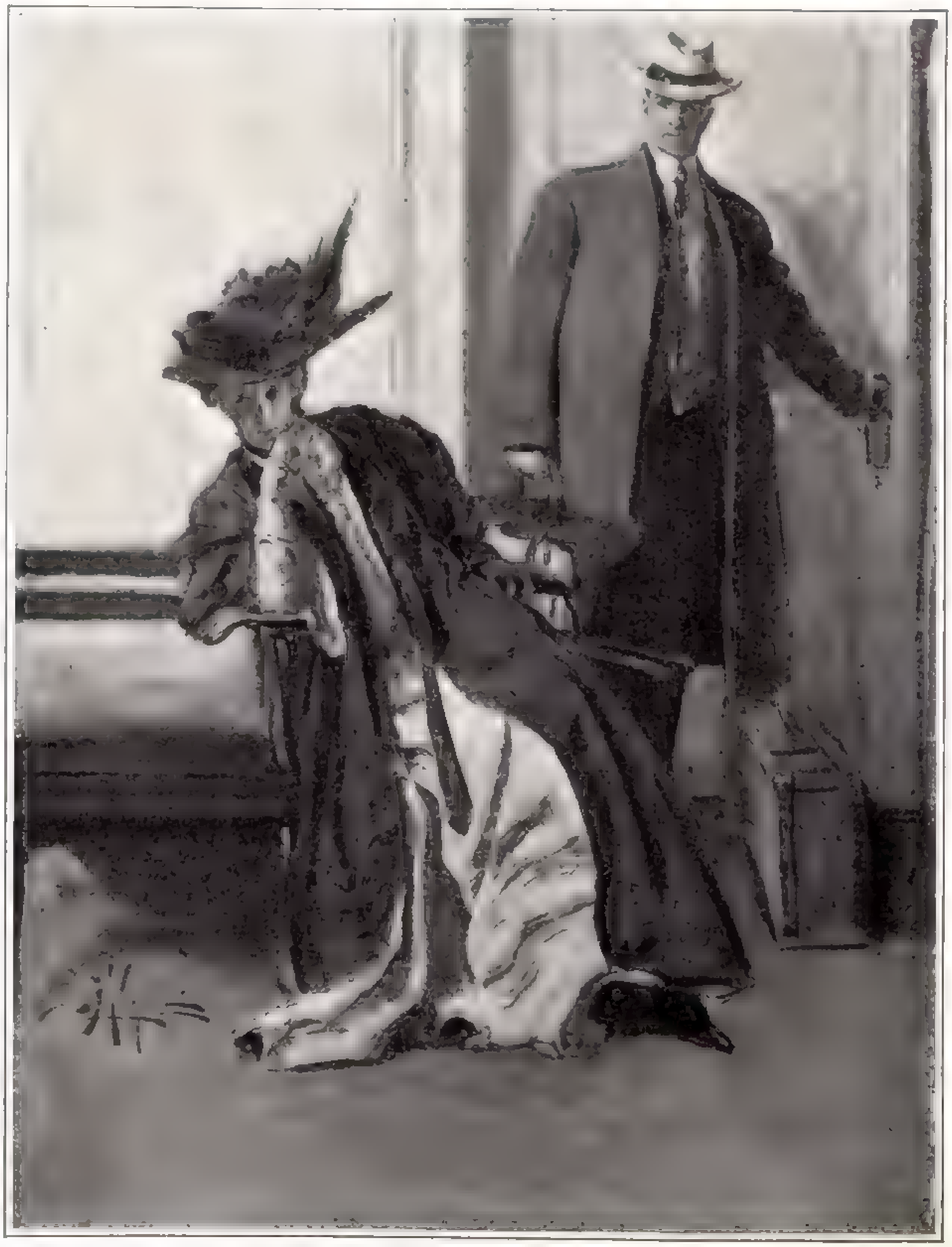
"At midnight!" It was the last drop in the cup of gall, she thought "Why we'd get to Lenox, or to some place where we'd have to change again, long before morning! Josh, you must be out of your senses. It's a perfect outrage!"

"Best I could do," said he, laughing uproariously and patting her on the back. "Cheer up. You can sleep on my shoulder until we get to Albany."

"We will go on to New York," said she stiffly, "and leave from there in the morning."

"Can't do it," said he. "Must change at Albany. You ought to learn to control your temper over these little inconveniences of life. I've brought a volume of Emerson's essays along and I'll read to you if you don't want to sleep."

"I hate to be read aloud to. Joshua, let's go on to New York Such a night of horror will wear me out."



"He Has Me at His Mercy," She Said to Herself Between Anger and Despair

"I tell you it's impossible. I've done the best thing in the circumstances. You'll see "

Suddenly she sprang up, looked wildly round. "Where's Selina?" she gasped.

"Coming to-morrow or next day," replied he. "I sent her to the camp for some things I forgot."

She sank back and said no more. Again she was tempted to revolt against such imbecile tyranny; and again, as she debated the situation, the wisdom, the necessity of submitting became apparent. How would it sound to have to explain to her grandmother that she had left him because he took an inconvenient train? "I'd like to see him try this sort of thing if we'd been married six months instead of six weeks," she muttered.

She refused to talk with him, answered him in cold monosyllables. And after dinner, when he produced the volume of Emerson and began to read aloud to her, she curtly asked him to be quiet. "I wish to sleep!" snapped she.

"Do, dear," urged he. And he put his arm round her.

"That's very uncomfortable," said she, trying to draw away

He drew her back, held her—and she knew she must either submit or make a scene. There was small attraction to scene-making with such a master of disgraceful and humiliating scenes as he. "He wouldn't care a rap," she muttered. "He simply revels in scenes, knowing he's sure to win out at them as a mongrel in a fight with a" even in that trying moment her sense of humor did not leave her—"with a lapdog."

She found herself comfortable and amazingly content, leaning against his shoulder; and presently she went to sleep, he holding the book in his free hand and reading calmly. The next thing she knew he was shaking her gently. "Albany," he said. "We've got to change here."

She rose sleepily and followed him from the car, adjusting her hat as she went. She had thought she would be wretched; instead she felt fine, as the sharp, night air roused her nerves and freshened her skin. He led the way into the empty waiting-room; the porter piled the bags on the bench, she seated herself. "I must send a telegram," said he, and he went over to the window marked "Telegraph Office." It was closed. He knocked and rattled, and finally pounded on the glass with his umbrella handle.

Her nerves went all to pieces. "Can't you see," she called, "that there's no one there?"

"There will be some one!" he shouted in reply, and fell to pounding so vigorously that she thought the glass would surely break; but it did not. After a while the window flew up and an angry face just escaped a blow from the vibrating umbrella handle. A violent altercation followed, the operator raging, but Craig more uproarious than he and having the further advantage of a more extensive and more picturesque vocabulary. Finally the operator said: "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. Don't you see there's a lady present?"

"It's my wife," said Craig. "Now take this message and get it off at once. You should thank me for not having you dismissed."

(Continued on Page 31)

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 19, 1908

As to Taxing the Rich

"I ATTACH supreme importance," writes Mr. Carnegie, "to the maintenance of present duties on luxuries used chiefly by the rich."

That is a nice sentiment—only, relatively speaking, there are no such duties. Silk and the finer manufactures of cotton, such as lace, are the largest duty-yielding items which are commonly classed as luxuries. But they are not used chiefly by the rich. Any middle-class man can find that out by looking at his own bills. Neither are woolens of the better grade monopolized by millionaires. Chemicals, cotton goods, manufactures of fibres and textile grasses, hides and leather, sugar, tobacco and wool yield nearly two-thirds of the total customs revenue. They are not articles of which the rich are the chief consumers. The duty on jewelry is about half that on rice. The duty on precious stones is little more than that on paper. The duty on marbles and onyx is only sixty per cent. of that on matting. The duty on automobiles about equals that on fish, on furs is little more than that on oilcloth.

We don't know who first said that the tariff taxed mainly the rich; but we trust he has been forgiven by this time. Manufacturers, who were not themselves exactly paupers, have controlled tariff legislation for forty years. They would have been very dull if, with the shaping of the bills in their own hands, they had put up with so poor a game as merely taxing the luxuries of the rich.

Scholastic Stumbling-Blocks

TO CRITICISE public-school instruction is easy. The German tongue, for example, is akin to English and rather easily acquired. Probably under no circumstances except in an educational institution could bright boys and girls of high-school age be regularly exercised in German during four years without acquiring a fair working command of the language. But if a high-school graduate, after four years' study, can ask his way to the post-office in correct German and understand the reply, the presumption will be that he came of a German family. The same graduate has received his allotted drilling in English literature; but the fact that his interest in that subject is about equal to his interest in Old Testament exegesis furnishes the text for numberless pedagogic wails.

In the public schools, taking the country over, there are nearly three times as many pupils to a teacher as in the colleges. But that explains little. College instruction also achieves a high inefficiency. There is the classic story of the German who heard university undergraduates give an act of Faust in the original, and innocently inquired what Greek drama they were presenting.

The public-school system is faulty in that it is built too much to feed a faulty college system. Every one sees that the system of instruction is faulty. To see the better system which should supplant it has hardly as yet been vouchsafed to any one. But certainly the better system will not be reached by curtailment and retrenchment.

The Sacred Three R's

MUCH of the criticism of the public schools is aimed at the top. In New York only four and in Chicago only five per cent. of public-school pupils are in the four upper grades, and of those who do enter the high school nearly half drop out the first year. Instruction in the upper grades, of course, is more costly than in the lower. Hence a facile conclusion, acceptable to some thrifty taxpayers, that high schools should be abolished and public instruction confined to the sacred Three R's.

But the real fault with the public schools does not lie on that side. The system is not too big, but too little; not too ambitious, but too limited. Of all the children of school age, five to eighteen, in the United States only half attend public schools, and those for only about half the year—one hundred and fifty-one days is the average the country over. The great majority of pupils do not go beyond the sixth grade, or half the full public-school course.

The public schools cost, roughly, three hundred millions a year, of which three-quarters is spent in the North Atlantic and North Central States. This just about equals the internal and customs revenue tax alone on liquor and tobacco. The sum is really niggardly.

Any proposal for dealing with the public schools which involves curtailment, even in those communities where they are most intelligently supported, must be dismissed with contempt. The object of the public-school system is not just to supply cash-girls and office-boys who can write a fair hand and do simple sums in arithmetic.

Publishers and Publicity

FROM some authors, who say they have irrefutable, documentary proof in the form of statements from their publishers, we hear that the public will not buy good novels. The premise is specious, but the conclusion is really unsound. The fact is that the public doesn't know about them. The author falls into the etymological error, so to speak, of regarding the printing, binding and cataloguing of a book as a "publication" of it. Of course, it is nothing of the sort. Up to that point the transaction is merely a kind of open secret between the author and the person who does the printing, binding and cataloguing and calls himself the publisher. Outsiders may, it is true, pry into the secret, and thus a real "publication" may be effected; but the chances are otherwise, in a distracted world.

The publisher, it is urged, spends so much money on the printing and binding of the book that he really can't afford to spend much to publish it. That is convincing, so far as it goes; but it doesn't go very far, when publication is the only thing the author is really interested in.

"Go, little book!" said a great poet to his volume, and that is what all authors say—or even, "Go like thunder!" They might, perhaps, consider it indelicate to suggest to the publisher that a half-page "ad" with pictures would be appropriate, or that an Associated Press dispatch that the author had shot Niagara in a barrel would be timely. But publication—not mere printing, binding and cataloguing—is what they need.

A Human Supreme Bench

SOME legal gentlemen will breathe easier on March 4 next—if nothing dreadful happens meanwhile. Three justices of the Supreme Court are past seventy and another is near that age. In the most conservative circles there has been a dire foreboding that impulsive President Roosevelt might have the opportunity and yield to a temptation to "pack" the bench—that is, appoint justices who were decidedly in sympathy with his modern, progressive ideals, instead of being in sympathy with those ancient common-law ideals which modern corporations find so useful.

It may be recalled that in 1869 the Supreme Court, then composed of eight members, held, by a vote of five to three, that the legal tender act of 1862 was unconstitutional—which was exceedingly embarrassing to the Government. One of the assenting justices resigned, and President Grant appointed two new members, bringing the bench up to its full complement of nine. Whereupon the court again took up the legal tender act and declared it constitutional, reversing the decision of the year before. The three old members who had previously held the act to be constitutional and the two new members, making a majority, assented. It is generally assumed that President Grant knew the views of the two new members before he appointed them, and so "packed" the bench. But nothing calamitous resulted therefrom.

A Supreme Court justice, being human, must sympathize with some things more than with others. If he does happen to sympathize most with the needs of the nation we don't see that any public harm will follow.

Sugar-Coated Charity

MUCH can be done nowadays in the name of sweet charity—the more it is sweetened, the better. But in the name of a community's plain duty to care for its helpless and delinquent members, comparatively little can be done.

"If I were a paralytic pauper," said an observant citizen the other day, "I would try to attract the notice of some nice, well-to-do woman. She would stir up her sympathetic women friends and give a Providential Pink Tea, to which men might come by contributing five dollars apiece. Probably the proceeds would fix me up comfortably for life. Of course, if I were a paralytic pauper, it would be the bounden duty of the community to take care of me, which duty it would discharge by putting me in a public institution where I should be badly fed, badly lodged, and occasionally an attendant would kick me in the ribs for exercise."

In the observant citizen's town a school report had disclosed that there were several thousand destitute, hungering children, and a body of nice women consequently had taken it up.

To let the children themselves beg would have been intolerable—for what full-fed man could look into a small, gaunt face without pain and shame? So the women themselves, becomingly gowned, did the begging. It was truly sweet charity, sugar-coated; and the town was in quite a flutter of self-approbation over it.

Simultaneously the newspapers were reporting an investigation of the hospital for the insane, showing that patients slept on bare floors in overcrowded rooms and received scant attention; sometimes died of pneumonia from exposure; sometimes received mysterious, inexplicable wounds.

There was no particular flutter over the investigation. Insane paupers are unpleasant objects—no chocolate creams go with them; a town cannot felicitate itself upon merely doing its plain duty.

Paying the Old Irish Debt

NINE hundred million dollars is the amount which the British Government must raise, first and last, in order to carry out the plan of restoring the soil of Ireland to the Irish people.

This sum, much exceeding the original estimates, looks very large. More than one conservative head shakes dubiously over it. The obligations which the Government has issued in furtherance of the plan haven't been taken in the market of late as readily as was expected.

More than two centuries have passed since England practically completed the process of taking Irish land away from the people. When William III got through less than a seventh of the soil remained in Catholic (or native) hands. The melancholy results of over two hundred years of alien ownership of the land are well known. Yet it could hardly be expected that paying a just debt two or three hundred years old, with interest, would be performed with much enthusiasm.

The Government's contribution is largely by way of a loan. No doubt the increased material prosperity alone of an important division of the empire would make the outlay a good investment, to say nothing of increased happiness to some millions of the empire's subjects. One cannot help noticing, just the same, how soberly—and, sometimes, even dubiously—the outlay is regarded in England; with how slack a spirit, so to speak, as compared with the abounding enthusiasm that would be shown if the Government wanted nine hundred million dollars to go half-way around the globe and shoot up a lot of industrious Boer farmers.

The German Grab-Bag Game

GERMANY requires more revenue. So the new budget proposes to tax users of gas and electric light, a tax on beer, heavier death duties and inheritance taxes, and —most astonishing of all to Americans—a tax on all advertisements. Imagine the roars of protest with which a united and outraged press would meet that proposal over here!

Every finance minister in the world is a sort of bedeviled guerrilla, looking desperately around for something that he can pounce upon and wring tribute out of. The only principle that he acknowledges is to take whatever will yield most revenue and least trouble. It is a big grab-bag game, the rule being to seize the largest object that doesn't wriggle violently. With us the problem is simpler than almost anywhere else, and yet, to raise municipal revenue, we put a tag on a dog and proceed to charge two dollars.

A census report contains a funny diagram. Horizontal bars show the estimated true value of property in the several States, and the shaded portion of the bar shows the assessed valuation of taxed property. In some States the shaded part of the bar goes half-way across, in others a sixth or a seventh of the way. The patchwork results partly from a pious fear of offending propertied interests, as though the State were a sort of poor relation to be supported grudgingly, just for the sake of avoiding scandal. If there were another diagram with bars showing total incomes, and shaded portions representing that part of each income which was contributed to the support of the State, the longest bars would be relatively least shaded.

Perhaps the State is a poor relation. At any rate, comparatively poor people contribute relatively the most to its support.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Artist in Articulation

"HE HAD been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers," says Dear Old Dean Swift. That's a way we regular authors have—Dear Old Dean Swift—denotes a familiarity, an acquaintance, so to speak fixes it with the reader that we are intimate with the Dean—know him perfectly—friend of his—always makes a hit—for it is only our cagiest readers who say anything about the Dear Old Dean—that is a perquisite of authoring. Dear Old Dean Swift—Beloved Billiam Morris—Alfred, the Master—you know—sounds bully.

But, as the Dear Old Dean said: "He had been eight years on a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers," the plot being to can the sunbeams and let them out on gloomy days. Of course, that was satire or sarcasm, or something. There aren't any sunbeams in cucumbers, you know, positively not. There isn't even a moonbeam in them. Nothing but stomachaches. It was this way: the Dear Old Dean was looking around to find something that was as sunbeamless as a kippered herring, and he struck on cucumbers. Good idea, too.

Still, there is cause for a few fleeting regrets that the Dear Old Dean didn't live nowadays, for, if he did, he would have written it thus: "He had been eight years on a project for extracting sunbeams out of McCumbers," which—the McCumber—has any cucumber that was ever picked or pickled beaten to a whisper when it comes to lack of sunbeams, or any other kind of beams, including those we have eminent authority for stating sometimes get in your own eye.

The Articulator From Wahpeton

A McCumber, as you will readily appreciate, is different from a cucumber, radically different. And why, Brother Bones, is a McCumber radishly—no—radically—different from a cucumber? Because the most elaborate practice of the arts and sciences of transmutation will make nothing but a dill pickle out of a cucumber, while they did once make a United States Senator out of a McCumber. (Lawfter.)

Now, that's a fact. Out there in North Dakota, with the fewest and most trivial formalities, they made a Senator out of a McCumber—Porter James McCumber, and he's a Senator yet, by heck, and who will say him nay? Not a single, solitary soul if Porter J. gets to it first. The person does not live who can say him nay—nor anything else—for Porter James will say it himself, say that and anything else that is handy to say, he being one of our most ready little sayers.

It is really a treat to hear Porter James say things. He says them so accurately. Every morning, before the Senate convenes, he takes all the words he intends to use that day and carefully divides them into the proper number of syllables and sections with his trusty try-square. Then he smooths and planes off each syllable and section until it glistens like a many-faceted jewel, and, after that, he is ready for business. You never hear him getting up and slurring: "Mist'rpres'd'nt." Not McCumber! What he says is: "Mis—ter Pres—i—dent ——"

And so it goes: "I de-sire to re-call to the mem-ory of the Sen-a-tor from Penn-syl-van-ia a cir-cum-stan-ce wh-ich his per-spi-cac-ity may have ov-er-look-ed, com-ing as it does in the mid-st of this ex-cit-ing col-lo-quy and be-ing par-ti-cu-lar-ly ap-pro-pri-ate to the sub-ject un-der dis-cus-sion." You can hark back to the schooldays of Porter J., out there in Rochester, Minnesota, when the teacher in elocution said: "Now, Porter, remember what I told you about Demosthenes. He used to go down to the seashore every morning and talk against the waves with pebbles in his mouth. He did this to get articulation, Porter—ar-tic-u-lation—and remember that that is what is necessary in public speaking."

Senator McCumber's Educated Larynx

THUS, Porter got ar-tic-u-lation, got it with a stranglehold, and has constantly held its head to the mat since that time. When it comes to articulation McCumber has the rest of the Senate talking like a hired man on a frosty morning with his mouth full of buckwheat cakes. He can articulate around them in rings. When he is in particularly good form he can make three separate and distinct syllables of a vote "Aye" on a proposition, and can divide a "Nay" into infinitesimal bits and pronounce each bit as clearly as a bell—if there are any clear bells, which is a subject that may be open to argument, most bells being throaty and all that.

Like many another good man McCumber overplayed his hand. He took too much out in learning to ar-tic-u-late, neglecting, so people affirm, the somewhat important detail of getting enough to ar-tic-u-late about. Thus, when he rises to any ponderous subject you can hear very plainly and perfectly every word he is saying, but sometimes you do not know what he is talking about. Not that that makes any especial difference to McCumber, for he will talk on anything that comes his way, and he has all medals and ribbons and diplomas for being able to clear the Senate galleries in less time than any other man, now that Senator Stewart is no longer in our blessed midst to tell about the Crime of '73, when the appropriations for 1910 are under discussion.

The public, the great, heedless public, does not appreciate art. That is certain enough. It has been proved many times. Of course, it is nothing—distinctly nothing—for the Senators to get up and walk out when another Senator is speaking. Most Senators are jealous things, anyhow, strange as it may seem. There isn't a Senator in the bunch who does not think he can make a better speech than any other Senator, or all of them put together. Consequently, when another Senator rises for a big talk, the remainder of the Senators say, "Oh, piffle!" and go out to the cloakrooms, where they exercise their well-known talents for story-telling, as ascribed to them by the Washington correspondents, proving said correspondents to be a highly-imaginative class. But it is different with the public. The public isn't jealous, and it doesn't know any better, anyhow.

However, it is crushing, really crushing and most discouraging, to note the public drift out in twos and threes and dozens when McCumber is interpreting the statutes or the Constitution from the Wahpeton (which is where he lives) viewpoint. It is art, I tell you, and it isn't appreciated. There isn't another man in all that ninety-two who wear togas in company with Porter J. who can pronounce words the way he can. It is positively marvelous. He never makes a slip. He went over every hurdle and took the water jump while he was discussing a feature of the Agricultural Bill one day on meta-oxytetraethyldiamidotriphenyicarbidrids and never turned a hair. Split it up into beautifully-accentuated component parts, and rolled it out without an error or a pause

But the great, heedless, ignorant public doesn't care. It pays no honor to that perfect pronunciation. It listens for a few moments and then it says: "Let's go and get some steamed oysters." And that creates a very fine situation, doesn't it? McCumber there, pronouncing flawlessly, with nobody giving a hoot about it but the Vice-President, who is nodding in his chair and who, if it comes down to that, doesn't give two hoots. It does seem as if art is always getting the raw end of it, for there is art in pronunciation as in everything else. The only explanation is that perhaps—it may be—it is barely possible—the public who go to the Senate galleries desire something in a speech besides pronunciation Can that be it?

There is this much to be said about it: McCumber's manner of speaking is so well differentiated from the manner of all others in the Senate that he is in a class by himself. You can always tell what he is saying, even if you do not know what he says. They hammered that articulation idea into him back there in his schooldays, and he never slips a syllable. During his nine years in the Senate he has never elided a letter or dropped a "g." All of his language is always there. And, appreciating this priceless talent on his part, his colleagues, wishing to show their esteem, have made him chairman of the Pensions Committee, where there is ten times more work than there is anywhere else—a simple little tribute to Porter and his parts of speech.

You may not know it, but toiling with a few million pension claims every session is an excellent antidote for oversyllabication.

N. B. Porter J. may not know it, either, but the Committee on Committees does, and they fixed it. Wise old owls!

Music From Across the Seas

WHEN they try out the voices of girls in New York who are applicants for positions in the chorus, they have a code that tells the man who records the names and addresses of the girls what the professor at the piano thinks of them.

The girls are summoned to the theatre in the morning, and the professor sits at the piano. They sing something in turn, bringing their own music. After they have been tested as to vocal abilities they are sent across the stage to a man at a table who takes their names and tells them they will be sent for if they are wanted. The man at the table is not a musician, and he must know the professor's judgment on the voice. So a code has been arranged After a girl has finished the professor at the piano and the man at the table engage in an animated conversation, using names of cities as the code words. If the man at the table says, "Where are you living now, Charley?" to the professor, and the professor answers, "In New York," that means the girl has a fine voice and can sing. If he says "Brooklyn" that means she has a fair voice, and the farther from New York they go the worse it is for the girl

One day a tall, thin blonde came into a theatre where girls were being engaged for an Ade piece. She sang off the key, yowled and screeched and made a fearful mess of it. As she walked over to the table the man there asked: "Where is your cousin now, Charley?"

Everybody who knew the code expected to hear the professor say "Chicago" or "St. Louis," but he turned around and shouted fiercely: "In Australia!"

Ahead of the Funeral

THE general superintendent of a railroad in Oklahoma received a telegram from a small station on his road asking him to stop one of his fast trains there on a certain day to take on a corpse and a party of mourners.

Anxious to oblige, the superintendent gave the necessary orders. The train stopped, but there was nobody on the station platform but a small boy.

"Hey, Sonny," shouted the conductor, "where's that corpse and them mourners?"

"Please, sir," stammered the boy, "I came down to ast you to stop to-morrow ef you will. You see, the corpse ain't dead yit."

The Hall of Fame

¶ John Fox, Junior, who writes the Kentucky stories, is a naturalist and a geologist in an amateur way.

¶ Colonel Jim Ham Lewis, of Chicago, is the only living American who has his clothes made by a haberdasher.

¶ John P. Hopkins, former mayor of Chicago and now a big contractor, gets his diversion by traveling in Spain

¶ Since he became a playwright, Richard Harding Davis is trying to wrest away Augustus Thomas' laurels as an after-dinner speaker.

¶ Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, the boss of the Senate, spends twenty minutes every morning at a series of gymnastics he invented himself.

YOUR SAVINGS

How Europe Invests Its Savings

THE American traveler in Europe is usually impressed by the thriftiness of the people, especially those of France and Germany. This is not surprising, for here is the very stronghold of world savings. Closely allied with it is a somewhat remarkable machinery which not only safeguards savings, but aids in a safe and profitable employment of them. There are facts about the investment of European savings that are well worth knowing and which may be heeded with profit by the American, no matter how small his funds may be.

To begin with, the average European is less speculative than the average American, and this is one reason why he keeps what money he saves. Of course there have been periods of wild speculation abroad, from the mad days of the South Sea Company in England, the John Law Mississippi Bubble scheme in France, the tulip craze in Holland, down to our own time. It is part of human nature to want to speculate. But the European is quick to readjust himself to orderly and conservative financial methods, for these are usually part of the traditions of whatever country he may happen to live in.

Most people do not stop to realize, perhaps, that the real investing power of any nation is the sum of its small savings which comprise the huge reservoirs of its public wealth. A few great millionaires do not permanently make markets. All they can do is to manipulate them for a time. It is the average man with his savings, hoard, or other money who helps to make up the financial bone and sinew of a people. The foreign banker long ago learned what the American investment banker is just beginning to learn, that one of the surest ways to build up his business legitimately is to get hold of the savers.

Let us first take the case of the French, who are the most systematic savers of Europe. The percentage of people owning securities of some kind is greater in France than in any other country. The humblest workman or artisan that you meet in the city street, or the most obscure peasant in the provinces, owns at least one Government *rente* or a mortgage bond. Children are taught to save with their first centime.

A Nation of Depositors

French savings-banks were organized with the idea of aiding thrift in every way. They accept deposits as small as one franc (twenty cents).

The results achieved by French savings-banks have been extraordinary. In ten years the deposits increased four hundred and sixty per cent. Despite the fact that its resources are much less than ours the investment power of France is greater than that of the United States. The people not only save steadily, but also put their money out to work as soon as they have enough to buy a small bond.

A comparison between French and American savings-bank statistics is interesting. In the United States there are approximately 8,588,000 depositors in the savings-banks. Their total deposits are $3,690,000,000. France, on the other hand, has 12,500,000 savings-bank depositors. Their deposits only amount to $954,000,000, however. The striking fact is that France, where the average wage is lower than the United States, has a great many more savings-bank depositors.

The great bulk of French savings is invested in home securities. The Frenchman wants a bond that is guaranteed or supervised by his own Government. Some idea of the scope of French investment may be gained from the statement that the par value of French securities at the end of 1907 was $12,000 000 000. Ninety per cent of all French securities are listed on the Paris Bourse.

The average French investor suffers less loss, perhaps, than any other investor. Why is this? He is not better qualified to judge of the merits of an investment. On the contrary, many French investors are peasants and workmen, and lack the educational opportunities afforded Americans. The reason is simply that there is a close and confidential relation between the bankers and the people. The investments of the great mass of the French are controlled by the Paris bankers and their local agents scattered throughout the Republic. These banks take the responsibility of putting their small customers into a great many investments. While they do not guarantee the investment, they do all in their power to safeguard it. The result is that when the French banker says to his client, "You buy this," the man usually buys without hesitation. A well-developed relation of this kind in the United States would go a long way toward encouraging safe investment and eliminating the unscrupulous financial promoter, who often masquerades under the title of "banker."

The French investor buys, in the main, two kinds of securities: *rentes*, which are the Government bonds, and the mortgage bonds of the Crédit Foncier. The word *rente* means income. These bonds may be bought in denominations as low as one hundred francs ($20). The usual interest-rate is three per cent.

French Lottery Bonds

The Crédit Foncier is a huge mortgage bank and is the largest mortgage company in the world. Its outstanding bonds to-day amount to three billions of francs. It enjoys many special privileges from the French Government, and is a sort of national institution. The company is a vast lender of money on real-estate mortgages. These mortgages are pooled and bonds are issued against them.

Two-thirds of the company's loans are on city property and the rest on rural land. The plan of issuing bonds against consolidated real-estate mortgages is being taken up in the United States by mortgage and title companies who use mortgages on city property.

The bonds of the Crédit Foncier run for seventy-five years and thus afford a lifetime investment for the holder. They may be had in denominations of one hundred francs and upward. The usual interest-rate is three per cent. In France they are regarded as safe as Government bonds and, in many quarters, they are preferred to *rentes*, for the reason that they do not fluctuate in value. A war scare will send *rentes* down. During the Franco-Prussian War there was little change in the price of the Crédit Foncier securities. One reason is that the security behind them is land, which usually retains its value.

A picturesque feature of the Crédit Foncier is the annual lottery. Every bondholder is entitled to a chance at a grand prize of one hundred thousand francs. An American artist who wanted to spend a year in France was advised by his French banker to buy Crédit Foncier bonds. He did so and got a chance in the lottery. His ticket won first prize. Thus he got twenty thousand dollars as a by-product of a safe investment.

The issue of real-estate mortgage bonds both in France and Germany is rigidly safeguarded by laws which prevent over-issues, restrict the amount to be loaned, and in many cases specify the kind of property acceptable. The Crédit Foncier, for example, will not lend money on theatres, mills, factories, mines or quarries. These mortgage companies, by the way, have rendered a great service to the borrower, because, by reason of their vast resources, they can lend money at lower rates than the ordinary lender. Before the Crédit Foncier was started the French peasant had to pay from seven to twelve per cent. for money, now he gets it for from three and one-half to five per cent. from the company.

The mortgage bonds of the Crédit Foncier are quoted and dealt in on all the principal bourses of Europe. Thus they add marketability to their security. The greatest markets for them are Paris and Berlin, with Hamburg and Amsterdam next.

The Crédit Foncier also pools municipal bonds and issues its own bonds against them. If a small town in Brittany wants streets, or a village in old Provence wants a school, instead of hawking its securities and being compelled to pay high interest, it sells its bonds to the Crédit Foncier. The company adds one-half of one per cent. to the interest as its profit.

Germany follows closely after France in the safeguarding and the employment of her savings. In the main, the people's money is invested in three ways: in savings-banks, in real-estate mortgage bonds, and in Government and municipal bonds. Over each of these the Imperial Government has some sort of guardianship.

As in France, the savings-banks have developed at a remarkable rate. Germany has more different kinds of savings institutions than France and this accounts for the fact that to-day there are nineteen million savings pass-books in the empire. They represent savings aggregating thirteen billion five hundred million marks, or about three billion two hundred and thirteen million dollars.

A feature of German savings-banks is that they are guaranteed by the municipalities. This guarantee is a sort of bulwark against the depressions of panic, hard times or war. These banks pay from three and one-half to four per cent. interest. In all the history of German municipal savings-banks there has only been one failure, and that was when the officers looted the institution. The city authorities promptly levied a special tax on all the citizens and paid the depositors. In all these banks there is a provision stating that, after a reserve fund of ten per cent. of the deposits has been created, the remainder of the profits are used to beautify the city parks and streets.

Both Government and municipal bonds in Germany may be obtained in denominations as low as one hundred marks (twenty-five dollars) and are widely held by the great mass of the people. The average interest-rate is from three to three and one-half per cent. In Germany, as in France, there are great land-mortgage companies which issue bonds against mortgages. The German equivalent of the Crédit Foncier is the Prussian Central Boden Credit Company. The amount of its mortgage bonds outstanding is about eight billions of marks.

Where English Savings Go

Although England's investing power has declined since the Boer War, which sapped her financial strength, there is considerable employment of money among the great mass of the people. Great Britain offers a strong incentive to savings in her postal savings-banks. These banks pay two and one-half per cent. interest. When the limit of a deposit, two hundred pounds (one thousand dollars), is reached, the bank is authorized by law to buy British consols for the depositor. The bank also collects the interest on these bonds.

English savings are also largely directed to the purchase of annuities, which may be immediate or deferred.

Many English clerks and shopkeepers invest their savings in consols, which pay two and one-half per cent. They may be had in denominations of twenty pounds (one hundred dollars) and upward. The wealthier Briton goes in for ground rents and American securities, mostly the stocks and bonds of our great railroads. Many English companies lend money on land located in other countries and then sell the mortgages at home. Thus you will find Englishmen owning mortgages on land in Texas or plantations in Cuba.

Holland is one of the thriftiest of the European countries and her people are constant investors. A favorite investment is the annuity. Holland is also a heavy buyer of American securities, and many French and Swiss investments are held in Holland on account of the security tax in the first-named countries.

In practically all the rest of the European countries the people are extensive buyers of real-estate mortgage bonds of the Crédit Foncier type. Employment of money in savings-banks is very much encouraged. In Norway and Sweden the bulk of the people's savings remains in the savings-banks, which pay four per cent. interest.

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PLAYWRITERS AND PROFITS

(Concluded from Page 13)

the manager's tendency to provide good casts, his power, influence—or lease—that enables him to secure a theatre in New York, and his thoroughbred or quitting qualities. If it is a play in which he thinks one factor or another may militate against its success, he will want a manager who will fight, and so it goes, with the big author thinking of all the little things the public never realizes. And he weighs and considers all these things not because of vanity or the "I must have this just so" attitude, but because he knows all these factors, small and great, affect receipts, and receipts, or his share of them, are what he writes for. Dilettantes and amateurs don't make good playwrights

And under all these circumstances what does the successful author really earn? Clyde Fitch has written and adapted, in all, fifty plays, but, eliminating some one-act plays and earlier collaborative adaptations, there remain to his credit, at the age of forty-three, some forty-five plays. No one really knows—probably not even he—just what these have earned, but it is erring on the conservative side to say at least seven hundred thousand dollars. Whew! No wonder every one writes plays. But when you stop to consider that few receive his terms, that no living author at his age has equaled his quantity of output, and that this huge sum divided by forty-five brings the average of each play to a little over fifteen thousand dollars, you are not so much astounded. Fitch some seasons has made one hundred thousand dollars, some ten thousand dollars, and some weeks five thousand dollars. Probably fifty thousand dollars is the largest he has ever made from one play.

Augustus Thomas is a wealthy man from his plays, and will be much wealthier through his latest play, The Witching Hour. Not only does he receive handsome royalties from it, but before it was produced he took a fifty per cent. interest in the managerial end of the game, standing half the losses and half the profits. There have been no losses. Probably he has made already fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars from the play, and it is a safe bet that he could sell his half-interest to-day for one hundred thousand dollars; and it is an equally sure gamble that he wouldn't. A quarter of a million ought to represent Mr. Thomas' compensation for The Witching Hour, and a quarter of a thousand dollars is not much less than he received from his preceding play, The Ranger, produced only a few weeks before The Witching Hour. And it is to be remembered that few authors do, or would, risk taking a fifty per cent. interest in the production of their plays. In Thomas' case it was a good, self-confident speculation, and it won.

The Takings of the Big Fellows

A young man, and the newest London playwright—who is probably earning more money at the present moment than any other living playwright—is W. Somerset Maugham, whose three plays, Lady Frederic, Jack Straw and Mrs. Dot, with three well-known stars, are, after a whole season, still huge successes in London, and the first two are being played in this country by Ethel Barrymore and John Drew. If Mr. Maugham's weekly royalties do not, with the second companies on tour in the English provinces, amount to thirty-five hundred dollars weekly, he is being underpaid—only he isn't! And Mrs. Dot and The Explorer have yet to be produced in America.

Another young playwright, Eugene Walter, is upholding native standards, however, fairly well. While only two of his plays are running, Paid in Full and The Wolf, there are five companies of the former and four of the latter, and when Mr. Walter doesn't receive two thousand dollars in his weekly envelope he may be astonished. On the other hand, when he remembers that a year ago fifty dollars a week was delighting him, he can hardly be disappointed.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has made a fortune out of The Little Minister and Peter Pan. For the latter play, with Miss Maude Adams, he has received as much as three thousand dollars for one weekly royalty. And Miss Adams has just produced on tour his latest play, What Every Woman Knows, and those who have seen it predict quite as much success for it as for Peter Pan. So Mr. Barrie needn't worry about his immediate finances

Bernard Shaw, like Barrie, has found more profit outside of his own country than in it. Man and Superman earned fifty thousand dollars for him, and Candida, Arms and the Man, and You Never Can Tell probably as much more. Pinero made thirty thousand dollars out of one season's tour of His House in Order. George Ade made so much more out of plays than from books that he acquired indigestion. Between two and three hundred thousand dollars is conservative for a statement of his dramatic earnings. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, the authors of The Man From Home, divided thirty-five thousand dollars between them on last season's run of this piece in Chicago, and this year will bring them as much more. Henry Arthur Jones last year, out of his old plays, with no new successes, made twenty thousand dollars.

Henri Bernstein, the author of The Thief, added to the gayety of Paris with his season's income of thirty thousand dollars, and four companies play this drama this season, as against one last year

As a general proposition, managers, who always begrudge the author his profits when he receives such sums as mentioned, are making twenty per cent. to forty per cent. more than the author. Yet not every one is striving to be a manager; for, after all, that does take capital. It is, perhaps, but fair that the manager takes the larger share of the profits in a success, for his is the greater risk. And not so very many authors are such successes.

The Twenty and the Twenty Thousand

The foregoing are the high lights. And then there are so many lesser lights. The dramatist with his first production who receives nine thousand dollars during the first season, with five or six thousand more divided up among the next two or three years, has a real success. Probably the average total income from plays which don't immediately close would be ten thousand dollars. That is big wages for an incompetent, but, fortunately, that type doesn't write successes, and there are no trifling profits in playwriting. If a play only plays to between two and three thousand weekly, at the average starting royalty of five per cent., it is true that means from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars weekly to the author; but the two and three thousand dollar plays don't run. They are stopped by the manager as quickly as possible. The smallest sort of a play with a small cast, and a scenic production that can be carried in a trunk, with a small manager who doesn't ask for much, must play to four thousand or five thousand dollars to justify itself. And an ordinary dramatic success is a disappointment if it doesn't average six thousand or seven thousand dollars. Eight thousand is a real success, and with average receipts beyond that the goose hangs high. Ten thousand dollars weekly for a season is—well, it's the limit of managerial aspiration for a play. Sometimes stars do twelve thousand or even seventeen thousand dollars, but next week they do only five thousand dollars, so you see ——

There are not over twenty men in the United States, notwithstanding all the competition and the big profits awarded to success, who average ten thousand dollars a year in playwriting, year in and year out. Thomas, Fitch, Ade, Walter—there are four, and you will have to do considerable original research to discover the other sixteen!

And, after all, how many, many lawyers, brokers, physicians, engineers, ministers, architects there are who earn vastly in excess of ten thousand dollars a year: yet in other professions there is not this vast horde of aspirants—there are at least twenty thousand writers of plays in America, who without ability or even intelligence strive to enter a profession of which they know nothing save the profits of the few. But occasionally, from out the throng at the managerial gates, comes a Walter, a Maugham, a real playwright, and he acts as the stimulus, the lure, that urges on the mob to write and write and write! Poor, foolish, unpaid mob!

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SYBILLA

(Concluded from Page 7)

situation too hopeless to admit of discussion."

"What situation?"

"Ours."

"I can't see any situation—except your being glued—I *beg* your pardon!—but I must speak truthfully."

"So must I. Our case is too desperate for anything but plain and terrible truths. And the truths are these: *I* touched the forbidden machine and got a spark; your name is George; *I'm* glued here, unable to escape; *you* are not rude enough to go when I ask you not to. . . . And now—here—in this room, you and I must face these facts and make up our minds. . . . For I simply *must* know what I am to expect; I can't endure—I couldn't live with this hanging over me ——"

"*What* hanging over you?"

He sprang to his feet, waving his dinner-pail around in frantic circles:

"What is it, in Heaven's name, that is hanging over you?"

"Over *you*, too!"

"Over me?"

"Certainly. Over us both. We are headed straight for m-marriage."

"T-to *each other?*"

"Of course," she said faintly. "Do you think I'd care whom you are going to marry if it wasn't I? Do you think I'd discuss my own marital intentions with you if you did not happen to be vitally concerned?"

"Do *you* expect to—to marry *me*!" he gasped.

"I—I don't *want* to: but I've got to."

He stood petrified for an instant, then with a wild look began to gather up his tools.

She watched him with the sickening certainty that if he got away she could never survive the years of suspense until his inevitable return. A mad longing to get the worst over seized her. She knew the worst, knew what Fate held for her. And she desired to get it over—have the worst happen—and be left to live out the shattered remains of her life in solitude and peace.

"If—if we've *got to* marry," she began unsteadily, "why not g-get it over quickly—and then I don't mind if you go away."

She was quite mad: that was certain. He hastily flung some brushes into his tool-kit, then straightened up and gazed at her with deep compassion.

"Would you mind," she asked timidly, "getting somebody to come in and marry us, and then the worst will be over, you see, and we need never, never see each other again."

He muttered something soothing and began tying up some rolls of wall-paper.

"Won't you do what I ask?" she said pitifully. "I—I am almost afraid that—if you go away without marrying me I could not live and endure the—the certainty of your return."

He raised his head and surveyed her with deepest pity. Mad—quite mad! And so young—so exquisite . . . so perfectly charming in body! And the mind darkened forever. . . . How terrible! How strange, too; for in the pure-lidded eyes he seemed to see the soft light of reason not entirely quenched.

Their eyes encountered, lingered; and the beauty of her gaze seemed to stir him to the very wellspring of compassion.

"Would it make you any happier to believe—to know," he added hastily, "that you and I were married?"

"Y-yes, I think so."

"Would you be quite happy to believe it?"

"Yes—if you call that happiness."

"And you would not be unhappy if I never returned?"

"Oh, no, no! I—that would make me—comparatively—happy!"

"To be married to me, and to know you would never again see me?"

"Yes. Will you?"

"Yes," he said soothingly. And yet a curious little throb of pain flickered in his heart for a moment, that, mad as she undoubtedly was, she should be so happy to be rid of him forever.

He came slowly across the room to the table on which she was sitting. She drew back instinctively, but an ominous ripping held her.

"Are you going for a license and a—a clergyman?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he said gently, "that is not necessary. All we have to do is to take each other's hands—so ——"

She shrank back.

"You will have to let me take your hand," he explained.

She hesitated, looked at him fearfully, then, crimson, laid her slim fingers in his.

The contact sent a quiver straight through him; he squared his shoulders and looked at her. . . . Very, very far away it seemed as though he heard his heart awaking heavily.

What an uncanny situation! Strange—strange his standing here to humor the mad whim of this stricken maid—this wonderfully sweet young stranger, looking out of eyes so lovely that he almost believed the dead intelligence behind them was quickening into life again.

"What must we do to be married?" she whispered.

"Say so, that is all," he answered gently. "Do you take me for your husband?"

"Yes. . . . Do you t-take me for your—wife?"

"Yes, dear ——"

"Don't say *that!* . . . Is it—over?"

"All over," he said, forcing a gayety that rang hollow in the pathos of the mockery and farce. . . . But he smiled to be kind to her; and, to make the poor, clouded mind a little happier still, he took her hand again and said very gently:

"Will it surprise you to know that you are now a princess?"

"A—*what?*" she asked sharply.

"A princess." He smiled benignly on her, and, still beaming, struck a not ungraceful attitude.

"I," he said, "am the Crown Prince of Rumtifoo."

She stared at him without a word; gradually he lost countenance; a vague misgiving stirred within him that he had rather overdone the thing.

"Of course," he began cheerfully, "I am an exile in disguise—er—disinherited and all that, you know."

She continued to stare at him.

"Matters of state—er—revolution—and that sort of thing," he mumbled, eying her; "but I thought it might gratify you to know that I am Prince George of Rumtifoo ——"

"*What!*"

The silence was deadly.

"Do you know," she said deliberately, "that I believe you think I am mentally weak. *Do you?*"

"I—you——" he began to stutter fearfully.

"*Do* you?"

"W-well, either you or I ——"

"Nonsense! I *thought* that marriage ceremony was a miserably inadequate affair! . . . And I am hurt—grieved—amazed that you should do such a—a cowardly ——"

"What!" he exclaimed, stung to the quick.

"Yes, it is cowardly to deceive a woman."

"I meant it kindly—supposing ——"

"That I am mentally unsound? Why do you suppose that?"

"Because—Good Heavens—because in this century, and in this city, people who never before saw one another don't begin to talk of marrying——"

"I explained to you"—she was half crying now, and her voice broke deliciously—"I told you what I'd done, didn't I?"

"You said you had got a spark," he admitted, utterly bewildered by her tears. "Don't cry—please don't. Something is all wrong here—there is some terrible misunderstanding. If you will only explain it to me——"

She dried her eyes mechanically: "Come here," she said. "I don't believe I did explain it clearly."

And, very carefully, very minutely, she began to tell him about the psychic waves, and the instrument, and the new company formed to exploit it on a commercial basis.

She told him what had happened that morning to her; how her disobedience had cost her so much misery. She informed him about her father, and that florid and rotund gentleman's choleric character.

"If you are here when I tell him I'm married," she said, "he will probably frighten you to death; and that's one of the reasons why I wish to get it over and get you safely away before he returns. As for me, now that I know the worst, I want to get the worst over and—and live out my life quietly somewhere. . . . So now you see why I am in such a hurry, don't you?"

He nodded as though stunned, leaning there on the table, hands folded, head bent.

"I am so very sorry—for you," she said. "I know how you must feel about it. But if we are obliged to marry some time had we not better get it over and then—never—see—one another ——"

He lifted his head, then stood upright.

Her soft lips were mute, but the question still remained in her eyes.

So, for a long while, they looked at each other; and the color under his cheekbones deepened, and the pink in her cheeks slowly became pinker.

"Suppose," he said, under his breath, "that I—wish—to return—to you?"

"*I* do not wish it ——"

"Try."

"Try to—to wish for ——"

"For my return. Try to wish that you also desire it. Will you?"

"If you are going to—to talk that way ——" she stammered.

"Yes, I am."

"Then—then——"

"Is there any reason why I should not, if we are engaged?" he asked. "We *are*—engaged, are we not?"

"Engaged?"

"Yes. Are we?"

"I—yes—if you call it ——"

"I do. . . . And we are to be—married?" He could scarcely now speak the word which but a few moments since he pronounced so easily; for a totally new significance attached itself to every word he uttered.

"Are we?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"Then—if I—if I find that I ——"

"Don't say it," she whispered. She had turned quite white.

"Will you listen ——"

"No. It—it isn't true—it cannot be."

"It is coming truer every moment. . . . It is very, very true—even now. . . . It is almost true. . . . And now it has come true. Sybilla!"

White, dismayed, she gazed at him, her hands instinctively closing her ears. But she dropped them as he stepped forward.

"I love you, Sybilla. I wish to marry you. . . . Will you try to care for me a little——"

"I couldn't—I can't even try ——"

"Dear ——"

He had her hands now; she twisted them free; he caught them again. Over their interlocked hands she bowed her head, breathless, cheeks aflame, seeking to cover her eyes.

"Will you love me, Sybilla?"

She struggled silently, desperately.

"*Will* you?"

"No. . . . Let me go ——"

"Don't cry—please, dear ——" His head, bowed beside hers over their clasped hands, was more than she could endure; but her upflung face, seeking escape, encountered his. There was a deep, indrawn breath, a sob, and she lay, crying her heart out, in his arms.

. . . . .

"Darling!"

"W-what?" It is curious how quickly one recognizes unfamiliar forms of address.

"You won't cry any more, will you?" he whispered.

"N-n-o," sighed Sybilla.

"Because we *do* love each other, don't we?"

"Y-yes, George."

Then, radiant, yet sweetly shamed, confident, yet fearful, she lifted her adorable head from his shoulder.

"George," she said, "I am beginning to think that I'd like to get off of this table."

"You poor darling!"

"And," she continued, "if you will go home and change your overalls for something more conventional, you shall come and dine with us this evening, and I will be waiting for you in the drawing-room. . . . And, George, although some of your troubles are now over ——"

"All of them, dearest!" he cried with enthusiasm.

"No," she said tenderly, "you are yet to meet Pa-*pah*."

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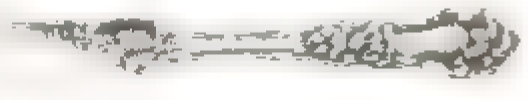

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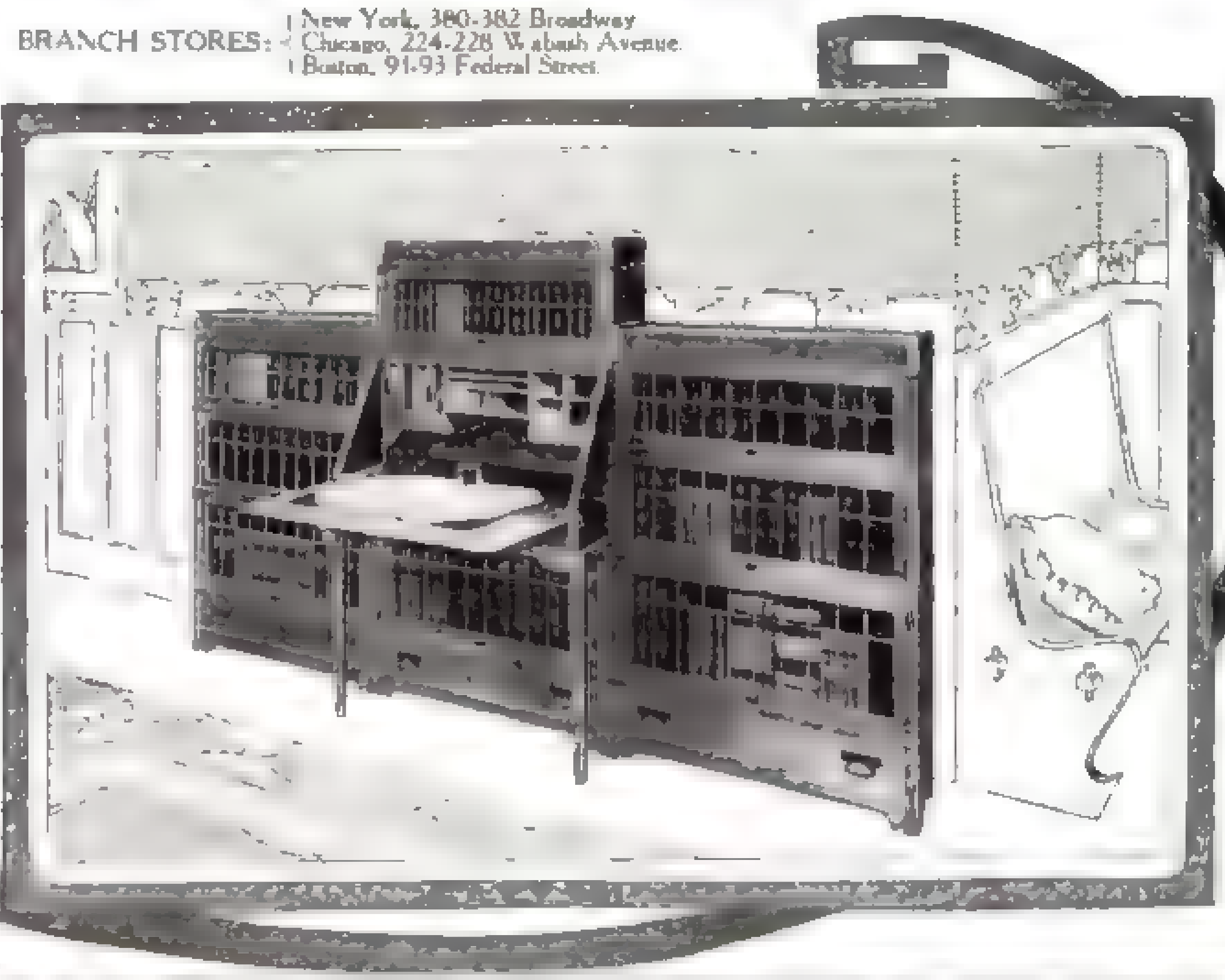

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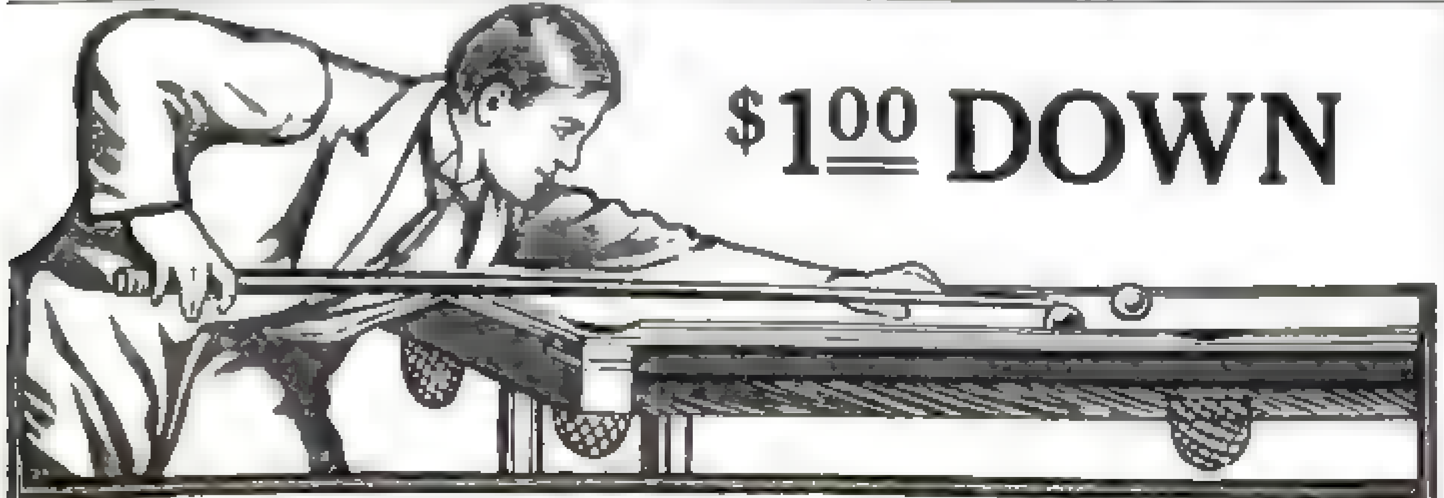

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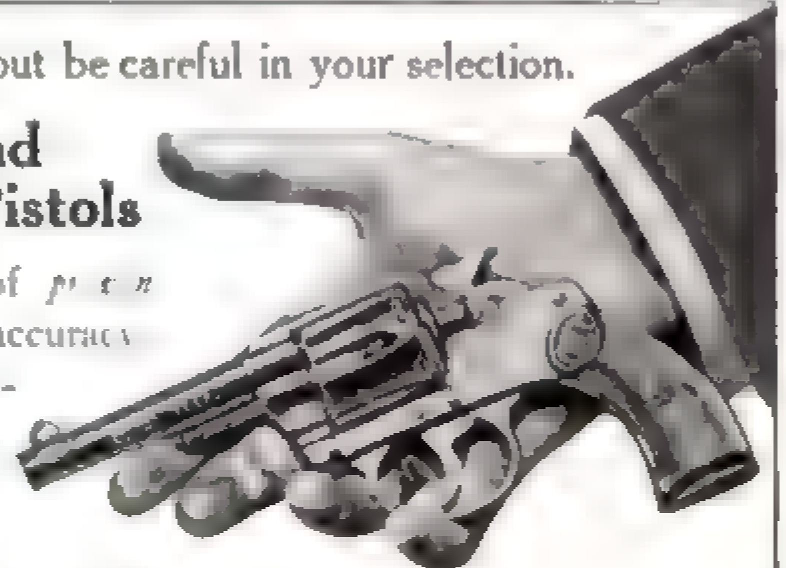

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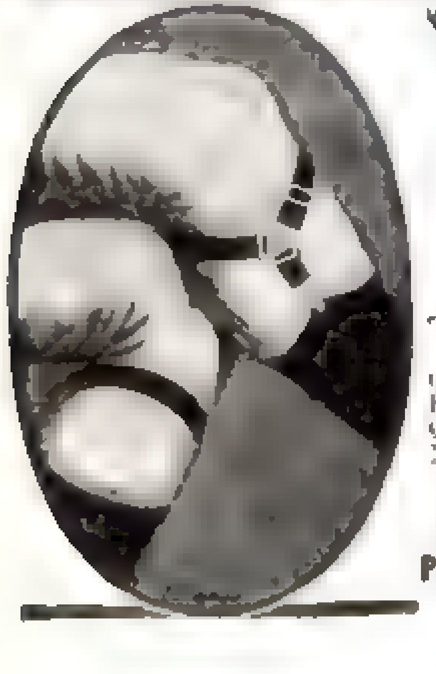

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THE KING OF DIAMONDS

(Continued from Page 5)

appearance—a fair type of the brisk, courteous young business man of New York. He wore a tweed suit, and in his left hand carried a small sole-leather grip. For an instant he stood, framed by the doorway, meeting the sharp scrutiny of the assembled jewelers with a frank smile. For a little time no one spoke—merely gazed—and finally:

"Mr. Latham?" queried Mr. Wynne.

Mr. Latham came to his feet with a sudden realization of his responsibilities as a temporary host, and introductions followed. Mr. Wynne passed along one side of the table, shaking hands with each man in turn until he came to Mr. Czenki. Mr. Latham introduced them.

"Mr. Czenki," repeated Mr. Wynne, and he allowed his eyes to rest frankly upon the expert for a moment. "Your name has been repeated to me so often that I almost feel as if I knew you."

Mr. Czenki bowed without speaking.

"I am assuming that this is the Mr. Czenki who was associated with Mr. Barnato and Mr. Zeidt?" the young man went on.

"That is correct, yes," replied the expert.

"And I believe, too, that you once did some special work for Professor Henri Moissan in Paris?"

Mr. Czenki's black eyes seemed to be searching the other's face for an instant, and then he nodded affirmatively.

"I made some tests for him, yes," he volunteered.

Mr. Wynne passed on along the other side of the long table, and stopped at the end. Mr. Latham was to his right, Mr. Schultze to his left, and Mr. Czenki sat at the far end, facing him. The small sole-leather grip was on the floor at Mr. Wynne's feet. For a moment he permitted himself to enjoy the varying expressions of interest on the faces along the table.

"Gentlemen," he began, then, "you all, probably, have seen my letter to Mr. Latham, or at least you are aware of its contents, so you understand that the diamonds which were mailed to you are your property. I am not an eleemosynary institution for the relief of diamond merchants," and he smiled a little, "for the gifts are preliminary to a plain business proposition—a method of concentrating your attention, and, in themselves, part payment, if I may say it, for any worry or inconvenience which followed upon their appearance. There are only five of them in the world, they are precisely alike, and they are yours. I beg of you to accept them with my compliments."

Mr. Schultze tilted his chair back a little, the better to study the young man's countenance.

"I am going to make some remarkable statements now," the young man continued, "but each of those statements is capable of demonstration here and now. Don't hesitate to interrupt if there is a question in your mind, because everything I shall say is vital to each of you as bearing on the utter destruction of the world's traffic in diamonds. It is coming, gentlemen, it is coming, just as inevitably as that night follows day, unless you stop it. You *can* stop it by concerted action, in a manner which I will explain later."

He paused and glanced along the table. Only the face of Mr. Czenki was impassive.

"Since the opening of the fields in South Africa," Mr. Wynne resumed quietly, "something like five hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds has been found there; and we'll say arbitrarily that all the other diamond fields of the world, including Brazil and Australia, have produced another five hundred million dollars' worth—in other words, since about 1868 a billion dollars' worth of diamonds has been placed upon the market. Gentlemen, that represents millions and millions of carats—forty, fifty, sixty million carats in the rough, say. Please bear those figures in mind a moment.

"Now, suddenly, and as yet secretly, the diamond output of the world has been increased fiftyfold—that is, gentlemen, within the year I can place *another* billion dollars' worth of diamonds, at the prices that hold now, in the open market; and within still another year I can place still another billion in the market, and on and on indefinitely. To put it differently, I have found the unlimited supply."

"*Mein Gott*, vere iss id?" demanded the German breathlessly.

Heedless of the question Mr. Wynne leaned forward on the table, and gazed with half-closed eyes into the faces before him. Incredulity was the predominant expression, and coupled with that was amazement. Mr. Harris, with yet another emotion on his face, pushed back his chair as if to rise; a slight wrinkle in his brow was all the evidence of interest displayed by Mr. Czenki.

"I am not crazy, gentlemen," Mr. Wynne went on after a moment, and the perfectly normal voice seemed to reassure Mr. Harris, for he sat still. "The diamonds are now in existence, untold millions of dollars' worth of them—but there is the tedious work of cutting. They're in existence, packed away as you pack potatoes—I thrust my two hands into a bag and bring them out full of stones as perfect as the ones I sent you."

He straightened up again and the deep earnestness of his face relaxed a little.

"I believe you said, Mr. Wynne, that you could prove any assertion you might make, here and now?" suggested Mr. Latham coldly. "It occurs to me that such extraordinary statements as these demand immediate proof."

Mr. Wynne turned and smiled at him.

"You are quite right," he agreed; and then, to all of them: "It's hardly necessary to dwell upon the value of colored diamonds—the rarest and most precious of all—the perfect rose-color, the perfect blue and the perfect green." He drew a small, glazed white box from his pocket, and opened it. "Please be good enough to look at this, Mr. Czenki."

He spun a rosily glittering object, some three-quarters of an inch in diameter, along the table toward Mr. Czenki. It flamed and flashed as it rolled, with that deep, iridescent blaze which left no doubt of what it was. Every man at the table arose and crowded about Mr. Czenki, who held a flamelike sphere in his outstretched palm for their inspection. There was a tense, breathless instant.

"It's a diamond!" remarked Mr. Czenki, as if he himself had doubted it. "A deep rose-color, cut as a perfect sphere."

"It's worth half a million dollars if it's worth a cent!" exclaimed Mr. Solomon almost fiercely.

"And this, please."

Mr. Wynne, from the other end of the table, spun another glittering sphere toward them—this as brilliantly, softly green as the verdure of early spring, prismatic, gleaming, radiant. Mr. Czenki's beady eyes snapped as he caught it and held it out for the others to see, and some strange emotion within caused him to close his teeth savagely.

"And this!" said Mr. Wynne again.

And a third sphere rolled along the table. This was blue—elusively blue as a moonlit sky. Its rounded sides caught the light from the windows and sparkled it back.

And now the three jewels lay side by side in Mr. Czenki's open hand, the while the five greatest diamond merchants of the United States glutted their eyes upon them. Mr. Latham's face went deathly white from sheer excitement, the German's violently red from the same emotion, and the others—there was amazement, admiration, awe in them. Mr. Czenki's countenance was again impassive.

"If you will all be seated again, please?" requested Mr. Wynne, who still stood, cool and self-certain, at the end of the table.

The sound of his voice brought a returning calm to the others, and they resumed their seats—all save Mr. Cawthorne, who walked over to a window with the three spheres in his hand and stood there examining them under his glass.

"You gentlemen know, of course, the natural shape of the diamond in the rough?" Mr. Wynne resumed questioningly. "Here are a dozen specimens which may interest you—the octahedron, the rhombic dodecahedron, the triakisoctahedron and the hexakisoctahedron." He spread them along the table with a sweeping gesture of his hand, colorless, inert pebbles, ranging in size from a pea to a peanut. "And now, you ask, where do they come from?"

The others nodded unanimously.

"I'll have to state a fact that you all know, as part answer to that question," replied Mr. Wynne. "A perfect diamond is a perfect diamond, no matter where it comes from—Africa, Brazil, India or New Jersey. There is not the slightest variation in value if the stone is perfect. That being true, it is a matter of no concern to you, as dealers, where these come from—sufficient it is that they are here, and, being here, they bring home to you the necessity of concerted action to uphold the diamond as a thing of value."

"You said der vorld's oudpud had been increased fiftyfold?" suggested Mr. Schultze. "Do ve understand you prove him by dese?"

The young man smiled slightly and drew a leather packet from an inner pocket. He stripped it of several rubber bands, and then turned to Mr. Czenki again.

"Mr. Czenki," he queried, "I have been informed that a few years ago you had an opportunity of closely examining the Kohinoor. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"I believe the Kohinoor was temporarily removed from its setting, and that you were one of three experts to whom was intrusted the task of selecting four stones of the identical coloring to be set alongside it?"

"That is correct," Mr. Czenki agreed.

"You held the Kohinoor in your hand, and you would be able to identify it?"

"*I* would be able to identify it," said Mr. Cawthorne positively.

He had turned at the window quickly; it was the first time he had spoken. Mr. Wynne walked around the table to Mr. Czenki, and Mr. Cawthorne approached them.

"Suppose, then, you gentlemen examine this together," suggested Mr. Wynne.

He lifted a great, glittering jewel from the leather packet and held it aloft that all might see. Then he carefully placed it on the table in front of the experts; the others came to their feet and stood gazing as if fascinated.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Cawthorne.

For a minute or more the two experts studied the huge diamond—one hundred and six carats and a fraction—beneath their glasses, and finally Mr. Cawthorne picked it up and led the way toward the window. Mr. Czenki and the German followed him.

"Gentlemen," and Mr. Cawthorne now turned sharply to face the others, "this *is* the Kohinoor! Mr. Czenki didn't mention it, but I was one of the three experts who had opportunity to examine the Kohinoor. This *is* the Kohinoor!"

Startled, questioning eyes were turned upon Mr. Wynne; he was smiling. There was a question in his face as he regarded Mr. Czenki.

"It is either the Kohinoor or an exact duplicate," said Mr. Czenki.

"It *is* the Kohinoor," repeated Mr. Cawthorne doggedly.

"Id seems to me," interposed Mr. Schultze, "dat if der Kohinoor vas missing somebody would haf heard, ain'd id? I haf nod heard. Mr. Czenki made a misdake der oder day—maybe you make id to-day?"

"You *have* made a mistake, I assure you, Mr. Cawthorne," remarked Mr. Wynne quietly. "You identify that as the Kohinoor, of course, by a slight inaccuracy in one of the facets adjoining the *collet*. That inaccuracy is known to every diamond expert—the mistake you make is a compliment to that as a replica."

He resumed his position at the end of the table, and Mr. Schultze sat beside him. Amazement was a thing of the past, so far as he was concerned. Mr. Czenki dropped into his chair again.

"And now, Mr. Czenki, speaking as an expert, what would you say was the most perfect diamond in the world?" asked Mr. Wynne.

"The five blue-white stones you mailed to these gentlemen," replied the expert without hesitation.

"Perhaps I should have specified the most perfect diamond known to the world at large?" Mr. Wynne added smilingly.

"The Regent."

Again Mr. Cawthorne looked around, with bewilderment in his eyes. The other gentlemen nodded their approval of Mr. Czenki's opinion.

"The Regent, yes," Mr. Wynne agreed; "one hundred and thirty-six and three-quarter carats, cut as a brilliant, worn by

Character
In Clothes

There is an atmosphere about some turnouts that distinguishes them as more than mere vehicles.

About some clothing there is the same character. A tailor may take the same high-grade woolens and the same trimmings that are used in a Stein-Bloch suit or overcoat and make you a suit that lacks this distinction—which the material used deserves and which rightfully belongs to his customer.

The suit will "wear" but never be anything but a cloth covering.

On the other hand, some tailors can give you the style and distinction that you demand—but they charge heavily for this atmosphere.

The problem would be a pretty one for you to solve did not Stein-Bloch step in to solve it for you. They are tailors for men and have concentrated their energies on making clothes as well as clothes can be made. They have struck a golden mean of proven fashions, of tested woolens, of smooth fit, of proper style. Ready at your leading clothier's.

Insist on seeing this label. 54 years of Knowing How is in it.

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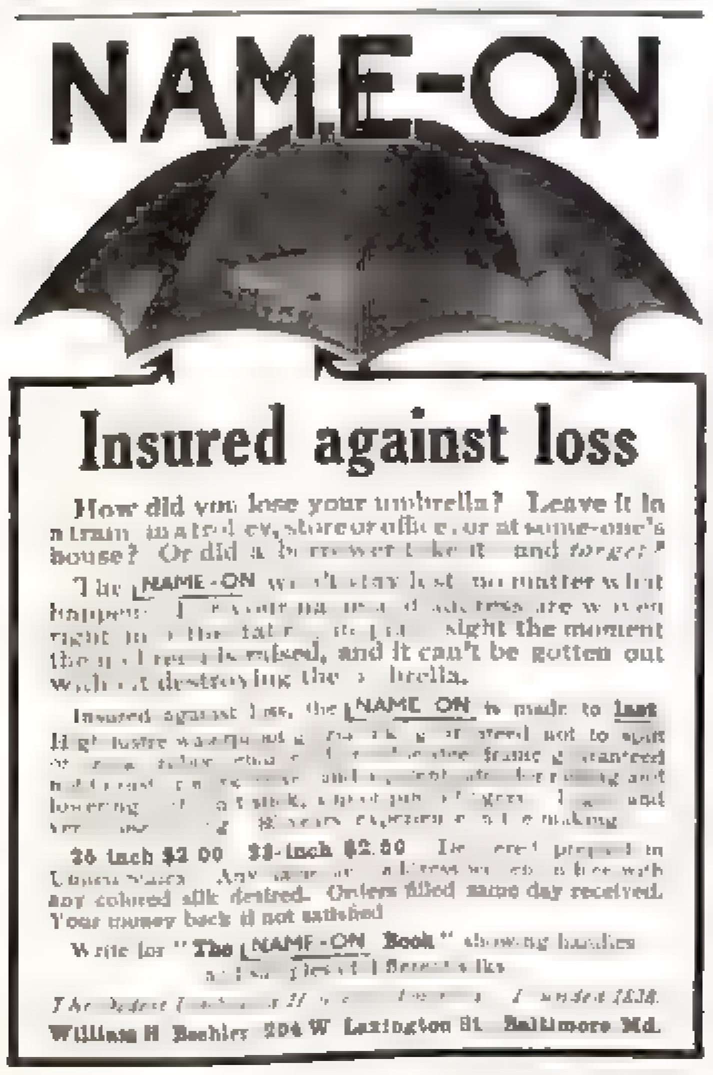

NAME-ON

Insured against loss

How did you lose your umbrella? Leave it in a train, in a trolley, store or office, or at some-one's house? Or did a borrower take it and forget?

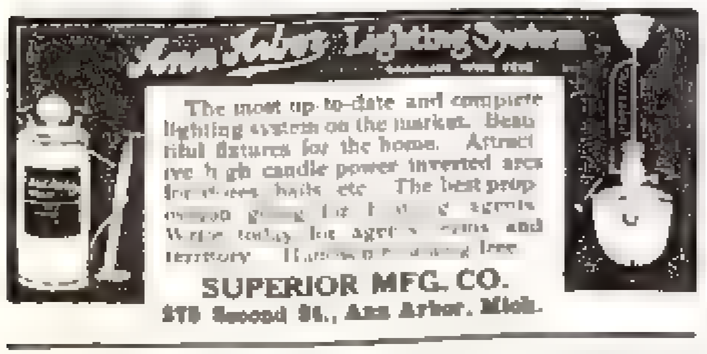
The NAME-ON won't stay lost no matter what happens. [illegible] name and address are woven right into the fabric in plain sight the moment the umbrella is raised, and it can't be gotten out without destroying the umbrella.

Insured against loss, the NAME-ON is made to last. [illegible]

26 inch $2.00 28-inch $2.50 Delivered prepaid in United States. Any name or address woven in free with any colored silk desired. Orders filled same day received. Your money back if not satisfied.

Write for "The NAME-ON Book" showing handles and samples of different silks.

The Oldest [illegible] Founded 1838.
William H Beehler 204 W Lexington St. Baltimore Md.


Ann Arbor Lighting System

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. The best proposition going for hustling agents. Write today for agents terms and territory. [illegible]

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
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CORRECT WEDDING RINGS
Distinctive and exclusive. Made from hand hammered bullion 1000 fine. Free Booklet on correct and incorrect Wedding Rings.
Western Precious Metals Co., 909 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Napoleon in his sword hilt, now in the Louvre at Paris, the property of the French Government—valued at two and a half million dollars." His hand disappeared into the leather packet again; poised on his finger-tips, when he withdrew them, was another huge jewel. He dropped it into Mr Schultze's hand. "There is further proof that the diamond output has increased fiftyfold."

Mr Schultze seemed dazed as he turned and twisted the diamond in his hand. After a moment he passed it on down the table without a word.

"A duplicate also," and Mr. Wynne glanced at Mr. Cawthorne. "It is reasonably certain that you would have heard of that if it had disappeared from the Louvre." He turned to Mr. Schultze again. "I may add that this fiftyfold increase in output is not confined to small stones," he went on tauntingly. "They are of all sizes and values. For instance?"

He lifted still another jewel from the packet and held it aloft for an instant.

"The Orloff!" gasped Mr. Solomon.

"No," the young man corrected; "this, too, is a duplicate. The original is in the Russian sceptre. This is a replica—color, weight and cutting being identical—one hundred and ninety-three carats, nearly as large as a pigeon's egg."

Again Mr. Wynne glanced along the table. Suddenly the frank amazement had vanished from the faces of these men, and he found only the tense interest of an audience watching a clever juggler. For a time Mr. Schultze studied the Orloff duplicate, then passed it along to the experts.

"Der gread Cullinan diamond weighs only two or d'ree pounds," he questioned in a tone of deep resignation. "Maybe you haf *him* in der backage, already?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Wynne, "but I may get that on my next trip out. Who knows?"

There was a long, tense silence. Mechanically Mr. Czenki placed the three spheres and the replicas in an orderly little row on the table in front of him and the uncut stones beside them—six, seven, eight million dollars' worth of diamonds.

"Gentlemen, are you convinced?" demanded Mr. Wynne suddenly. "Is there one lingering doubt in any mind here as to the tremendous find which makes the production of all those possible?"

"Id iss der miracle, Mr. Vynne," admitted the German gravely, after a little pause. "Dere iss someding before us as nefer vas in der vorld. I am gonvinced!"

"Up to this moment, gentlemen, the De Beers Syndicate has controlled the diamond market," Mr. Wynne announced, "but now, from this moment, I control it. I hold it there, in the palm of my hand, with the unlimited supply back of me. I am offering you an opportunity to prevent the annihilation of the market. It rests with you. If I turn loose a billion dollars' worth of diamonds within the year you are ruined—all of you. You *know* that—it's hardly necessary to tell you. And, gentlemen, I don't care to do it."

"What is your proposition?" queried Mr. Latham quietly. His face was ghastly white; haggard lines, limned by amazement and realization, were marked clearly on it. "What is your proposition?" he repeated.

"Wait a minute," interposed Mr. Solomon protestingly, and he turned to the young man. "The Syndicate controls the market by force of a reserve stock of ten or fifteen million dollars. Do we understand that you have more than these ready for market now?"

Mr. Wynne stooped and lifted the small sole-leather grip which had been unheeded on the floor. He unfastened the catch and turned the bag upside down upon the table. When he raised it again the assembled jewelers gazed upon a spectacle unknown and undreamed of in the history of the world—a great, glittering heap of diamonds, flashing, colorful, prismatic, radiant, bedazzling. They rattled like pebbles upon the mahogany table as they slipped and slid one against another, and then, at rest, resolved themselves into a steady, multi-colored blaze which was almost blinding.

"Now, gentlemen, on the table before you there are about thirty million dollars' worth of diamonds," Mr. Wynne announced calmly. "They are all perfect, every one of them; and they're mine. I know where they come from; you can't find out. It's none of your business. Are you satisfied *now?*"

Mr. Latham looked, looked until his eyes seemed bursting from his head, and then, with an inarticulate little cry, fell forward on the table with his face on his arms. The German importer came to his feet with one vast Teutonic oath, then sat down again; Mr. Solomon plunged his hand into the blazing heap and laughed senselessly. The others were silent, stunned, overcome. Mr. Wynne walked around the table and replaced the spheres and replicas in his pocket, after which he resumed his former position.

"I have stated my case, gentlemen," he continued quietly, very quietly. "Now for my proposition. Briefly it is this: For a consideration I will destroy the unlimited supply. I will bind myself to secrecy, as you must; I will guarantee that no stone from the same source is ever offered in the market or privately, when you gentlemen," and his manner was emphatically deliberate, "purchase from me at one-half the carat price you now pay *one hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds.*"

He paused. There was not a sound.

"You may put them on the market as you may agree, slowly, thus preventing any material fluctuation in value," he went on. "How to hold this tremendous reserve secretly and still permit the operation of the other diamond mines of the world is the great problem you will have to face."

He leaned over, picked up a handful from the heap and replaced them in the leather bag. The others he swept off into it, then snapped the lock.

"I will give you one week to decide what you will do," he said in conclusion. "If you accept the proposition then six weeks from next Thursday at three o'clock I shall expect a cash payment of ten million dollars for a portion of the stones now cut and ready; within a year all the diamonds will have been delivered and the transaction must be closed." He hesitated an instant. "I'm sorry, gentlemen, if the terms seem hard, but I think, after consideration, you will agree that I have done you a favor by coming to you instead of going into the market and destroying it. I will call next Thursday at three for your answer. That is all. Good day!"

The door opened and closed behind him. A minute, two minutes, three minutes passed and no one spoke. At last the German came to his feet slowly with a sigh.

"Anyhow, gendlemens," he remarked, "dat young man has a hell of a lod of diamonds, ain'd id?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Circulation in China

TWO rival native weekly newspapers were carrying on a hot and bitter contest to secure the advertising of a French "hong." The one journal claimed a circulation of four hundred thousand, and the other, not intending to let a little thing like circulation stand in the way, went his competitor one or two better by claiming six hundred thousand. "*Voilà, monsieur le comprador,*" exclaimed the Frenchman, after puzzling his wits over the returns, "one of these two editors is a liar. It is impossible that there should be a difference of two hundred thousand between the two sheets."

The comprador bowed, disappeared, and returned the next day to report to his French "tipan." "May it please you, neither man is a liar. Both speak the truth. The one has, as he claims, a circulation of four hundred thousand, the other a circulation of six hundred thousand, and yet both, speaking exactly, have only a circulation of four hundred thousand each."

"Explain yourself," commanded the Frenchman.

"Thus comes about the discrepancy," went on the comprador with impassive countenance. "He who estimates his circulation at six hundred thousand, prints only four hundred thousand copies, but for six days after the morning his paper is issued he sends out a number of coolies to collect read and discarded copies from the ash-barrels, the streets and the house servants. If the coolies have been diligent they will have gathered in this manner two hundred thousand newspapers. These two hundred thousand, so collected, will be distributed, free of charge, on all outgoing boats and trains, which, you perceive, brings the circulation up to six hundred thousand. On whom does it please you to confer your advertising?"

"To the ash-barrel extra," laughed the Frenchman.

A THERMOS BOTTLE FOR CHRISTMAS

Newest and Best of Christmas Gifts

For baby, mother, father, sister, brother, grandma, grandpa, aunt or uncle, niece or nephew, husband, wife or sweetheart —The Thermos Bottle.

It is a useful gift—useful in a hundred ways. And it is a handsome gift—comes in polished nickel and also covered with the finest leathers. You can also get Thermos Bottles in Combination Sets, two or more together with cases of leather, or in wicker baskets and many other convenient forms. The

THERMOS BOTTLE

Keeps liquids steaming hot 24 hours, or ice cold 3 days.

Everybody wants Thermos Bottles—

When motoring, traveling, and on all outing trips—

To use at home—for luncheons—in the nursery—in the sick room.

700,000 Sold in 1907. Do not be deceived by infringers. Temperature tests prove that the Thermos is the bottle that fulfills every claim made. The Thermos Bottle is guaranteed to be as represented by over 30,000 dealers throughout the world.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order to us before the holiday rush starts in. We will ship direct prepaid on receipt of price, pints $3.75—quarts $5.75.

THE THERMOS JAR does for solid foods what the Thermos Bottle does for liquids.

Write today for Free Booklet.

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WELL, THAT'S FINE!
$1.00 COMPLETE

GEM JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR WITH NEW BAR

The Very Best Holiday Gift

A ONE DOLLAR GIFT worth FIVE. The *GEM Junior Safety Razor* will please any man, save him money, and daily remind him of the giver. It is unequalled if but for two points, and there are others.

No. 1 The GEM Junior BLADE,—which made this razor famous, has a *convex edge, reenforced;* a scientific improvement over ordinary weak style blade. Holds its sharpness, and strops perfectly. The name GEM Junior is on each, for your protection and ours.

No. 2 The New BAR,—exclusively ours—(Pat. No. 686,143) smoothens the skin ahead of the cutting edge. Makes each shave close, clean and comfortable. The

GEM Junior Safety Razor

is absolutely safe, —"cuts expense but never cuts you."

The $1.00 set includes silver, nickel-plated frame, 3 section shaving and stropping handle, and 7 selected Silver King Steel Blades, in plush-lined case.

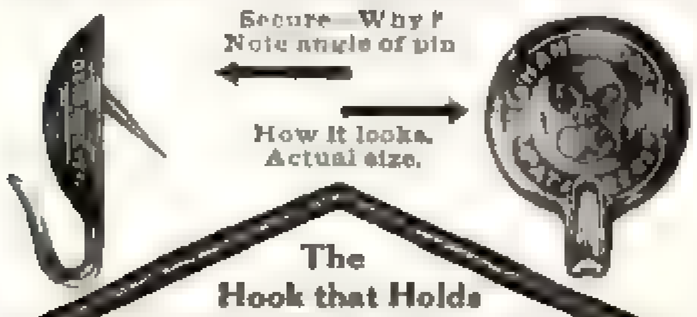
Special Holiday Sets, $1.50, $2.50 and $3.50.

Never a dull blade. 7 exchanged for 25c.
Extra Set of 7 New Blades 50c

30 years in business—we are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers

GEM CUTLERY CO.
34 Reade Street
NEW YORK

HANDIHOOK


Secure—Why?
Note angle of pin
How it looks.
Actual size.

The Hook that Holds

Altho the Handihook requires only a push of your [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it is wonderfully secure. [illegible] it up to 10 pounds on it and it ought to [illegible]. It's all in the scientific construction. The downward angle of the steel pin at the back [illegible] engages the wall [illegible] the weight of the [illegible] makes the hook's grip all the firmer. And it [illegible] Hang [illegible] pictures, skirts, coats, waists, [illegible], clocks, [illegible] Brass, 25c [illegible] Gun-metal, nickel and antique copper 30c doz.

If your stationery [illegible] [illegible] supply you, send us his name *and* 10c [illegible]

A. GOERTZ & CO., 248 Morris Ave., Newark, N. J.

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE FOR MEN AND OLDER BOYS

Not a Toy [illegible] times the force of an ordinary spring gun [illegible] Barrel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dealers and [illegible] everywhere. [illegible] price $2.50. Address

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE & MFG. CO., 603 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Class and Fraternity Pin Jeweler
FOOTBALL CHARMS
Send for my free illustrated 1909 catalog.
FREDERICK T. WIDMER, 33 West Street, Boston

THE TRIVIAL INCIDENT

(Continued from Page 11)

They were excluded. The rumor moved everywhere about them, but it was as scrupulously guarded from their knowledge as though every man, woman and child had bound himself with an oath

There began now what in cities is called a run on Wyatt's bank; but, unlike the manner of cities, it was conducted here with the greatest stealth, and attended with an infinite variety of ingenious subterfuges. A young man would drop into the bank with a catalogue of Cincinnati buggies, show it to the cashier, ask his opinion, discuss with him the various types of vehicles, finally decide upon a certain one, make a pencil-mark on the picture of it, and draw out his deposit. Or an old woman would come painfully into the bank, with a begging letter from some fictitious, destitute relative, which she had laboriously forged, get the cashier to write her a letter in reply, put her money into the envelope, address it to the pretended relative, and even put on a postage-stamp, then she would start out to the post-office, with the letter in her hand, complaining bitterly.

Every variety of business transaction, including the passing of money, was rehearsed before Wyatt and his cashier, and invariably concluded with a payment drawn out of the bank. The street before the bank became a market-place where all sorts of articles were bought and sold, but especially horses and mules. The trading in these was unprecedented. This trading was never "even"; "boot" was always given, and was in amount exactly the sum which one or the other trader had on deposit to his credit. The skill, the ingenuity, the minute attention to detail with which these subterfuges were presented would have deceived the elect.

However, the fact that deposits were being steadily withdrawn could not be obscured. Wyatt began now to visit, as by accident, those persons who used to be his largest depositors, in an effort to discover why they no longer put their money into the bank. He had never the slightest difficulty in bringing this topic into the conversation. Invariably, these persons mentioned the subject themselves, and presented so apt and convincing an excuse that their course seemed normal and unsuspicious. The efforts of his cashier to induce the several horse-dealers and the like to leave the "boot" on deposit, to their credit, were likewise ingeniously met They owed a "little" store bill, or they had borrowed a "little" money last winter, or certain members of their family were "doctorin'," and so forth.

The slow, steady drain on the bank began to give Wyatt the greatest concern To the anxiety of the lawsuit was now added this additional, nearer anxiety. He could not tell whether this run on the bank was a concerted, intentional thing, or merely incidental to a peculiar business inactivity

He endeavored to surprise the secret out of the children on the street, but in this he never succeeded. They met his questions with instinctive cunning, repeating glibly the excuse which they had heard their parents rehearse: "Pap's goin' to buy Sis an organ," or "Ma's goin in yander to Uncle Lige's fur Easter."

All plans contemplated an expenditure of money

This exasperating riddle pursued Wyatt day and night. He no longer slept with any regularity. Sometimes he lay awake the whole night, summing up the evidence on one or the other side of this issue.

When, some days later, the local doctor was passing the bank, Wyatt called him, and took him into the back room.

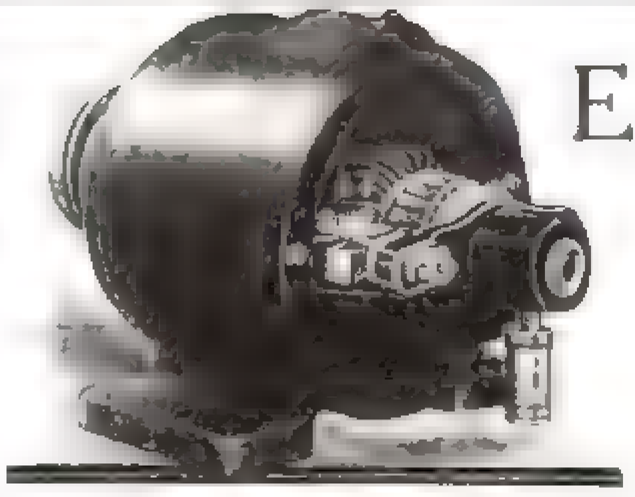
"I ain't been sleepin' very well, Doctor," he said. "Could you give me somethin' for it?"

The doctor, who, like all country ones, depended on only those drugs from which he could get a pronounced result, gave Wyatt a box of little white pills, with the direction to take one at bedtime.

That night, after taking the pill, Wyatt slept profoundly, but the next day he felt stupid. He continued to take the pills at bedtime. It seemed to "cure" the sleeplessness, and he did not connect the increasing daily languor with the remedy. A week later he went again to the doctor

"I feel generally no account," he said "I s'pose I ought to have a little medicine."

Convenient Power Where You Want It



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and cut off the expense of every idle machine. Then you will pay for power only for machines actually running.

Let us show you how great a saving we can make in your operating expense. "The Standard" Motor is the simplest, cleanest, most efficient motor on the market and the most satisfactory type of power you can use.

We make a specialty of small Direct Current Motors from 1/30 to 15 H. P. There are [illegible] within these limits. [illegible] Power [illegible] Department [illegible] Our latest bulletin, No. [illegible] about "The Standard" Motors [illegible] Write for it.

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Main Office and Factory, Springfield, Ohio

NEW YORK, 115 Chambers St.
PHILADELPHIA, 1109 Arch St.
CHICAGO, 48 W. Jackson Boulevard
DALLAS, 264 Live Oak St.
CLEVELAND, The W. R. [illegible] Co., 337 Frankfort Ave. N. W.
NEW ORLEANS, S. J. Stewart, 210 Bourbon St.
ST. LOUIS, E. C. Van Nort Electric Co., [illegible] 11th Sts.
KANSAS CITY, Heath Electric Co., [illegible] W. 13th St.

A Bank Book FOR Christmas 4%

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT
[illegible] One Dollar or more makes a most acceptable
CHRISTMAS GIFT
to [illegible] relatives or friends.
[illegible] four per cent interest, compounded [illegible]
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Assets Over Forty-two Million Dollars

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PATENTS Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 47 years. Box C, Washington, D. C. Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.

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Strength Without Weight or Bulk

Flat Opening Simplicity and Durability

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William Mann Company, 527 Market St. Phila.

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A Positive Relief For Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. "*A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

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$3000.00 Can Be Made

This year—next year—and the years after, Cleaning Houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men. Over 500 operators in as many towns in the United States.

We make the most efficient stationary systems for Carpet Cleaners, Tailor Shops, Laundries, Residences, Hotels, Office Buildings, Etc.

OUTFITS FROM $450 to $3,000

The largest manufacturers of cleaning machinery in the world

Genl. Compressed Air and Vacuum Machinery Co.
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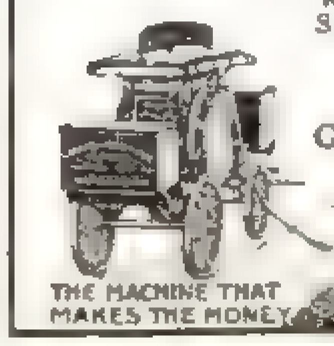
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Michelins are the best tires made.

They are uniform in quality, reliable and speedy.

The world's greatest victories are won on Michelin stock tires.

Michelins won the Vanderbilt Cup—the Grand Prize in France—four out of five events at the Vanderbilt Motor Parkway. They won at Lowell—and Savannah. There is no other tire like them.

On a rough road over all kinds of obstacles they outwear any other tire.

Travelling at a high speed, they outwear any other.

They cost a little more, because extraordinarily careful manufacture is necessary to produce their quality.

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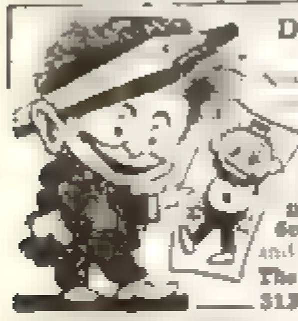

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"How do you sleep now?"

"I don't have any trouble to sleep," said Wyatt, "but I feel sort of worn out."

"You'd better take a little whisky," the doctor suggested.

"Why, Doctor," said Wyatt, "I never tasted whisky in my life. I wouldn't like to take whisky."

The doctor was familiar with this prejudice against whisky, and knew how to circumvent it.

"All right," he said, "I'll fix you up some bitters at the drug-store; drop in and get it on your way home."

The druggist told Wyatt to take a wineglassful of the bitters before meals, and to bring the bottle back when it was empty, and he would refill it. The stimulant made Wyatt feel better. He continued to take it with regularity. When the bottle was empty he took it back to the druggist. He took also the pill-box, which was nearly empty.

The condition at the bank, presently, became critical. Wyatt did not keep a very large supply of currency. The steady withdrawals were rapidly reducing his reserve, and Wyatt found it necessary to look about for cash. His loans were almost wholly to the country farmers, who could meet their notes only at one season of the year, when their harvests were marketed. He took his commercial paper and began to visit the banks of the neighboring counties, but, as he had never been on very friendly terms with other banks, he found his mission particularly difficult. Wyatt's bank was a private one, and the regular banks were accustomed to refer to it as a "shavin' shop"—that is, a place where notes were "shaved" or discounted at an excessive rate. These banks regarded Wyatt as an outsider, and they refused his notes except at a ruinous discount. He went from one to another, but he met, everywhere, with the same reply:

"We couldn't handle your notes unless you cut 'em in two."

The pressure of extreme need forced Wyatt to negotiate one or two of these notes at this extortionate rate, and he would return with the money in the hope that he would not be required to make another sacrifice. The strain on the man began to tell. He looked much older and thinner. The withdrawals steadily continued, and Wyatt was again and again forced to borrow cash at this fifty per cent. discount. He borrowed each time the smallest sum that would prevent immediate suspension, and, consequently, he was seen to leave the village every few days, riding his old horse, Barney, with a few of his notes in his pocket, and his saddle-bags, filled with corn for the horse, across the seat of his McClellan saddle.

This mysterious activity of Wyatt moved the village to conjecture. When a man began thus to travel, one of two things were indicated: he was either courting a wife, or he was looking for new lands in which to settle. The village rejected the first explanation, but the second seemed consistent with its theory of Wyatt's affairs. It became generally known that Wyatt was "a-goin' to move away."

This addition to the current gossip added activity to the run on the bank, and Wyatt's trips became more frequent and his loans larger. He was coming to the opinion that the whole country had entered a condition of great financial depression, when one night, on his way to the drug-store, he overheard some conversation issuing from the porch of the justice of the peace.

"Ten thousand would buy Sheets a heap of good drinkin' licker."

Somebody laughed. There was a moment's silence, and then a slow, deliberate voice, evidently that of the justice, replied.

"An' it would break old Dolph."

This remark opened to Wyatt the closed door as with a key. It was this lawsuit that had affected his credit, and caused the withdrawals from the bank. Clearly, then, if he could win this suit, confidence in him would be restored, and the withdrawals would cease. His integrity was not impaired. He was known to be upright and reliable. With this suit out of the way he would rapidly regain what he had lost. If, then, he could keep the bank going until this suit was tried, all would come out right. When his negotiable paper was exhausted he gave deeds of trust on his property for short loans. Meanwhile the term of the circuit court arrived.

When the attorney for the blacksmith began his cross-examination of Wyatt almost the entire village was present in the

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Hampton's Magazine, New York

courthouse. This attorney was one of those pettifoggers to be found at every bar, who live one knows not how, whose office is a chair before the courthouse door, and whose plan of life is to draw some unwary person into a legal proceeding and then, by a series of imaginary expenses, extract from him petty sums: two dollars for "calling up" the case, fifty cents for "making up the issue," a dollar for "settin'" the case for trial, and so forth. They are constant spectators in the courtroom, and so, in a way, are familiar with the routine of trials, and by copying the papers in a similar action they are able to get their cases into court. They have usually a certain fluency, and a certain skill in what is called "tanglin' the witness."

"Mr. Wyatt," said the attorney, "a man that you can't believe about nothin' is the worst man you can find, ain't he?"

"He's a purty bad kind of man," said Wyatt.

"He's worse than a thief, ain't he? You can lock up ag'in' a thief, but you can't lock up ag'in' a liar."

The argument seemed sound and Wyatt replied in the affirmative.

"An' if he's worse than a thief he's about the meanest kind of man you could find, ain't he?"

"I reckon he is," said Wyatt.

"An' if there's such a man as that in this town he ought to be run out of it, oughtn't he?"

"But there's no such man in this town," said Wyatt.

"I ain't sayin' there is," replied the attorney. "I'm sayin' s'pose there *was*."

"Well," said Wyatt, "if there was a man in this town that you couldn't believe about nothin' I reckon the people would be justified in runnin' him out."

"All right," said the attorney.

"Now, Mr. Wyatt, a thing can happen only one way; ain't that so?"

"I reckon that's so," said Wyatt; "a thing can only happen one way."

"An' if a man's there an' sees it happen he knows the way it is, don't he?"

"I reckon he'd know," said Wyatt, "if he was on the ground and saw it happen."

"An' if a thing can only happen one way, an' a man was there on the ground an' saw it happen that way, he couldn't be mistaken about the way it happened, could he?"

Wyatt hesitated; the nature of these questions began to disturb him. He did not understand toward what end they moved, but he felt that they led up to some sinister *dénouement*. He endeavored to escape a direct answer.

"He wouldn't be apt to be mistaken."

"An' he wouldn't be mistaken, would he?"

"It ain't likely."

"Answer yes or no," said the attorney.

There seemed no escape, and Wyatt answered, "No."

"All right," said the attorney.

"Now, Mr. Wyatt, if a thing can only happen one way, an' a man was on the ground and saw it happen, an' he couldn't be mistaken about the way it happened, an' yet he went out an' told people that it happened two or three different ways, what would you call him?"

Wyatt hesitated. His attorney observed the hesitation and objected to the question. Before the judge could pass on the objection Sheets stepped out into the floor before the witness chair, drew himself up very straight on his heels, raised his right arm, extended the index finger and brought it down like a cocked pistol before Wyatt's face.

"If your lawyer's afraid for you to answer that question," he shouted, "I'll answer it for you. You'd call him a *liar!*"

The word seemed, in the silence of the courtroom, to explode like a projectile. The attorney waited for a moment with his finger pointed toward the witness, then he returned to his table, put his hands into his pockets, planted his feet wide apart, and resumed his ordinary tone.

"Now, Mr. Wyatt," he said, "if you catch a man lyin' about one thing you can't believe him about nothin', can you?"

Wyatt was now alarmed and afraid to reply. He began to tap on the floor with the toe of his boot. Finally, he resorted to a subterfuge.

"I don't just understand that question," he said.

The pettifogger had a stock checkmate for this move of a witness.

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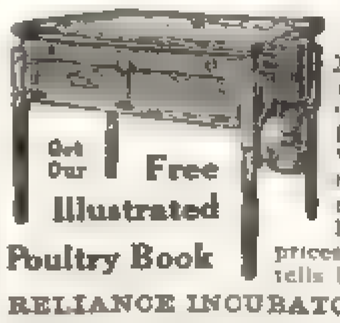

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"Very well, Mr. Wyatt," he said, "just state to the jury what it is about the question that you don't understand. It seems plain enough."

There was nothing about the question that Wyatt did not understand, and he did not know what to say. While he hesitated, the attorney leaned over the table and spoke to him in a low, confidential tone:

"There ain't nothin' that you're tryin' to conceal, Mr. Wyatt, is there?"

Wyatt saw how his silence could be thus made to reflect upon him, and he sat up in the chair.

"No, sir," he said.

"Then answer the question," said the lawyer.

"Just say it over again, Mr. Sheets," said Wyatt.

The attorney repeated the question, making a gesture after every word.

"If you catch a man lyin' about one thing you can't believe him about nothin', can you?"

"Well," said Wyatt, "if I caught a man lyin' to me about one thing I wouldn't like to believe him again."

"An' you wouldn't believe him ag'in about nothin', would you?"

"I wouldn't like to."

"An' you wouldn't?"

"No, sir," said Wyatt.

"All right," said the attorney.

Sheets paused, smoothed his hair with the tips of his fingers, buttoned up his coat, and stepped around in front of his table.

"Now, Mr. Wyatt," he said, "let's apply these sound, general principles to this case. This thing could only happen one way, an' you was there an' saw it happen that way, an' you couldn't be mistaken about the way it was, an' yet you went out an' told the blacksmith that you hit the infant plaintiff for fun; an' then you went an' told the justice of the peace that it was accidental, an' that you didn't go to hit him; an' then you went an' told the clerk of this court that you hit him to make him go home so he wouldn't fall into the run an' be drowned. Ain't that so?"

Wyatt's mouth became suddenly dry. His fingers began to wander over the buttons of his waistcoat. He moved his feet up under the chair, and crossed one over the other.

The attorney turned around toward the spectators in the courtroom.

"There sets the blacksmith," he said, "an' there sets the justice of the peace, an' there sets the clerk."

He indicated each of these persons with a sweeping gesture, his hand open and extended, the thumb pressed against the forefinger.

"Do you *dee*ny it?"

Wyatt did not reply. He took a clean, cotton handkerchief out of his pocket, unfolded it and wiped his face. The courthouse was as still as death. For fully two minutes the attorney waited, his arms folded across his chest, his head thrown back, his eyes fixed on a remote corner of the courthouse ceiling, then he spoke:

"That's all, Mr. Wyatt; you can stand aside."

Wyatt went slowly out of the courthouse and up to the bank. There he sat down in his splint-bottom chair before the door, and began idly to tap the hitching-post with his cane. The afternoon sun was warm. Swarms of yellow butterflies moved in the road. Thirty minutes later a small boy appeared, running from the direction of the courthouse. He stopped, panting, before the bank.

"Mr. Wyatt," he said, catching his breath after each word, "the jury brung in a verdict fur the nigger fur one cent damage."

The victory did not seem to impress Wyatt. He remained seated in his chair, his mouth open, his head fallen a little to one side, the cane moving in his hand. Finally, he got up and spoke to the cashier through the window.

"I guess we'll close the bank," he said; "you can put up the shutters."

. . . .

On the first day of October the Southern drummer for the Baltimore Drug Company made his annual visit to the village. As he entered the local drug-store he passed an old man coming out. The drummer stopped and looked after the man.

"Ain't that old Dolph Wyatt?" he said.

"Yes," said the druggist.

"Um," said the drummer, "he used to be your leadin' citizen; what done it?"

"Same old things," said the druggist: "liquor an' dope."

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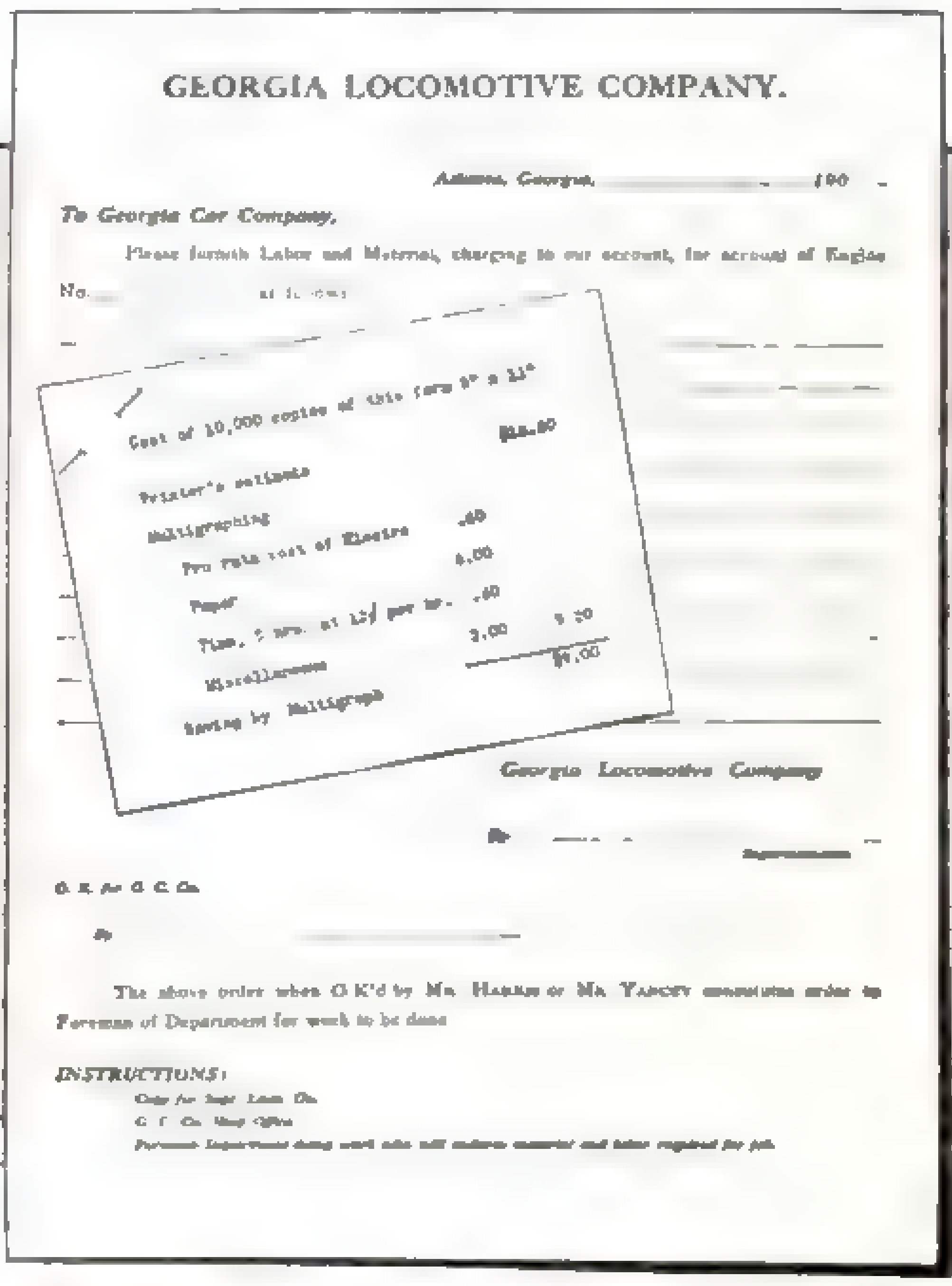

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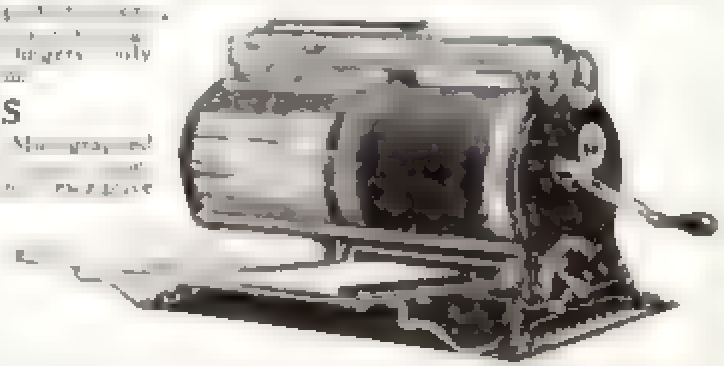

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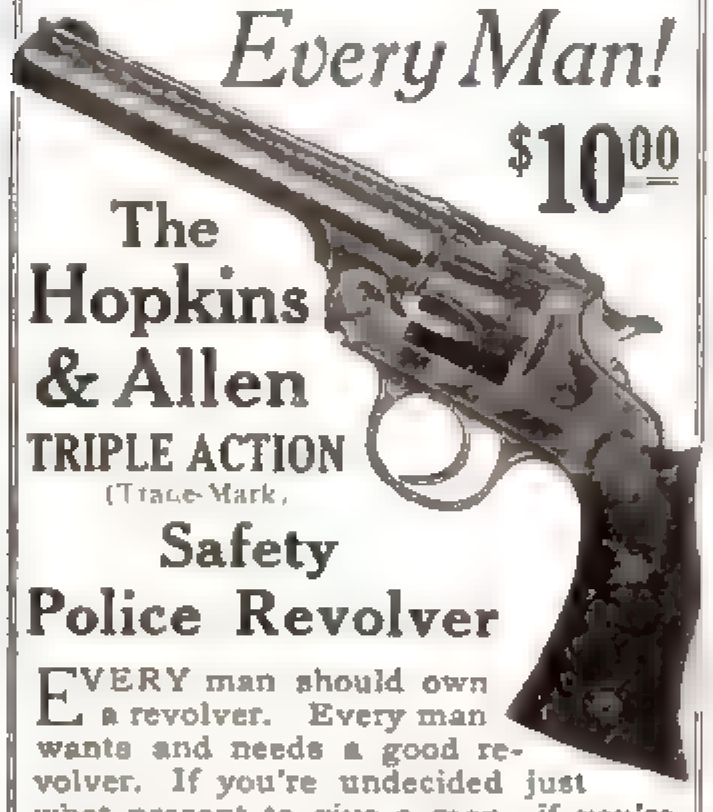

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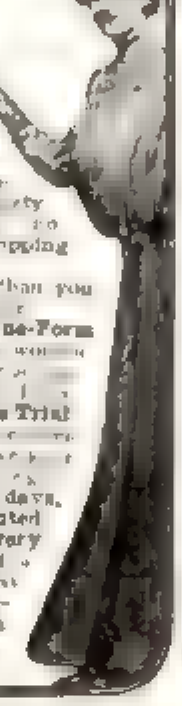

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PIONEERS OF COMMERCE

(Continued from Page 9)

so remarkable for its vividness, accuracy and detail that it stands as a classic in modern journalism, and was admitted as important evidence in the great court-martial which ensued. When the story was completed and ready for the wire it was found that the tolls would amount to more than two hundred Turkish liras ($880), and to raise this sum Consul Harris pledged his personal credit at the local bank. A few hours later papers containing the remarkable account were being sold by thousands on the streets of New York. The story was immediately cabled to London, and then, thanks to the energy and resource of an American consul in an obscure Syrian town, Queen Victoria, her ministers and the English people first learned how Admiral Tryon and his battleship and crew were lost. To make a satisfactory ending I suppose I should say that Doctor Harris was liberally rewarded by the millionaire proprietor of the paper he had served so well, but the unpleasant truth remains that he received no compensation whatever for his work, and recovered the amount he had advanced for cable tolls only after considerable difficulty. "But," as he once remarked to me, "I didn't want the money for myself. I had intended to use it in enlarging the accommodation of our little hospital, that we might give treatment to more of these poor people."

In the semi-civilized countries the lives of consuls are frequently in grave peril, particularly in times of religious disorders or political discontent. This is especially true of Turkey, where the religious fanaticism of the Christian and Moslem elements of the population invariably runs high. Some years ago the American vice-consul-general at Beirut, Syria, was William C. Magelssen, now consul at Bagdad. At this time religious feeling was dangerously high in the city and vilayet of Beirut; murders were of daily occurrence, and the treatment accorded the Christians by a corrupt governor-general had inflamed their passions to such an extent that it was openly hinted that the surest way to effect his removal would be to assassinate one of the foreign consuls and thus bring about European or American intervention, which invariably favors the Christians, be they right or wrong. It was at such a period of unrest that Magelssen was returning from his club to the consulate one evening, well on toward midnight. As he stepped from his carriage at the consulate door a rifle cracked from a near-by wall and a bullet tore through his hat, but without wounding him. Although the consular kavasses scoured the neighborhood with drawn swords, no trace could be discovered of the would-be assassin.

In view of the circumstances it was deemed advisable to inform the Legation at Constantinople, and a telegram, written in the secret cipher of the foreign service, was immediately dispatched. The original telegram read something like this: "Vice-Consul-General Magelssen shot at. Assailant escaped. City in very disturbed state. Fear massacres are impending." In the secret code of the State Department each word or group of words is represented by a number of six figures, the first three denoting the number of the page and the last three the position on that page of the word.

Now it so happens that the word "assassinate" immediately precedes the word "at" in the code-book, the number 101,203 representing, let us say, the word "assassinated" and 101,204 standing for "at."

When the telegram reached the American Legation at Constantinople in the early hours of the morning, a young and sleepy secretary was set to work to decode it, and it is no great wonder, perhaps, that, excited by his translation of the first five words, he lost his head and read 101,203 instead of 101,204, thus making the telegram read "Vice-Consul-General Magelssen shot *assassinated*."

Wild excitement immediately ensued. The news of Magelssen's death was hurriedly cabled to the State Department in Washington and was forwarded from there to the Secretary himself, who was visiting the President at Oyster Bay. The story of how the President, incensed at the cold-blooded murder of a consul, ordered the

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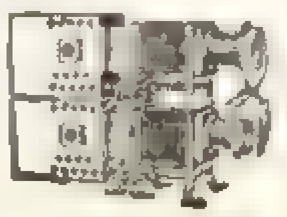

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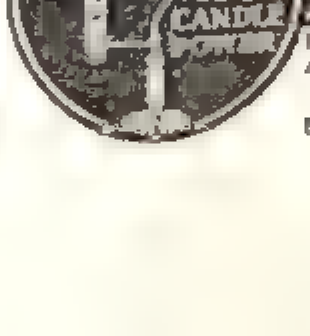

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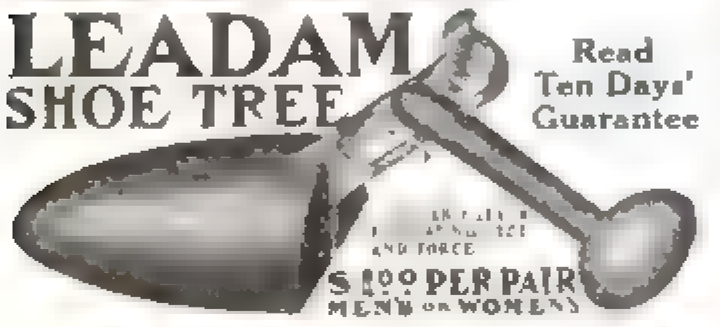

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Mediterranean squadron, then coaling at Genoa, to steam at full speed for Beirut and exact instant reparation, needs no repetition here.

Three days later three great, white warships were sighted off Beirut. They came on at full speed, in column ahead, with the crews at quarters and every gun bearing on the town. Entering the harbor the guns crashed out in a salute that broke half the windows in the *Governoral*; the Governor-General, shaking with fear of the wrath to come, scrambled into his carriage, and did not draw rein until he was safe in the mountains, a dozen miles away. Boats filled with marines and bluejackets, with the grim muzzles of machine-guns peering from their bows, were lowered almost before the ships had slackened speed. And as officers and men, armed to the teeth, scrambled ashore, with visions of a murdered consul and the charred embers of a consulate in their minds, they found awaiting them on the wharf a broad-shouldered and much-embarrassed young man in white clothes and a pith helmet, who introduced himself to the commander of the landing-party as "Vice-Consul-General Magelssen, not yet deceased."

There was once a consul stationed in Asiatic Turkey who had occasion to try a naturalized American — a peasant from the mountains — on a charge of house-breaking. The man was found guilty and sentenced to four months' confinement in the consular prison at Smyrna. Some weeks after the expiration of his sentence the culprit called on the consul who had sentenced him, bringing with him a dozen brace of fat mountain-quail. "These are for your Excellency," he said in answer to the consul's look of surprise. "For why? Because you send me to prison where I have, oh, so comfortable time. In my mountains I have to work ver' hard all day. Have meat only one time in year. But prison ver' different. Have nothing at all to do but lie on back in sun and smoke cigarette. Have meat every day. An' man paid by America' Gover'-ment just to stay an' talk to me. So I ver' grateful, Sir Consul, an' I bringa you birds for thanks."

The fact that the consul did not accept the thank-offering does not injure the flavor of the story, of which I was an auditor.

Nor are the duties of a consul in the Orient confined merely to the furtherance of American commercial interests and the punishment of criminals. He is called upon to settle the most trivial disputes and to give his judgment on every matter under the sun, for he is, to all intents and purposes, the governor of his colony, and is treated by his people with patriarchal respect. He stands godfather to half the children in his district; if there is a marriage he must be present to make it legal, and hands the groom after the ceremony an engraved certificate with a big gilt seal. In cases of death he frequently reads the burial service and, as often as not, engages the undertaker, selects the casket and buys the lot. If the remains are to be shipped home for burial the casket must bear his official seal. After the funeral it is the consul, too, who comforts the widow, reads the will, collects the life insurance if there is any, and administers the estate. If the deceased is a citizen of importance, such as a missionary, the consul walks behind the flag-draped casket to the grave, preceded by his kavasses with drawn swords. On Sundays he occupies a front pew in the American church, at Thanksgiving he reads the President's proclamation from the platform of the local mission school, and at Christmas he distributes presents from the same platform to a multitude of expectant youngsters. He must keep a watchful eye, moreover, on the morals of his little community and maintain a supervision over those cafés and music-halls conducted by Americans.

If destitute American seamen come upon him — and they are the bane of his existence — it is the consul's duty to clothe, feed and lodge them at Government expense until such time as an opportunity presents itself to ship them back to the land of the free. There is, on the other hand, no allowance whatsoever to provide for sick or destitute Americans who are not seamen.

The consul is made a target for the importunities of the needy, the unfortunate and the dishonest. He is asked to lend money on every plea under the sun, to indorse notes, to cash checks and to bestow alms. If he refuses he is threatened with immediate recall, for the importunate one is invariably in close touch with the State

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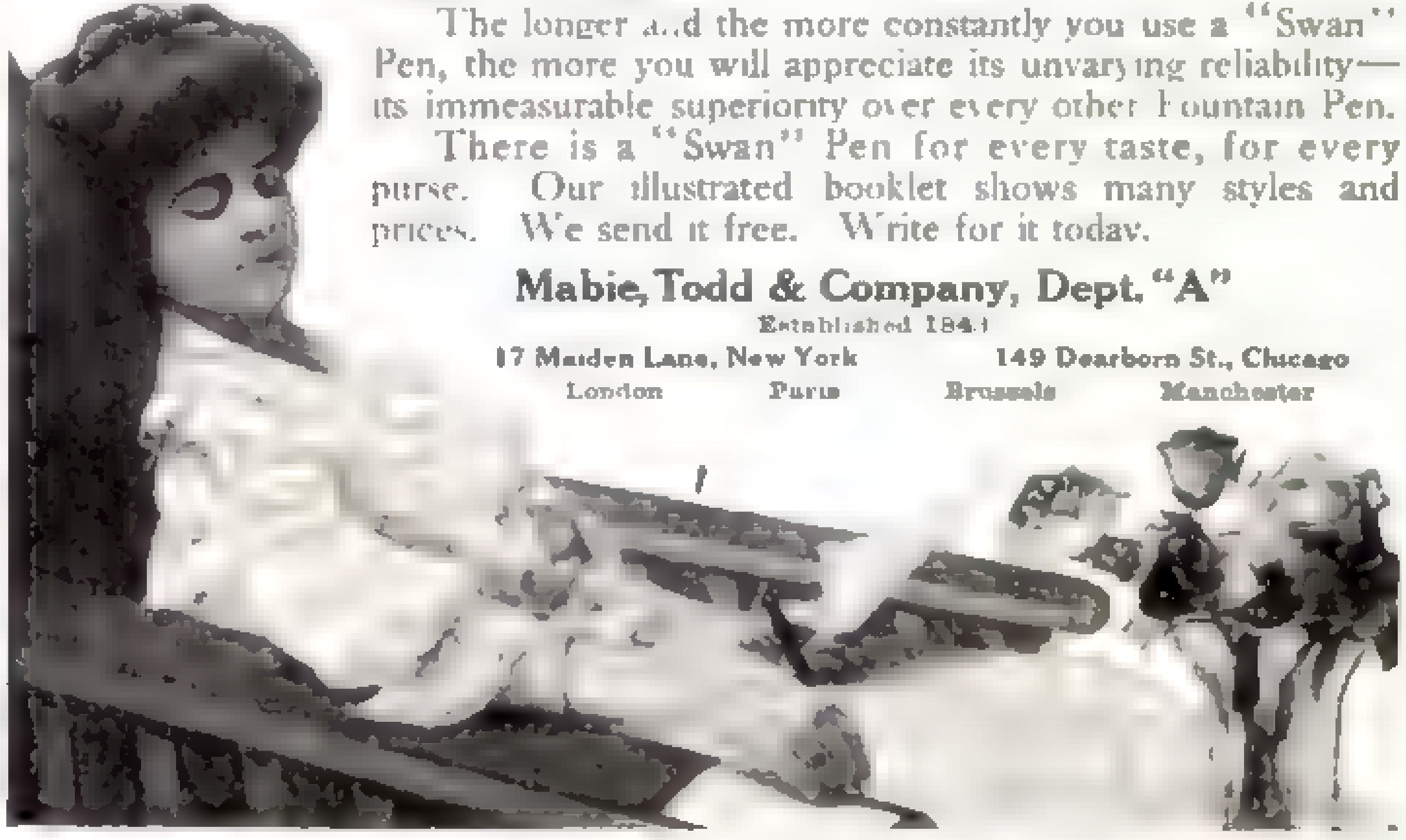

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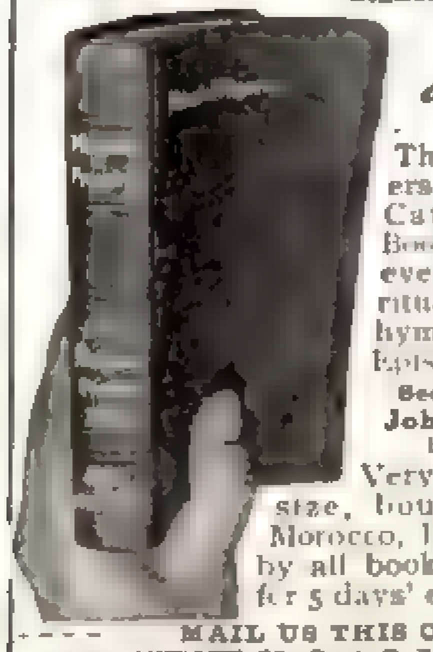

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Department, or the *protégé* of a Senator, or a friend of the President. A German from Paterson, New Jersey, once burst into the consulate at Alexandria with a tale of having been robbed while crossing from the Piræus on a Greek steamer. "Und now, Herr Konsul," he concluded, "vat vill you aboudt it do?" Upon being informed that the American representative possessed no authority over Hellenic subjects, and hence could do nothing more than report the matter to his Greek colleague, the German exploded, "Vell, dis is a priddy how-d'you-do! Do you know mit whom you vas talking? No? I am der brudder-in-law uf a supervisor und I vill haf you removed. Dis is a priddy state of tings! An American ofer here to dese outlandish parts comes, und is ropped, und his konsul vill not gif him back der money. Vat is a konsul for, anyhow?"

The average American's conception of the duties of a consul is a quaint one. There is nothing which he hesitates in asking him to perform. He is looked upon, in many cases, as a sort of amateur detective, and the walls of his office, especially at ports in China and the Levant, are plastered with the descriptions of fugitive criminals and missing individuals, whom he is expected to apprehend. Merchants regard him as a bill collector—which, by the way, is not one of his official duties—and forward great sheaves of overdue and utterly hopeless accounts with curt instructions to "Collect immediately and remit." He is requested by amateur philatelists to forward "complete sets of the unused postage-stamps of your country," but money to cover the cost of the same is invariably omitted. The post-card fiend finds in him a ready victim, and I know of consuls who keep stacks of picture post-cards ready stamped upon their desks to answer the importunities of collectors. Ladies write for souvenir spoons, for pieces of embroidery and sometimes even write for Persian cats.

And this reminds me of an impecunious consul of my acquaintance who was once stationed at a port in Western Asia. He read in a New York paper an advertisement offering a bargain in Persian and Angora cats at fifty dollars apiece. He was then preparing to return to the United States on leave of absence, so he telegraphed to a friend in one of the inland towns in Asia Minor to purchase all the long-haired cats on which he could lay his hands, and forward them to the coast by special messenger. In due time they arrived—thirty silky-coated felines which cost him on an average a *medjidie* (eighty cents) apiece. He crated them with care and himself looked after them during the long, homeward voyage. But he was repaid for his trouble, for within forty-eight hours after landing at New York he had disposed of his thirty cats at twenty-five dollars a head, netting him enough to pay for his entire vacation.

It has long been a matter of complaint that the consular representatives of the United States have no distinctive uniform; for, while this omission may appear to be a matter of small consequence in this democratic land of ours, it looms larger at a glittering foreign court, where the importance of the nation one represents is often gauged—in the popular mind, at least—by the amount of gold braid its representative carries on his uniform. Particularly in the Orient the official functions which a consul must attend are almost without number. In addition to the several national holidays of the country to which he is accredited, on which occasions he must call at the palace if residing at a capital, or pay his respects to the Governor-General if stationed in the provinces, he is expected to pay calls of ceremony on his various colleagues on the birthdays of their respective sovereigns, and must himself keep open house on the Fourth of July and New Year's. At official affairs abroad the representative of the great American republic, in his waiter's garb and top-hat, presents, indeed, a funereal figure, in sharp contrast to the gold-braided figures, blazing with decorations, which surround him. Such a dress, as every American who goes abroad and sees the contrast for himself is ready to admit, is, to say the least, unbefitting. I have myself had the not unmixed pleasure of attending a review of French troops, at seven o'clock of a July morning, in full evening dress, and it was while attending the funeral obsequies of a monarch in the same costume that I was mistaken,

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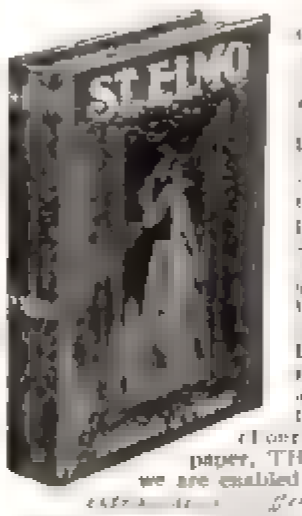

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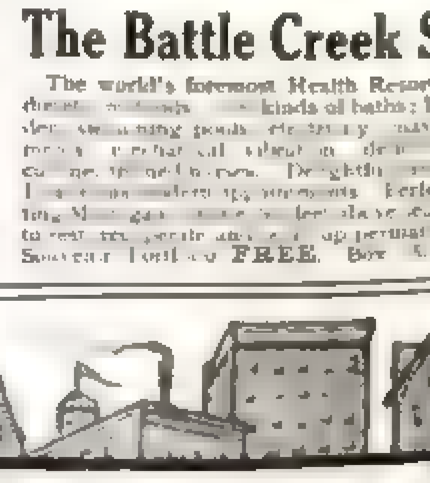

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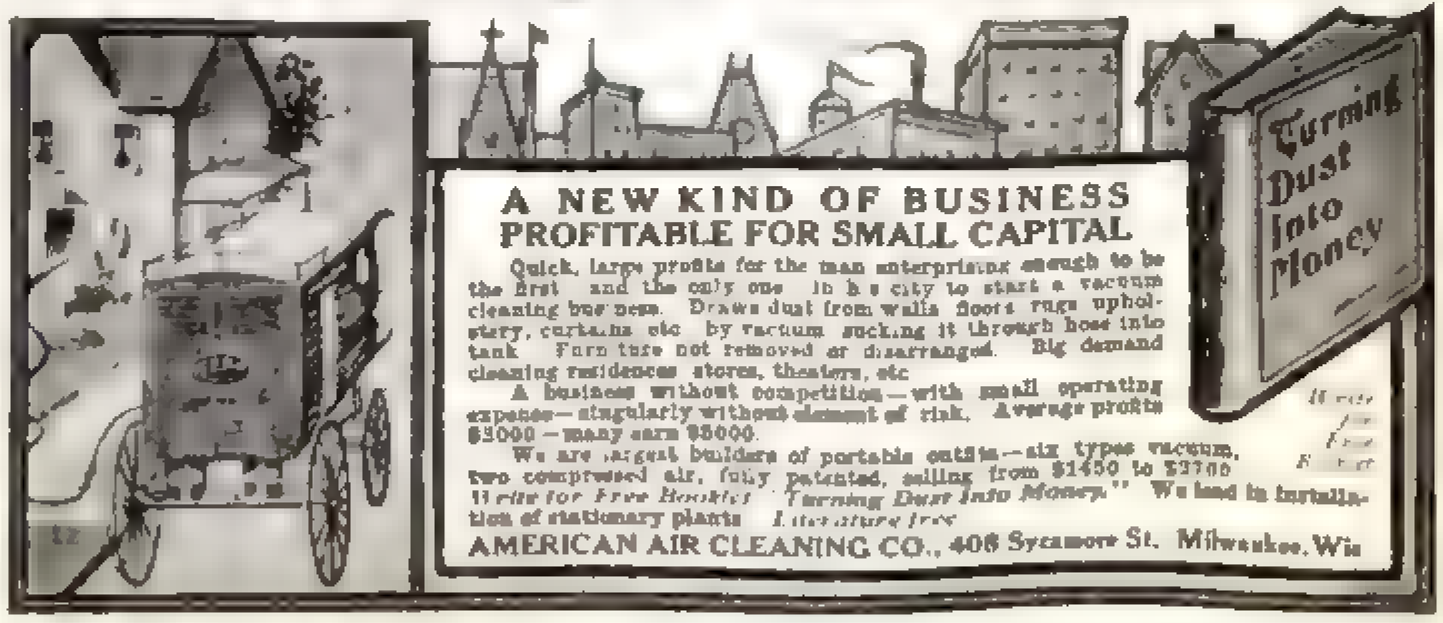

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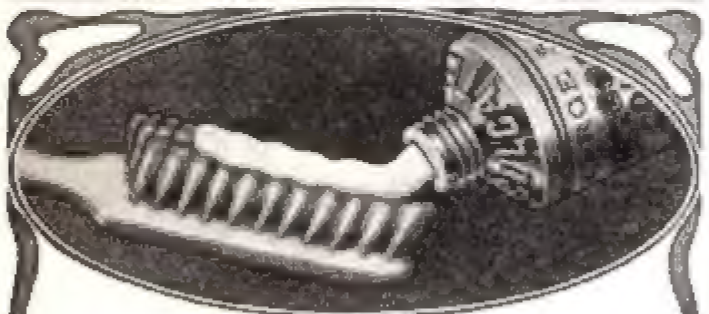

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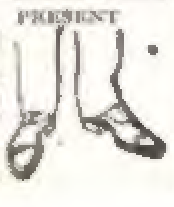

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naturally enough, for one of the undertaker's assistants.

The consular officers who uphold American commercial and political interests in the far corners of the earth are, on the whole, miserably underpaid. This is especially true when one takes into consideration the wide knowledge they must possess, the varied kinds of work they are called upon to perform, and the climatic conditions amid which they live. At Gorée Dakar, for example, a fever-ridden French settlement on the west coast of Africa, the consul receives the munificent remuneration of two thousand dollars per annum for existing in a climate where no insurance company will grant a policy at any premium whatsoever. At Maskat, in the Sultanate of Oman, the American representative is paid a like salary for living in the hottest town on earth. At Bagdad, in Babylonia, the consul, at two thousand dollars per annum, spends six months of every year in the cellar of the consulate, that he may not die from the heat, and the other six months he spends on the roof, trying to get a little sun. At the newly-established consulate at Aleppo, in Northern Syria, the salary has been placed at twenty-five hundred dollars, in view of the fact that the consul will probably contract the "Aleppo button," a ghastly disease of the blood which appears on the face in the form of black spots or "buttons," and which eat their way across the countenance, frequently destroying the eyesight. At Tripoli, a newly-opened consulate in the Barbary States, the streets are used for sewers—and there is no European doctor within five hundred miles. But the Government of these United States is a paternal one and, though its representatives in distant lands may not look forward to a pension in their old age, their remains will be transported to their homes, at Government expense, when they die, and their widows, if they leave any, will be comforted with a month's salary.

And more than one intrepid man has died in the service of his country in these distant lands. In the little Protestant cemetery which lies without Beirut, on the mountain road to Lebanon, are three grass-grown graves which mark the last resting-places of three consuls who died at their posts of duty. Above them stands a marble shaft, and on its base, carved by the dragoman who has seen a score of consuls come and go, one can read these lines:

Far hence he lies,
Near some lone, Eastern town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 15)

The operator read the message. His face changed and he said in a surlily apologetic manner: "I'll send it off right away, Mr. Craig. Anything else?"

"That's all, my friend," said Josh. He returned to his wife's side. She was all confusion and doubt again. Here they were back in civilization, and her man of the woods was straightway running amuck. What should she do? What *could* she do? *What* had she got herself into by marrying?

But he was speaking. "My dear," he was saying in his sharp, insistent voice, that at once aroused and enfeebled the nerves, "I must talk fast, as the train comes in fifteen or twenty minutes—the train for Chicago—for Minneapolis—for Wayne—for home—*our* home."

She started up from the seat, pale, quivering, her hands clenched against her bosom.

"For home," he repeated, fixing her with his resolute, green-blue eyes. "Please sit down."

She sank to the seat. "Do you mean ——" she began, but her faltering voice could not go on.

"I've resigned from office," said he, swift and calm. "I've told the President I'll not take the Attorney-Generalship. I've telegraphed your people at Lenox that we're not coming. And I'm going home to run for Governor. My telegrams assure me the nomination, and, with the hold I've got on the people, that means election, sure pop. I make my first speech day after

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It may not be altogether *your* fault when the boss talks like this. You may be working at the wrong job; or it may be the job is the right one but that you don't know enough about it to "make good."

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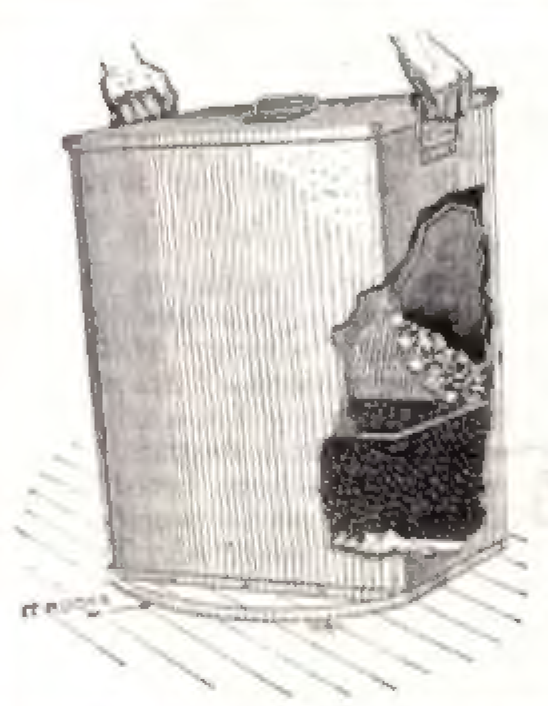

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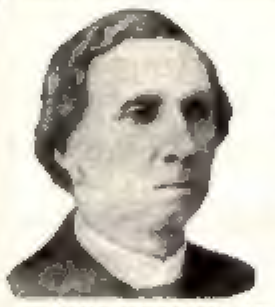

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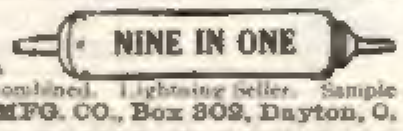

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to-morrow afternoon—with you on the platform beside me."

"You are mistaken," she said in a cold, hard voice. "You ——"

"Now, don't speak till you've thought, and don't think till I finish. As you yourself said, Washington's no place for us—at present. Anyhow, the way to get there right is to be sent there from the people—by the people. You are the wife of a public man, but you've had no training."

"I ——" she began.

"Hear me first," he said, between entreaty and command. "You think I'm the one that's got it all to learn. Think again. The little tiddledywinks business that I've got to learn—all the value there is in the mass of balderdash about manners and dress—I can learn it in a few lessons. You can teach it to me in no time. But what you've got to learn—how to be a wife, how to live on a modest income, how to take care of me and help me in my career, how to be a woman instead of, largely, a dressmaker's or a dancing-master's expression for ladylikeness—to learn all that is going to take time. And we must begin at once; for, as I told you, the house is afire."

She opened her lips to speak.

"No—not yet," said he. "One thing more. You've been thinking things about me. Well, do you imagine this busy brain of mine hasn't been thinking a few things about you? Why, Margaret, you need me even more than I need you, though I need you more than I'd dare try to tell you. You need just such a man as me to give you direction and purpose—*real* backbone. Primping and preening in carriages and parlors—*that* isn't life. It's the frosting on the cake. Now, you and I, we're going to have the cake itself. Maybe with, maybe without, the frosting. *But not the frosting without the cake, Margaret!*"

"So!" she exclaimed, drawing a long breath when he had ended. "So! *This* is why you chose that five-o'clock train and sent Selina back. You thought to ——"

He laughed as if echoing delight from her; he patted her enthusiastically on the knee. "You've guessed it! Go up head! I didn't want you to have time to say and do foolish things."

She bit her lip till the blood came. Ringing in her ears and defying her efforts to silence them were those words of his about the cake and the frosting—"the cake, maybe with, maybe without, frosting; but *not* the frosting without the cake!" She started to speak; but it was no interruption from him that checked her, for he sat silent, looking at her with all his fiery strength of soul in his magnetic eyes. Again she started to speak; and a third time; and each time checked herself. This impossible man, this creator of impossible situations! She did not know how to begin, or how to go on after she should have begun. She felt that even if she had known what to say she would probably lack the courage to say it—that final-test courage which only the trained in self-reliance have. The door opened. A station attendant came in out of the frosty night and shouted:

"Chicago Express! Express for—Buffalo! Chicago! Minneapolis! St. Paul! —the Northwest!—the *Far* West! All—a—*board!*"

Craig seized the handbags. "Come on, my dear!" he cried, getting into rapid motion.

She sat still.

He was at the door. "Come on," he said.

She looked appealingly, helplessly round that empty, lonely, strange station, its lights dim, its suggestions all inhospitable. "He has me at his mercy," she said to herself, between anger and despair. "How can I refuse to go without becoming the laughing-stock of the whole world?"

"Come on—Rita!" he cried. The voice was aggressive, but his face was deathly pale and the look out of his eyes was the call of a great loneliness. And she saw it and felt it. She braced herself against it; but a sob surged up in her throat—the answer of her heart to his heart's cry of loneliness and love.

"Chicago Express!" came in a warning roar from behind her, as if the room were crowded instead of tenanted by those two only. "All aboard! . . . Hurry up, lady, or you'll get left!"

Get left! . . . Left!—the explosion of that hoarse, ominous voice seemed to blow Mrs. Joshua Craig from the seat, to sweep her out through the door her husband was holding open, and into the train for their home.

(THE END)

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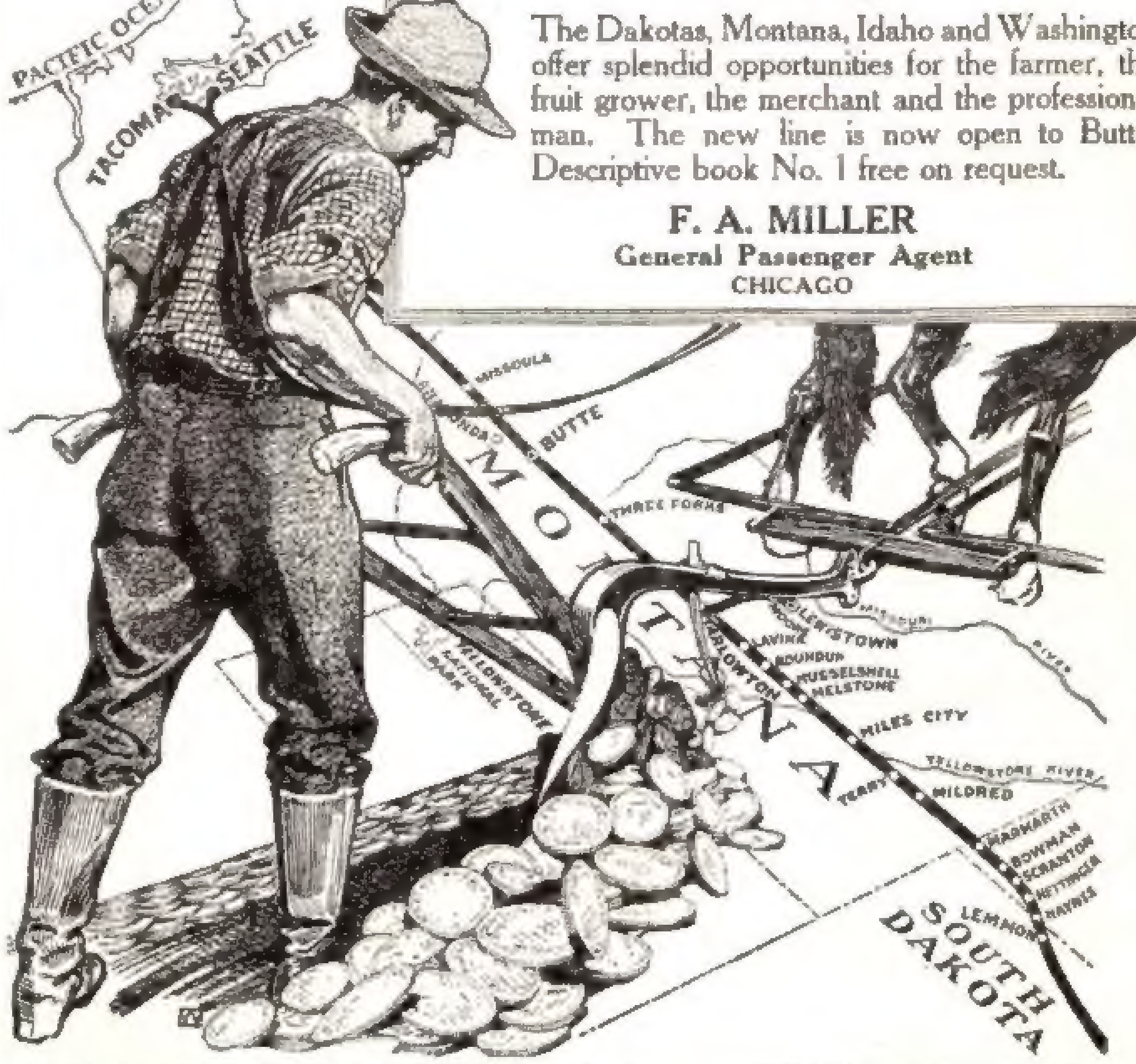

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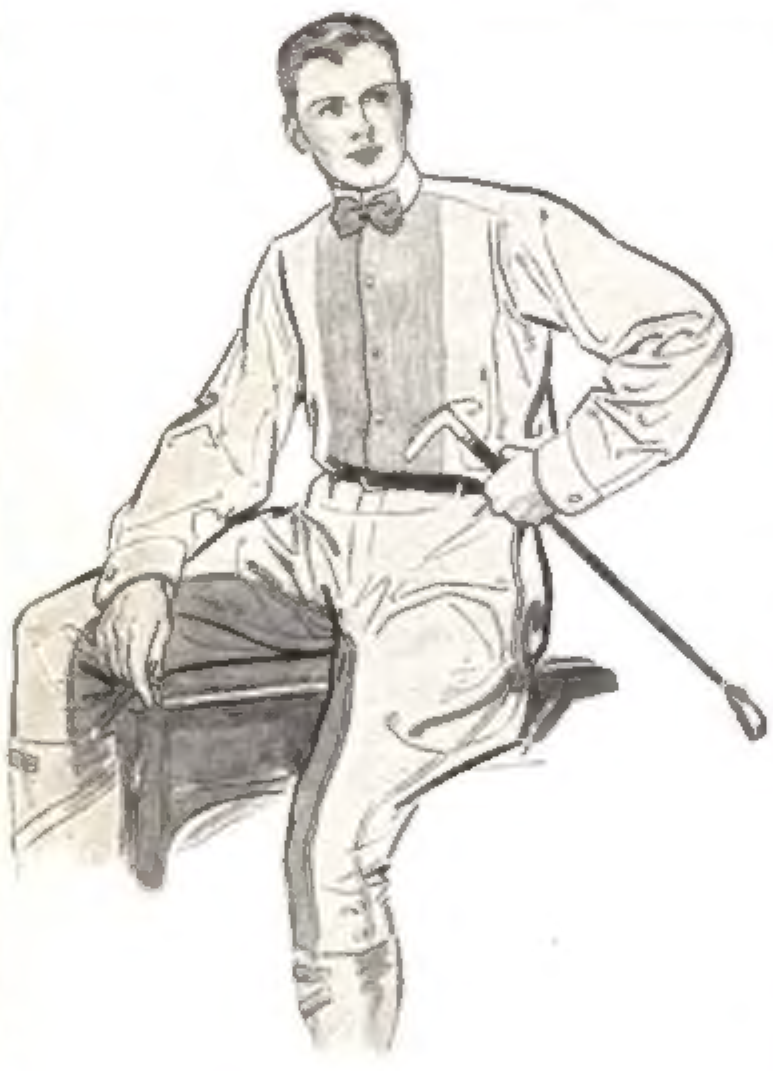

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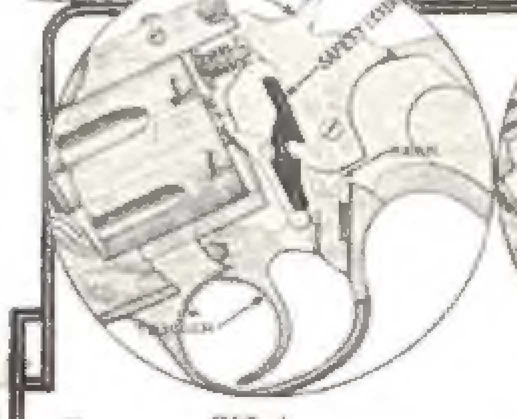

FIG. 1
Shows position of hammer, patent safety lever and firing-pin when not in use. Note the firing-pin and hammer do not touch, but—

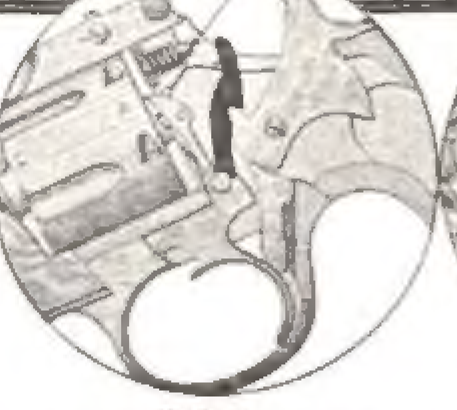

FIG. 2
When the trigger is pulled, the hammer moves back and the patent safety lever moves up and in line with the firing pin, so that—

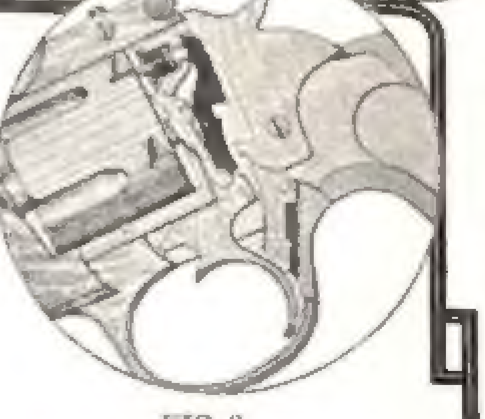

FIG. 3
When the trigger is pulled, the hammer is released, striking the lever, which in turn hits the firing pin.

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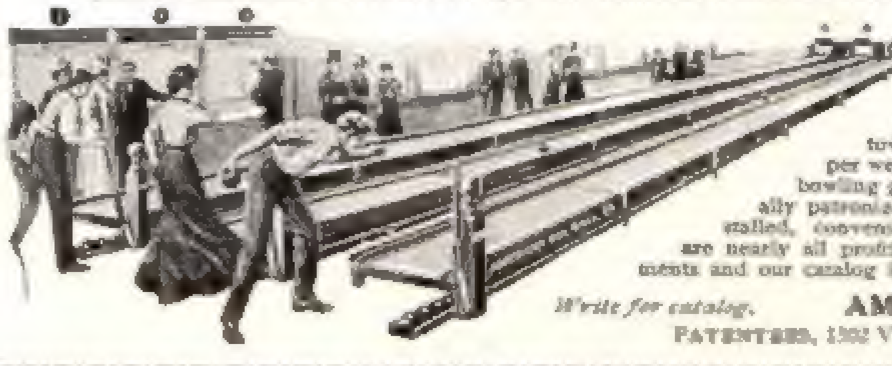

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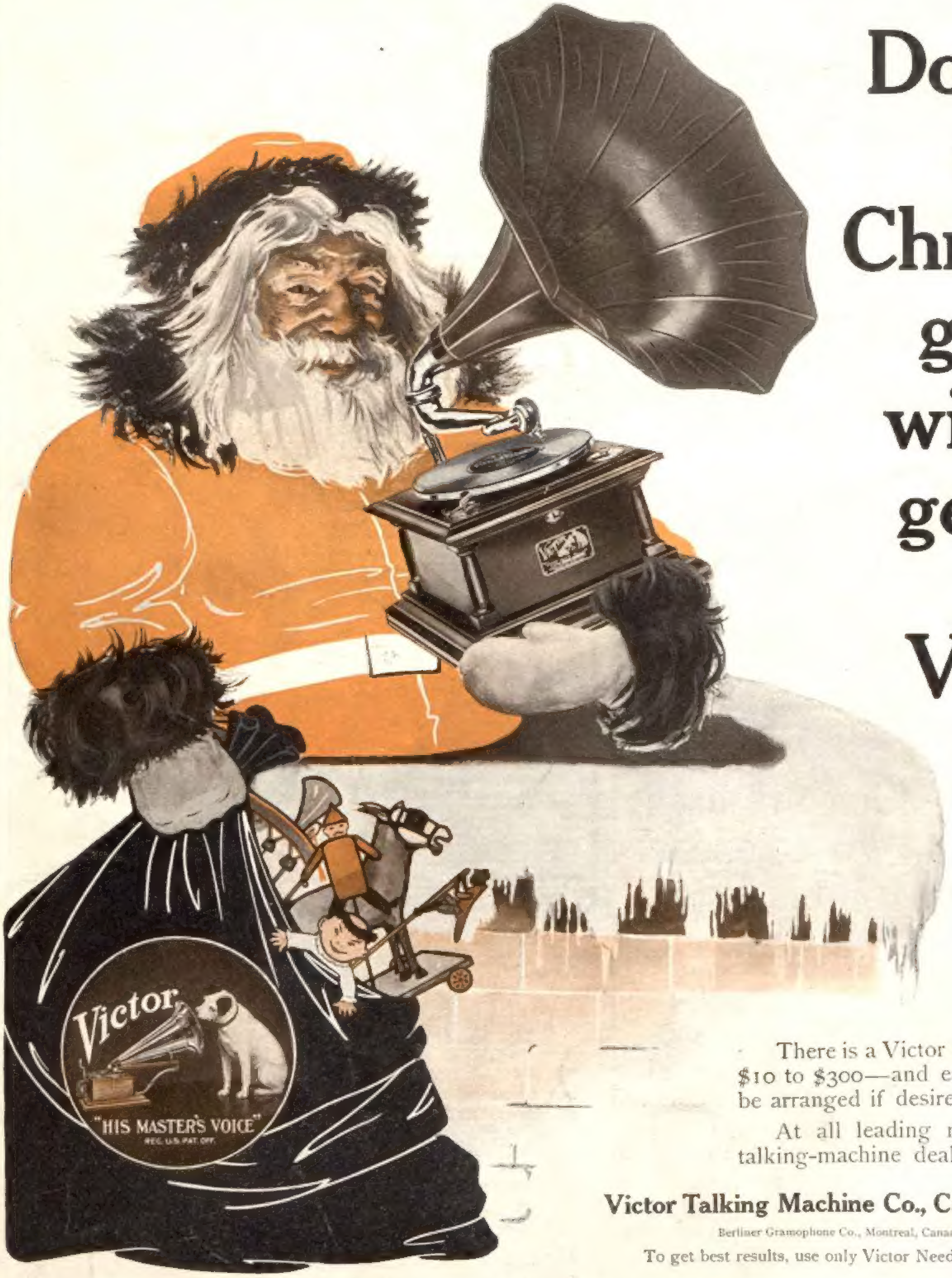

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